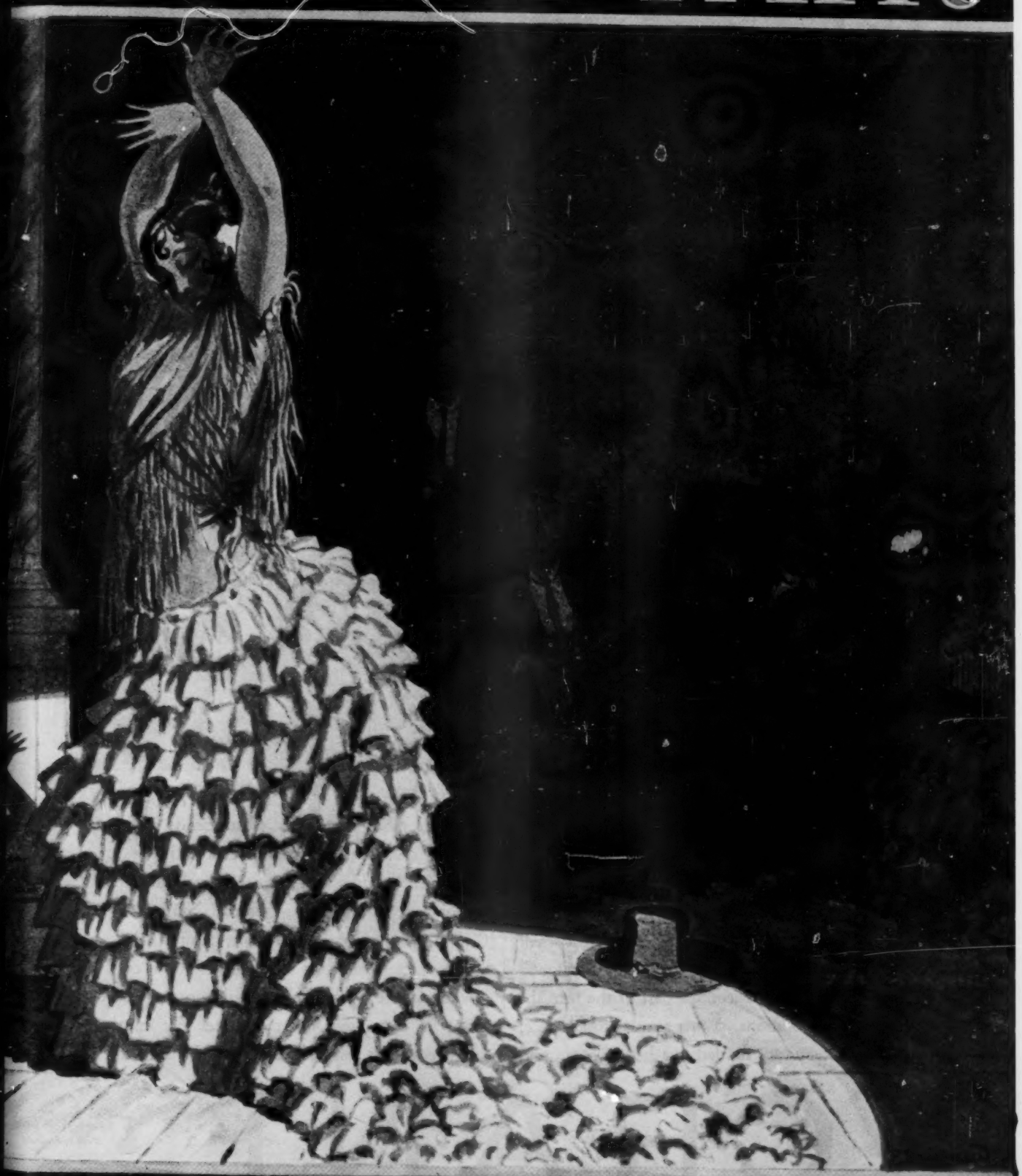
VANITY FAIR



SEPTEMBER 1929

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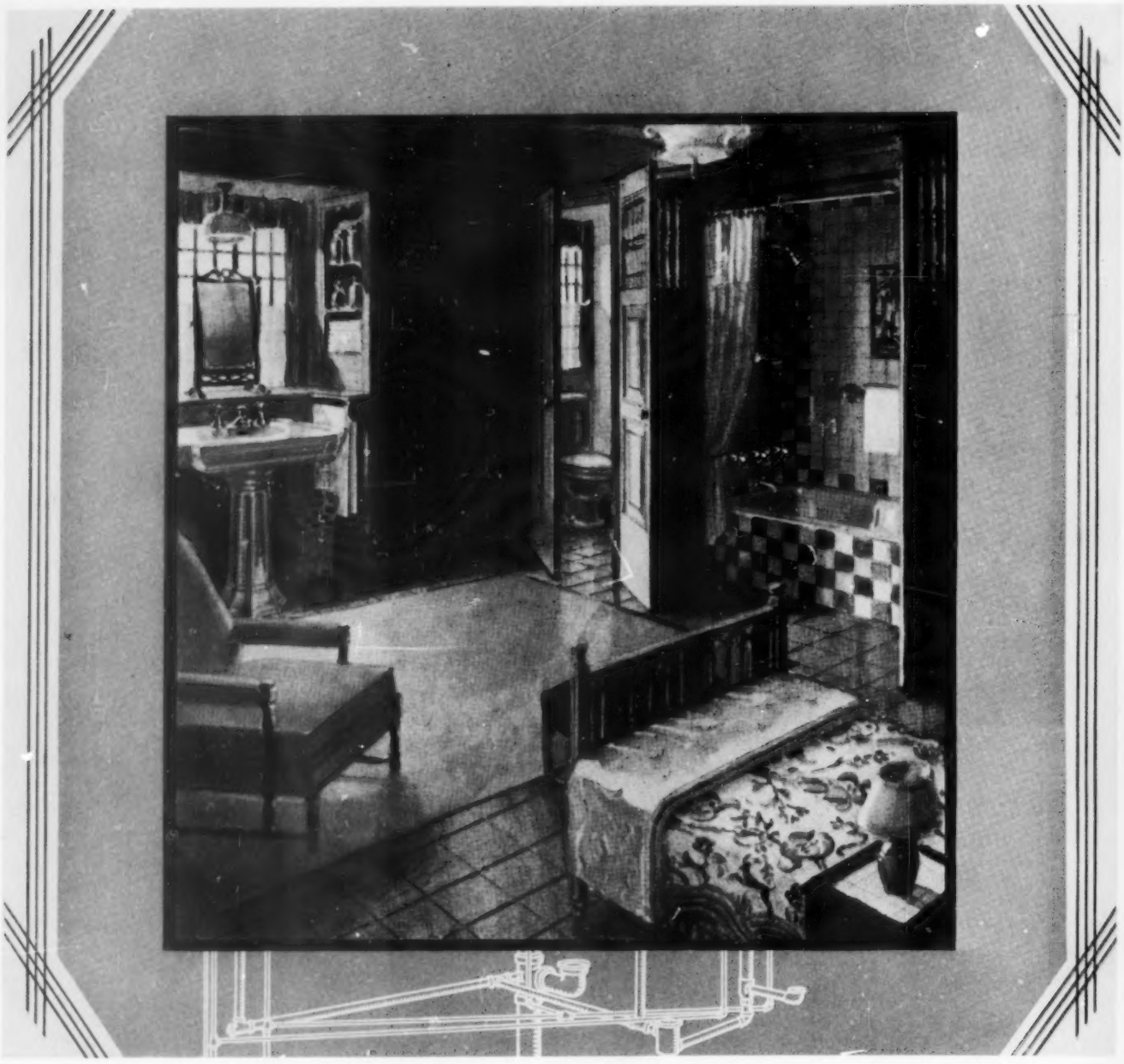
35 cts - $4 a year



HERE is presented a Crane idea for bachelor apartments and residence hotels . . . a bedroom bath. By placing the *Elegia* lavatory in the bedroom, the *Tarnia* tub in a wall nook with folding panels, the *Saneto* toilet in a small enclosure, space is saved. And the well-designed sage green fixtures become a part of the furnishings and decorations. With ample closet space, the only furniture needed is a bed, a chair, and a bedside table. Economy recommends such a plan to owners; beauty and convenience to renters. In building an apartment or a house, the many new plumbing suggestions offered by Crane Co. are helpful. And Crane fixtures, valves, and fittings, give extra value at no more cost. Write for the book of beautiful rooms, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary Homes.* For installation, consult a responsible plumbing contractor.

150 Pounds Pressure

CRANE

2500 Pounds Pressure

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • 23 W. 44th St., New York • Branches and sales offices in one hundred and eighty cities

TIFFANY & CO.

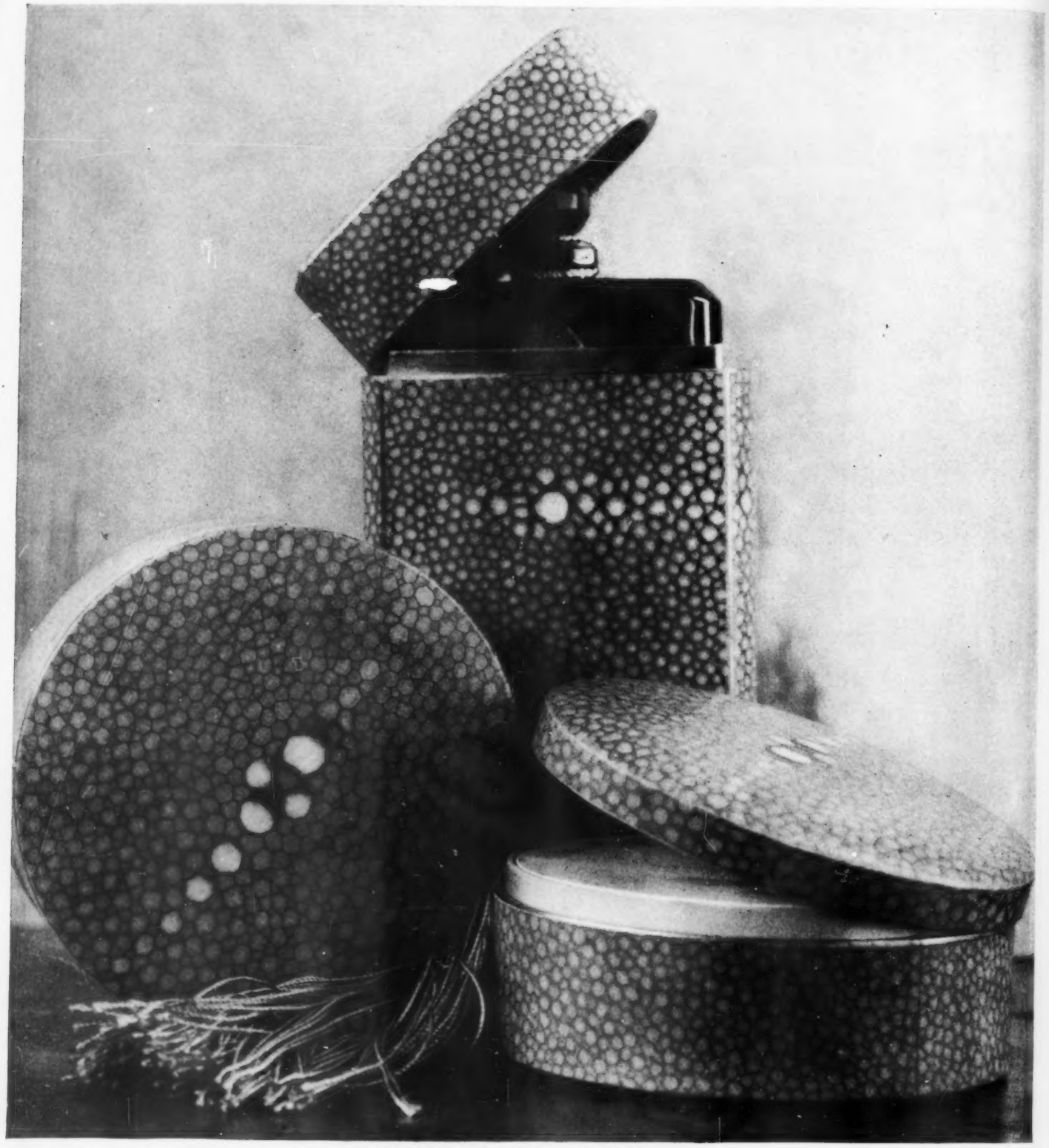
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND JEWELRY

Noted for Quality
From Generation to Generation

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



EXTRAIT ET POUDRE

LA NUIT DE NOEL

PARIS CARON FRANCE

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
September, 1929

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar

Vol. No. 33 No. 1

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHETHER one's part is that of player or spectator —clothes for sports must be in the best of form. Altman is showing a studied group of gentlemen's sport clothes for Autumn activities of every variety.

FIRST AND SIXTH FLOORS

Pronounced Jay-Dee

DJEDI... Le parfum moderne

A century ago Pierre Francois Pascal Guerlain began to make perfumes in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe... Today, Gabriel Guerlain, his sons and his grandsons create perfumes for the smart international set who mirror the mode of 1929.

The sweetness of those flower odeurs the Empress Eugenie loved... the sorcery of the Orient that swept Europe with the advent of Jicky... a new era heralded in gorgeous Shalimar... thus Guerlain, supreme interpreter, poured the soul of each succeeding age into his crystal flacons.

Today and tomorrow... there is DJEDI, le parfum de l'esprit moderne. Disturbing as the new art. Subtle as the restless modern mind. Created by Guerlain for women who are essentially of the period.

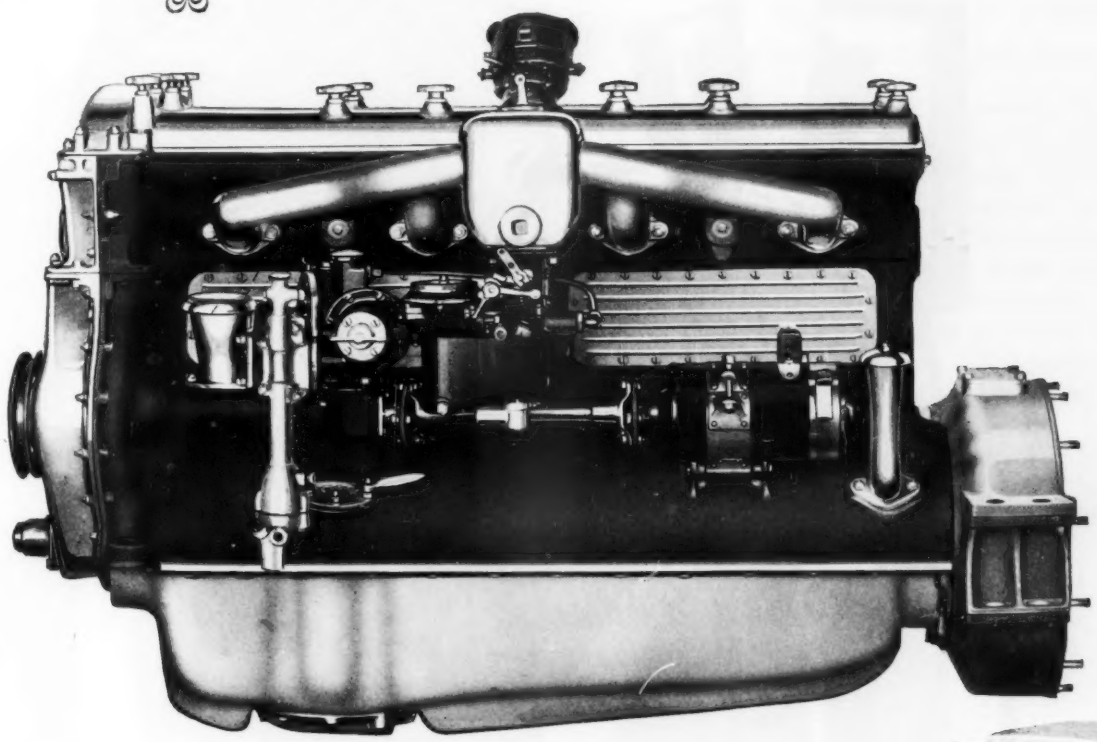
GUERLAIN

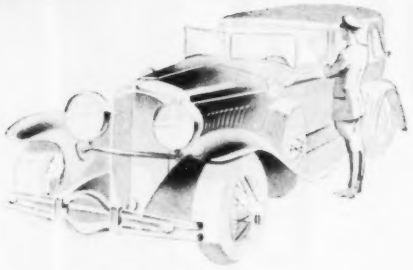
PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg





265 Horsepower

THERE are decided advantages in having at your command, twice the horsepower possessed by any other car. The greatest benefit is that of tremendous reserve power. No motor car gives the best performance when operated at its maximum of power or speed. With the average automobile, 65 miles an hour is such a strain on the motor that engine noise and vibration become excessive and result in discomfort and nervous fatigue to driver and passengers. . . . To a Duesenberg, 65 miles an hour is little more than idling along. Noise and vibration are hardly perceptible. The throttle is not even half open. Only 60 horsepower is required, leaving a vast reserve of power for acceleration and hill-climbing. . . . Nor is it in engine power alone that a Duesenberg surpasses all other motor cars. In the preponderance of aluminum parts that make for lighter weight, in the far greater strength of frame, in the unique automatic lubrication system, in superlative driving ease and riding comfort, and in all those refinements of mechanism that make for automotive perfection, a Duesenberg definitely earns its title of The World's Finest Motor Car.

Chassis $8,500

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by
CHENEY BROTHERS

"CRAVATOLOGY"

There is Palmistry, Astrology, Numerology—to which should be added "Cravatology," or the art of reading character in neckties : : : For to the initiated, the manner of necktie a man wears lays bare at least his social soul : : : The right necktie—right in color, pattern, weave, and *right for the occasion*—suggests a man of discernment, and who knows his way about in the world : : : It's a matter in which it's so easy to be right. Your haberdasher has Cheney Cravats in the right colors for you to wear . . . in the right colors to go with your suit—and, most important, in the weave, pattern and design correct for the occasion.

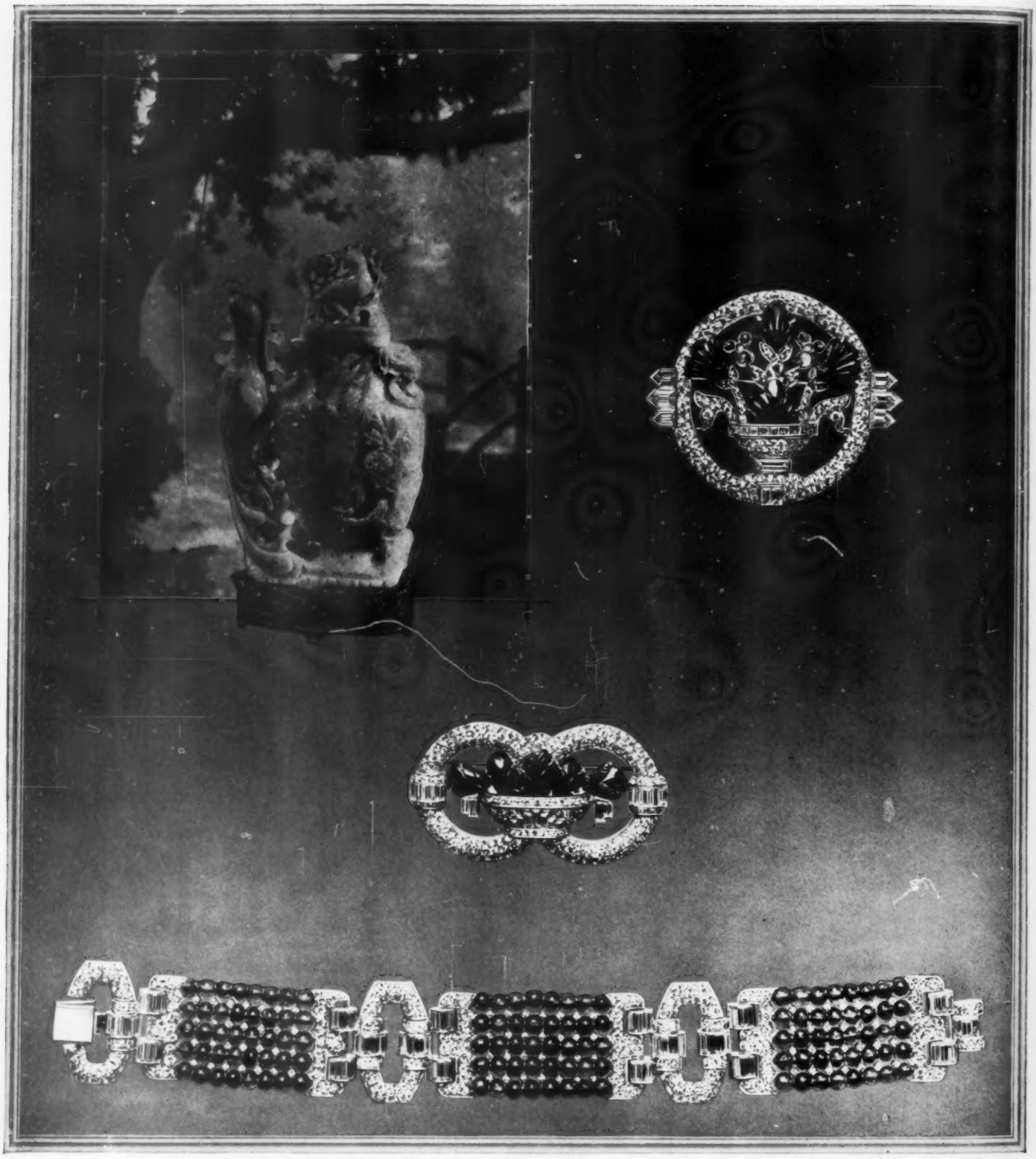
handkerchiefs

Whether you want to wave it, or to catch a tear in it, or simply to carry it for adornment . . . you couldn't choose anything more appropriate than a handkerchief from Marshall Field and Company . . .

Delicate traceries of rosepoint lace from cottages in Belgium; tiny exquisite squares made in China, Japan, and Porto Rico; fluttering feminine ones from France and Italy and Madeira; and lovely linen from our own factories in Ireland, Switzerland, and Zion; all the world contributes to our thousands of distinct handkerchief styles. Such is the promise of complete selections in every department that accompanies our invitation to visit this store when you are in Chicago.

marshall field

& company
retail · chicago



Jewelry of rare novelty and most appealing charm.
India rubies, diamond baguettes and
round diamonds pavé.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Fisher built the best bodies known *then;* today, it is building the highest quality bodies available *now*—in any given price field. Contrast the body attributes of Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Oakland, Viking, Buick, La Salle or Cadillac—all with Body by Fisher—with those of any cars in their price field, and the difference in favor of the Fisher Body car is almost startling. Fisher Body, by reason of its vastly superior ability to build greater body value and quality, is actually able to use the same basic kind of construction in bodies for cars in the *lowest price* field as is employed for cars of highest price. That is why the Fisher Body car continues attractive, inside and outside, in finish, in upholstery, in woodwork, in fittings; and remains weather-proof and free from noise. Twenty years of rigid adherence to highest quality standards and of constant endeavor to produce that quality at lower costs, thus finds its full fruition today, in every body which Fisher builds.

CADILLAC • LASALLE
BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND
MARQUETTE • OLDSMOBILE
PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS

The Pierce-Arrow Sort of People

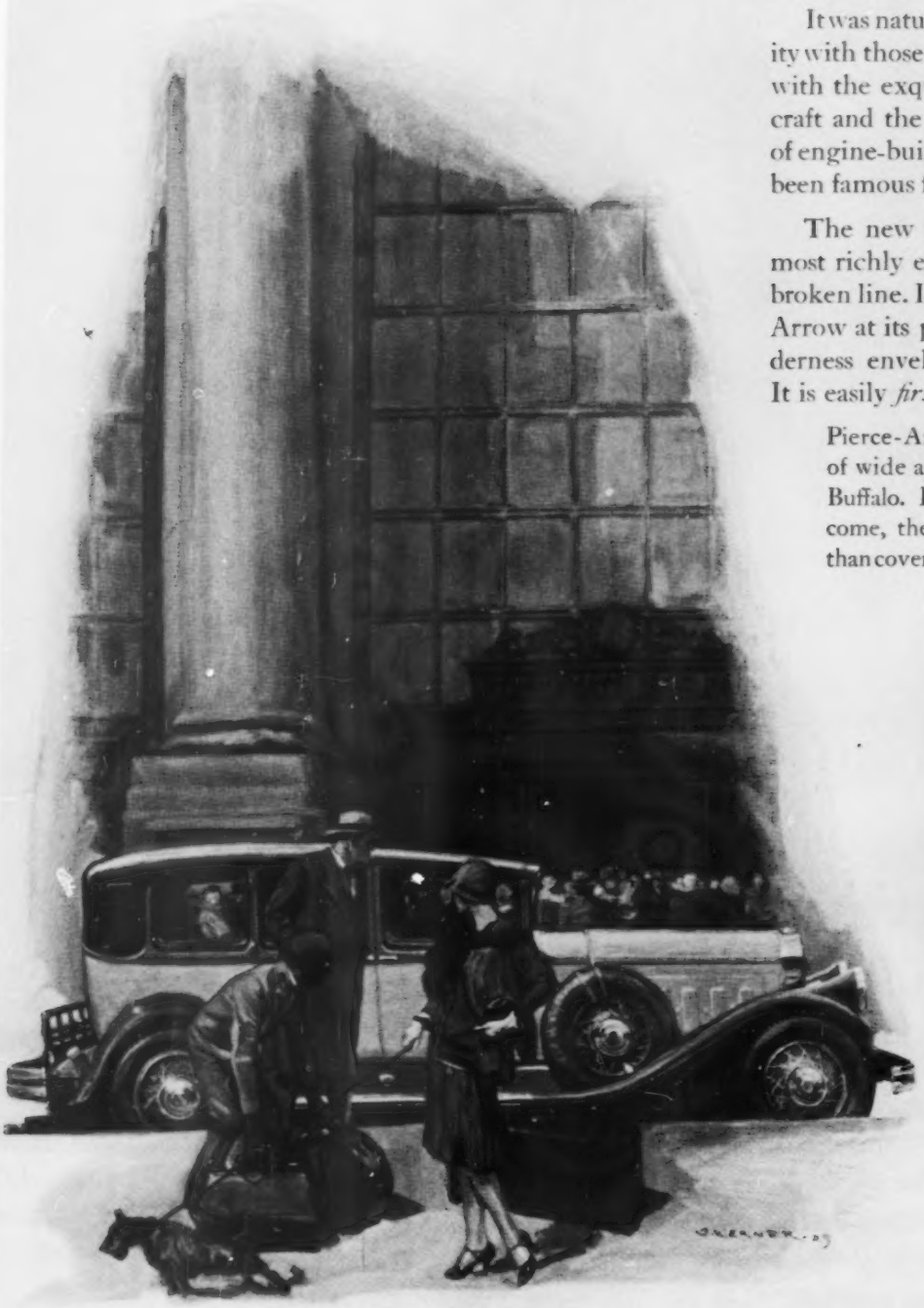
AMONG the very finest things that have been built by Pierce-Arrow is the character of following that so distinguishes this quality motor car.

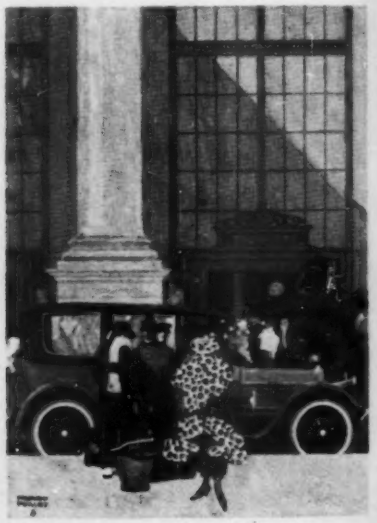
The Pierce-Arrow sort of people are to be recognized by that excellence of taste which marks always the well-bred—never the commonplace.

It was natural that such people should find affinity with those traditions which inspire fineness—with the exquisite hand-wrought detail of coachcraft and the meticulous hand-tooled precisions of engine-building—for which Pierce-Arrow has been famous from the beginning.

The new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight is the most richly endowed automobile of a great unbroken line. It has a patrician beauty that is Pierce-Arrow at its proudest. Its long, low-swung slenderness envelops great ease and mighty power. It is easily *first among America's finest motor cars.*

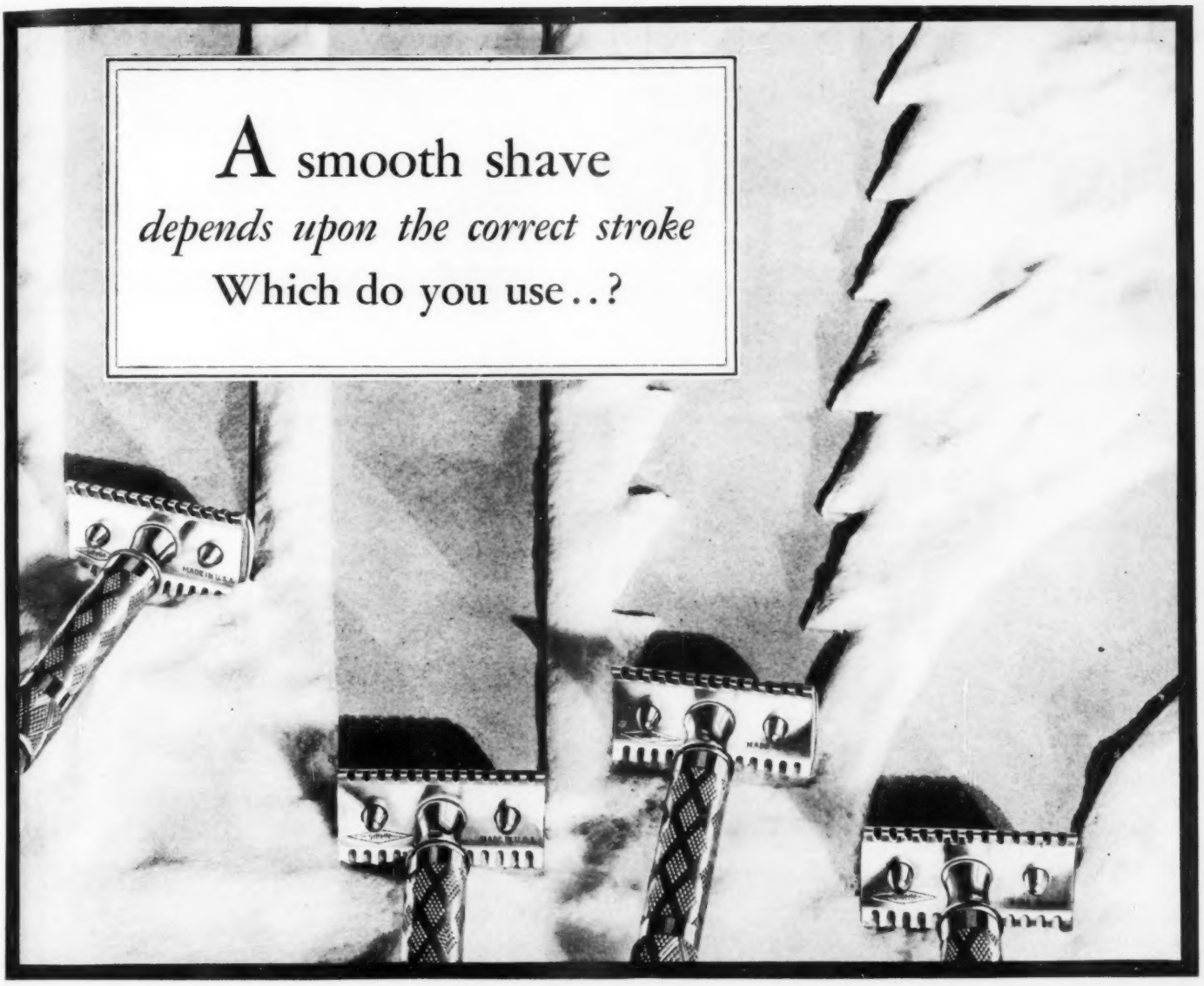
Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate and of wide appeal: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.





A generation has grown up, between the Pierce-Arrow portraits reproduced on this page. The one above, painted in 1915, shows how smart New York appeared en route in that day. The other is today's version of the same subject—the same scene, the same quality of people, the same make of motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW



EIGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave on its face value, and they find the value *there* in every Gillette Blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there—designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested $12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

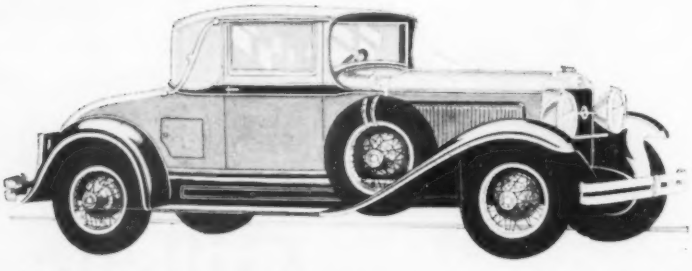
Gillette

Gillette

OUT OF ITS SPIRIT GREW ITS STYLE

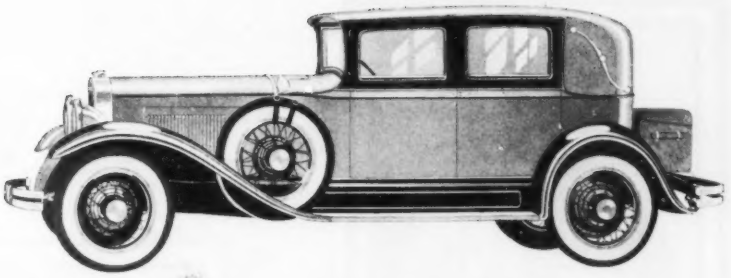
The youthful, clean-lined vigor of Studebaker's coachcraft was inevitable....and is irresistible!

The Commander Victoria for four provides individual chairs for driver and companion; lounge seat for two extra passengers. Sociability is furthered, without crowding. Upholstery is of soft, fleecy mohair. Luggage compartment in rear. A very popular Studebaker for professional or personal-social usage. Commander Eight Victoria, $1525; Commander Six, $1375.

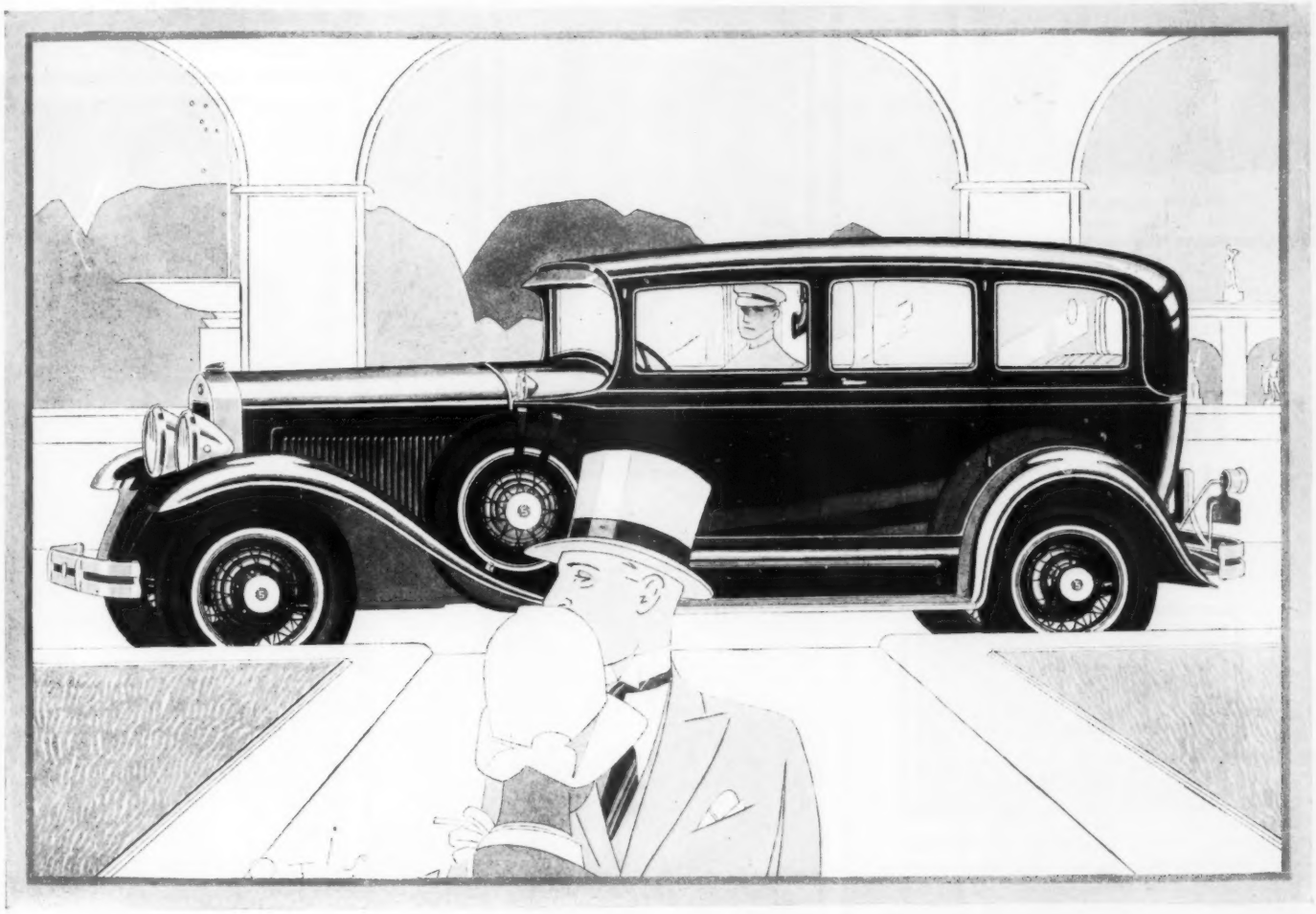


The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for four—an open roadster or closed car, just as you wish. Two are seated in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Windows may be raised or lowered with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1645 for the eight $1495 for the six.

THERE is no sham to the look of tireless fleetness borne by these great straight eights and sixes by Studebaker, Builder of Champions. Among them, these spirited cars hold undisputed *every* official stock car record for speed and staying power. ¶ With such inspiring performance to quicken their imaginations, is it to be wondered that Studebaker designers were able to create the graceful masterpieces of coachcraft which today wear so proudly the shield of Studebaker? ¶ Nor is youth alone served, though world champion swiftness and keen-tuned style would seem to favor



The President Eight Brougham, somewhat more companionable and smarter than the conventional Sedan, provides ample roominess for five. Upholstery of Broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Individual hassocks replace usual foot rest. Six wire wheels and fitted trunk are standard. Priced $2350.



The President Eight State Limousine, most luxurious and impressive of Studebaker's fifty-nine models, offers the utmost in comfort and dignity. A movable glass partition isolates the driver's compartment when desired. Upholstery is broadcloth or mohair, with front in genuine Morocco grain leather. Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Six wire wheels and luggage rack are standard. Priced $2575.

those young in years and in spirit. Travel ease, too, of a sort unknown to motoring until pioneered by Studebaker, has its source in ball bearing spring suspension, powerful hydraulic shock absorbers and double-decked upholstery springing. ¶ With such excellence offered at One Profit prices, public recognition has quite naturally been swift . . . as expressed in Studebaker's world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder cars.

All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires, extra.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

WALTER HAGEN
Present holder of British Open Golf Championship

Great

--and tailored

JOHNNY FARRELL
"The Best Dressed Golfer"
Former National Open Champion

"GENE" SARAZEN
Former National Open Champion

The label that stands for style authenticity

SPORTSWEAR
INCORPORATED

Sports clothes bearing the label of SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED, are sold in prominent stores from coast to coast. You may buy any garment bearing this label with full confidence that every style detail is authentic.

SPORTSWEAR

200 FIFTH AVE.

Sportsmen
their preference for clothes
by Sportswear, Incorporated

Let's be frank about this question of "stars" and the clothes they wear. The fact that Walter Hagen, Johnny Farrell, Horton Smith and other outstanding golfers wear clothes tailored by SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED, has nothing to do with the kind of golf they play. And Vincent Richards cannot attribute his scintillating tennis to the cut of his sport coat!

But here's the point: To these men, who are in the public eye, being smartly attired is a matter of vital importance. And men who are anxious to appear at their best on links and court,—who pride themselves on the style authenticity of their apparel,—are safe and sure when they follow the example of outstanding sportsmen and stylists in choosing clothes tailored by SPORTSWEAR, INCORPORATED!

HORTON SMITH
"The most promising youthful golfer in America"

LEO DIEGEL
Professional Golf Association Champion

VINCENT RICHARDS
American Professional Tennis Champion

Incorporated
NEW YORK

Are you familiar with Walk-Over shoes with the Main-Spring Arch? Just as stabilizers and snubbers have added joy to motoring . . . so has this Arch increased the pleasure of walking. Ask about it.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Full Br-r-rogues

Nothing hybrid about these. Frankly and emphatically full-fledged brogues . . . distinguished by good, honest leather that appeals to the man-taste. While you have your eye on them, take in the graceful outer sweep of the virile sole extension and its sharp dip into the arch. Notice the swank of the wide-winged tip. The WARWICK is a new last, deep and comfortable. Imported Black Calfskin $10.

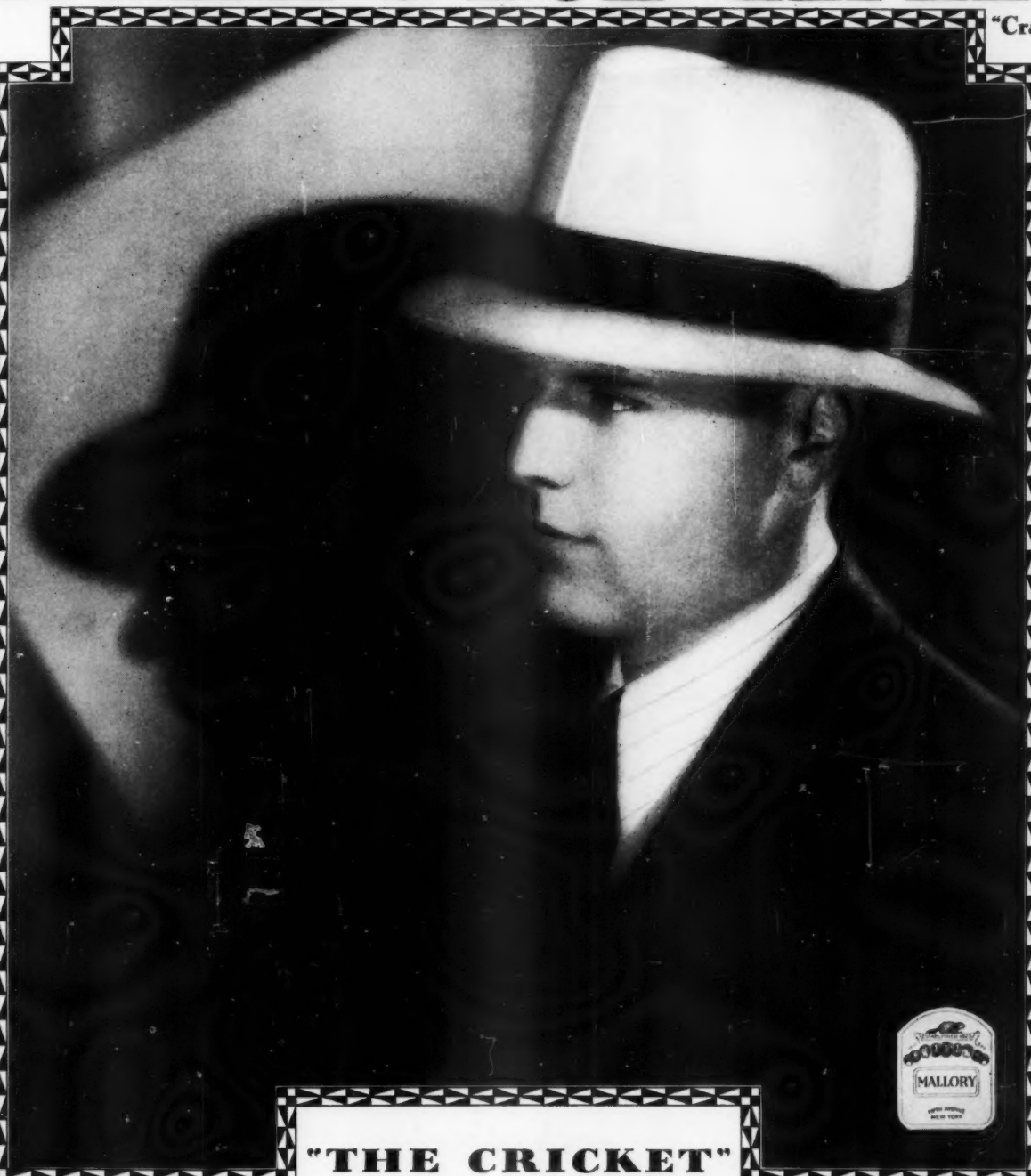
WALK-OVER SHOES

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

MALLORY HATS

"Cravenette"



"THE CRICKET"

A Light-Weight Felt With Youthful Leisure Lines For Late Summer And Autumn — In Town Or Out This Is One Of The Twenty-Five Novel Blocks And Colors In Renowned Mallory Hats

Other Mallory Hats $6.50 *to* $10.50 *Also The "Mallory Fifteen"*

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mallory Hats For Men And Mallory Tailored Hats For Women

ATWATER KENT RADIO

SCREEN-GRID

Your radio and your home

—now they just suit each other!

THE DAY of limited choice in cabinet radio is past. Atwater Kent has found a way of letting you select a cabinet just as you select other choice pieces of furniture for your home.

First, you decide (as so many others are doing) that your radio must be an Atwater Kent Screen-Grid. This settles the question of performance. Then you make up your mind what sort of cabinet will be appropriate for *your* home—and what price you wish to pay.

This new option in selecting beautiful radio cabinets is yours because not one or two, but *many*, of America's finest makers of furniture, each building to his own design, are making cabinets expressly for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio. Each cabinet is worthy of the set it encloses—and of your home.

On the Air
Atwater Kent Radio Hour
Sunday Evenings, 9:15
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WEAF network of N.B.C.

On the Air
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program
Thursday Evenings, 10:00
(Eastern Daylight Time)
WJZ network of N.B.C

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY *A. Atwater Kent, President* 4742 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE FORD TOWN SEDAN

Gliding smoothly over the miles

Because of its eager flow of speed and unusual riding comfort, the miles that stretch ahead from *Here* to *There* are swift and pleasant miles in the Ford.

So pronounced is this riding ease that you will come to look on it as one of the outstanding features of the car. For no other single thing adds quite so much to the joy of driving.

On long trips particularly you will like the way the Ford carries you along, smoothly and evenly, without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing which is the cause of most motoring fatigue. The disturbing force of every road shock is cushioned and absorbed before it reaches the frame, chassis and body of the car.

The principal factors in this comfort are the special Ford transverse springs, low unsprung weight and four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers. These shock absorbers also have a considerable bearing on safety.

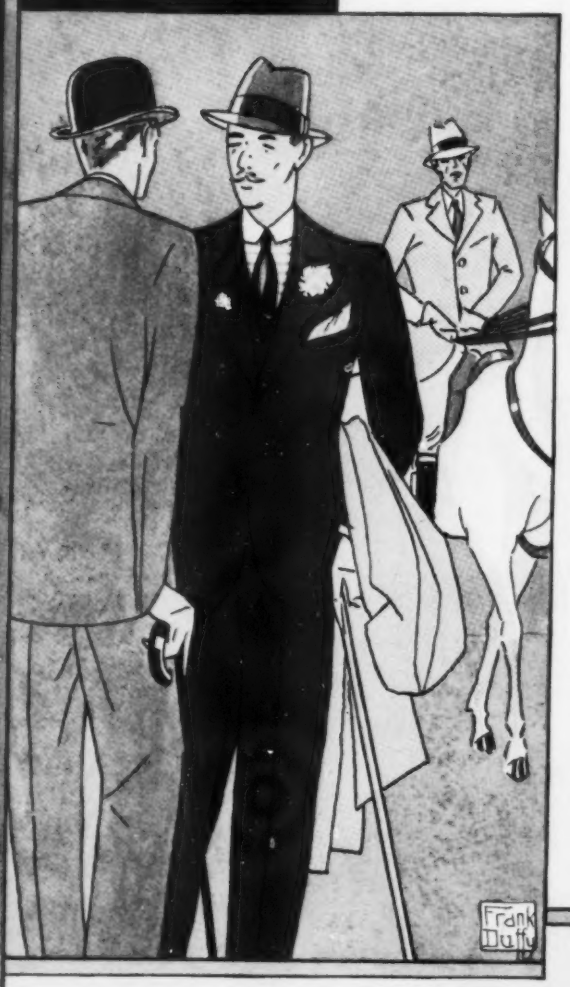
By keeping all four wheels firmly on the ground, they insure more positive traction, contribute to better brake action and help to eliminate sidesway.

Even at comparatively high speeds you have a feeling of substantial security in the Ford because of its carefully planned balance. No matter how far the goal, or rough or devious the highway, you know it will bring you safely, comfortably, quickly to the journey's end.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

Making

The fabrics shown here are only a few of an extensive variety of colors and weaves reflecting the latest style trends here and abroad.



RAM'S

GOOD CLOTHES *Better*

GOOD clothing is always worthy of its price. It represents a standard of quality in material and workmanship that cannot be equalled at a lower price.

Nothing is more deceiving than the *appearance* of a suit. Faulty tailoring can be conveniently hidden and inferior cloth can be made to appear higher in quality than it actually is. Two fabrics may *look* alike and *feel* alike, yet one may be vastly superior to the other.

The only *sure* way to secure better clothing values, is to *know* what you are buying. Choose the cloth as carefully as you select the tailoring; for only good cloth can hold the style and smartness which are tailored into it.

Woven only from high grade wools, every Ram's Head Fabric is rigidly tested for quality in material, color and weave before it is offered to the public. Every yard is guaranteed.

Selling Agency: American Woolen Company of New York, Dept. H, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City

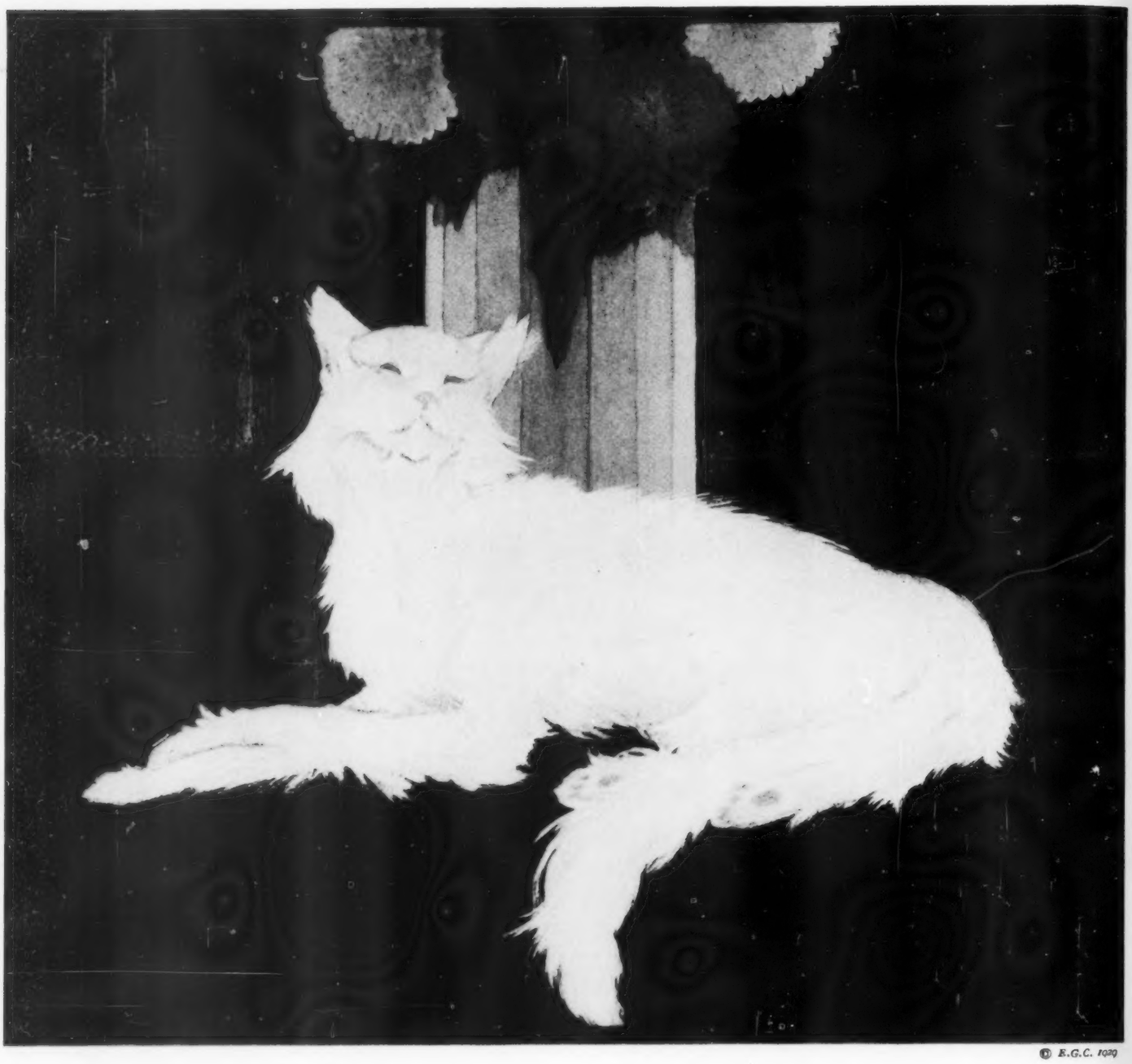
American Woolen Company

Executive Offices: Boston, Mass.

Look for the Ram's Head Label—the guarantee is on the label.

HEAD FABRICS

"STYLES THAT SET THE STYLE"



© E.G.C. 1929

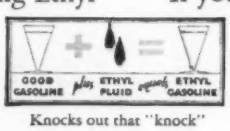
TO MAKE YOUR ENGINE PURR . . . USE ETHYL

THE aristocratic Angora and the proletarian puss have at least one thing in common: that is, both prefer cream to milk.

So does your motor, no matter what its type or age . . . and that's why leading oil companies are adding Ethyl anti-knock fluid to their good gasoline to form *Ethyl Gasoline,* the "cream" of motor fuels.

Ethyl Gasoline, on sale throughout the United States and Canada, was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories. It improves the performance of any automobile; it's *essential* to the new "high compression" cars which are now making their appearance.

If you have not yet tried it, fill your tank today. Take a ride with Ethyl . . . and just hear your engine purr.



Knocks out that "knock"

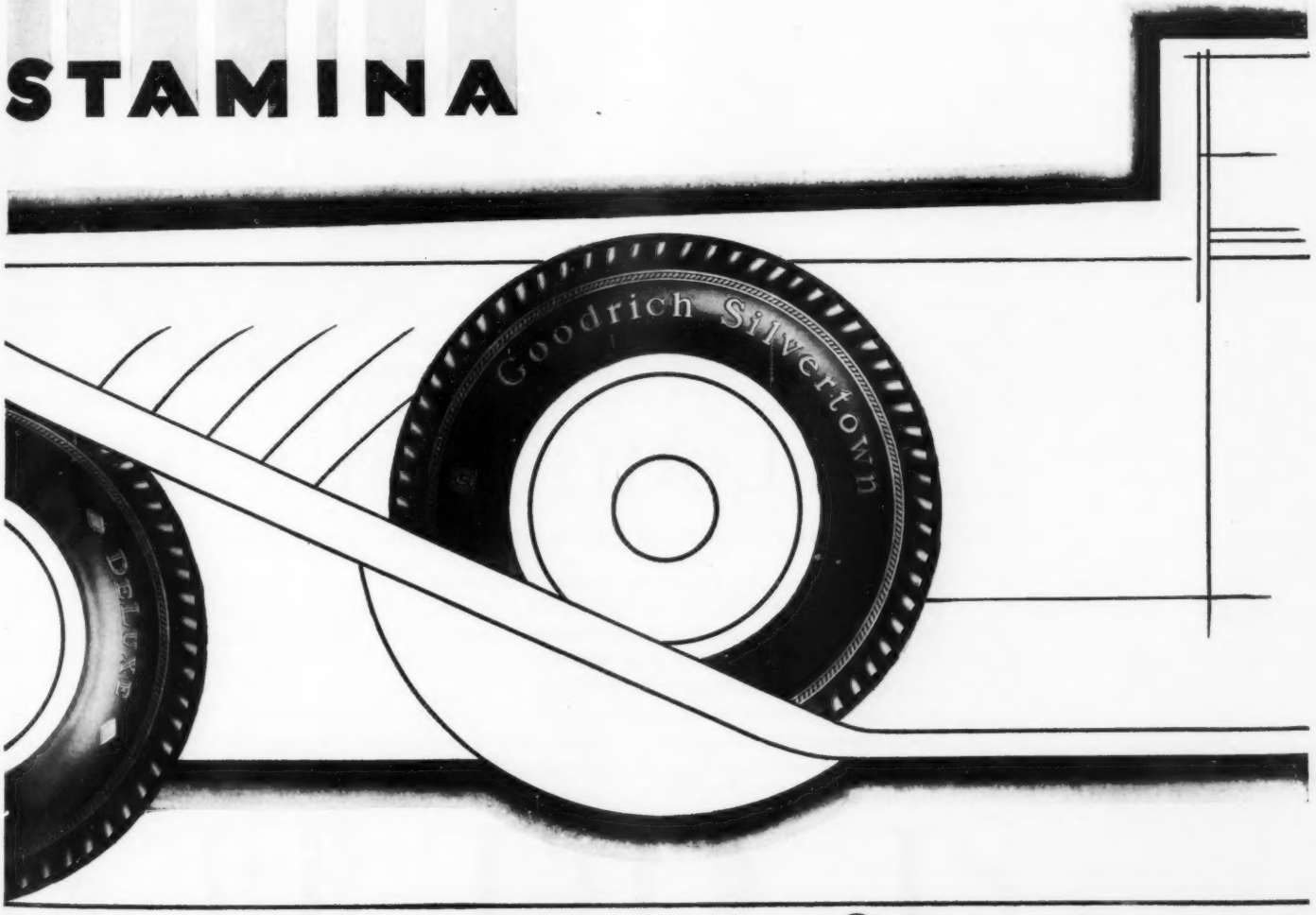
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, N.Y.—56 Church St., Toronto—36, Queen Anne's Gate, London

ETHYL GASOLINE

STAMINA

With a hundred-and-more horsepower under the hood, and an endless ribbon of road daring you to find its end . . . that's no time to wonder about the stamina of your tires. Fortunately, there is no need for doubt . . . when you ride on Silvertowns De Luxe. They carry you as far as you want to go . . . and then bring you back. Which is the reason those who know tires invariably say "Silvertowns De Luxe, please" when they buy casings for their own use.



Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

The finest Shoes of England

the Lotus Veldtschoen

A WATER-PROOF SHOE FOR THE COUNTRY . . . FOR GOLF . . . FOR WET CITY STREETS

SOME YEARS AGO college men in this country discovered this shoe. They found that they could purchase it as freshmen, put it through the hardest wear, expose it to snows and rains of severe winters, and still be wearing it as seniors. The result has been at one old New England college that nearly the entire freshman class purchase this shoe each year. ¶ The Lotus Veldtschoen is a shoe within a shoe. It has a double upper of Martin's brown Zug. The sole consists of an all-leather insole, a layer of cork filler and two layers of close-grained oak leather separated by tarred felt. It is guaranteed absolutely water-proof. It is supremely comfortable. With English hobnails added, it is the soundest golf shoe made. It will wear for many years, acquiring a rich, deep color, quite comparable to that of an old Stradivarius.

LOTUS

LOTUS SHOES FOR MEN ARE

have crossed the Atlantic

THERE IS A DISTINGUISHED LOTUS SHOE FOR EVERY OCCASION—

LOTUS 765 Black and 766 Tan—A custom-type shoe in smooth calf with smart, modern lines. Wide across the ball of the foot, with somewhat pointed toe. For business or semi-sport wear.

LOTUS IN3X—A light sport shoe built for perfect comfort. Made of Martin's brown chrome. Soft and pliable. English hobnails are furnished for conversion into a golf shoe if desired.

LOTUS 480 Black and 479 Tan—A rather conservative shoe for business or street wear. Made of Martin's Moor calf. Medium weight. Irreproachable in design. Unsurpassed in comfort.

LOTUS 711—A formal patent-leather dress shoe of Sterling Colt, with plain toe and light-weight sole. Cool and comfortable for dancing. Absolutely correct in appearance for evening wear.

~~~ they possess

★ THE COMFORT OF A SOFT, LOOSE GLOVE
★ THE AUTHORITATIVE STYLE OF BOND STREET
★ THE BEST TRADITIONS OF WORKMANSHIP

FOR MANY YEARS discerning American travelers have returned from Europe with the Lotus, supreme shoe of England. They have worn these shoes proudly, receiving from them years of unremitting service. They have learned there is no substitute for Lotus quality. ¶ There are certain specific features of Lotus Shoes which give them a superiority that is not a matter of opinion, but of fact. The leathers used, in upper and sole, are the carefully selected products of the finest European tanneries. The counters and toe puffs are of leather. The materials used in inconspicuous places—heels, inner soles, linings—are still of the finest. Lotus Shoes have been imitated, but their comfort, amazing durability, and lasting distinction of appearance have never been successfully copied, here or abroad. ¶ The house which makes Lotus Shoes has been in existence since 1836. The highest standards of workmanship have been maintained constantly. Families of fine shoemakers have remained faithful to the organization through generations. Every Lotus Shoe—and there is one for every occasion, every need—is the creation of a man sure of his skill, proud of his work, confident of the approval that his fine product will meet. ¶ Below are listed some of the stores that carry Lotus Shoes in this country. More will be added from time to time. Meanwhile Mr. D. B. McIntosh, Lotus Shoes, Inc., 130 W. 42nd Street, New York City, will answer inquiries and make arrangements to serve any one who has not a dealer near him. Lotus Shoes are priced from $14 to $20

★ ★ ★

SOME OF THE LEADING RETAILERS WHO STOCK LOTUS SHOES

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NEW YORK . . . . . Cruger's Inc.
581-Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . A. H. Geuting Company
BALTIMORE, MD. . . . . N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS. . . . . Jordan Marsh Company
DETROIT, MICHIGAN . . . . R. H. Fyfe & Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON . . . . . Armishaw's
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . The Smith-Kasson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. . . . Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
PORTLAND, MAINE . . . . A. H. Benoit & Co.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . . Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . . . Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

SHOES

MADE IN NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

LIKE OLD FRIENDS THEY WEAR WELL

GLOVES of Meyers Make are designed to conform with the Style opinions of America's smartest clothiers and tailors. Two authentic models are illustrated. For smart Country Club wear, the 'Swanky' Raglan Pigskin Pull-on with its novel feature—quick pull-on and removal convenience. For general Business wear, the 'York' Cape with Button and Button-hole. In each instance, Meyers designers have achieved desirable dignity through simplicity of design. ¶ Mindful of the fact that each ensemble, each occasion demands a glove of the correct type, leather, color—the well turned-out man of today is consulting his Meyers Make dealer for correct Glove styling.

LOUIS MEYERS & SON, INC.
One Park Avenue, at 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

GLOVES of MEYERS MAKE

We might talk sources of style, luxurious fabrics, "well dressed men",—but, demme, we won't. We'll tell you the name of a Cravat—Resilio (Resilio . . . resilient . . . shape-holding, that's it). See it next time you choose a tie...at any smart shop...ask about that patented resilient construction . .

. . . and look for the little loose silk thread inside.

RESILIO CRAVATS

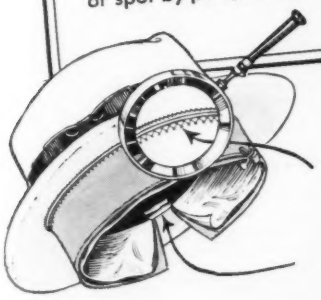
Made by FRANC-STROHMENGER & COWAN, INC. - 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

FAIRMOUNT FLEECE

FAIRMOUNT FLEECE OVERCOATS combine comforting warmth with comfortable lightness . . You can always wear Fairmount Fleece with perfect propriety and with an assurance that it will never be too hot, too cold, or too heavy . . . Your clothier has Fairmount Fleece Overcoats in a variety of models and shades . . . guaranteed for wear . . at the remarkably reasonable price of $40 . . The Goodimate Co., Philadelphia.

FAIRMOUNT FLEECE
TAILORED BY Goodimate

Emerson Hats have the Emerson Inter-Lined, Double-Sewn Sweat Band. A waterproof inter-lining is stitched, first to the sweat band, then to the hat, keeping sweat leather and its stitching from contact with the felt. This positively protects both the silk band and body of Emerson Hats from stain or spot by perspiration.



Emerson—Smartest of All Hats

Ponies galloping "wide open" down the field, mallets connecting right and left, the ball bouncing across the green turf—that's Polo, the smartest of all sports.

And whether it be at the polo game, the golf club, or in town, there you'll find Emerson's the smartest of all hats.

And built into Emerson Hats is a quality based on sincerity and integrity in workmanship founded on "hat making" for 53 years...Added to their stubborn resistance to wear is the exclusive Emerson, (patented), sweat-proof inter-lining, which absolutely protects Emerson hats at $6.00 and up against silk band and body stains.

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5^{00} *to* 10^{00}

EMERSON HATS

Drawn by H. Alken
LONDON, PUBLISHED MARCH 1ST 1839 BY BEN BROOKS, AT HIS ECLIPSE SPORTING GALLERY, 48 HIGH ST. OXFORD
Engraved by J. Harris

The finish — a good five still alive — Grand Chorus, "The Lads of the Village"

NINETY years ago some "devil-rid maniacs" ran the first steeplechase and a few natives bolted "affrighted from their beds"... Today thousands of natives—very much awake—and by now quite familiar with steeplechases, are taking the stiffest style-hurdles in their stride with THE SPUR (by Hamilton) —an utterly new, up-to-date strap watch, the beauty of which is exceeded only by its uncanny accuracy.

THE SPUR $125

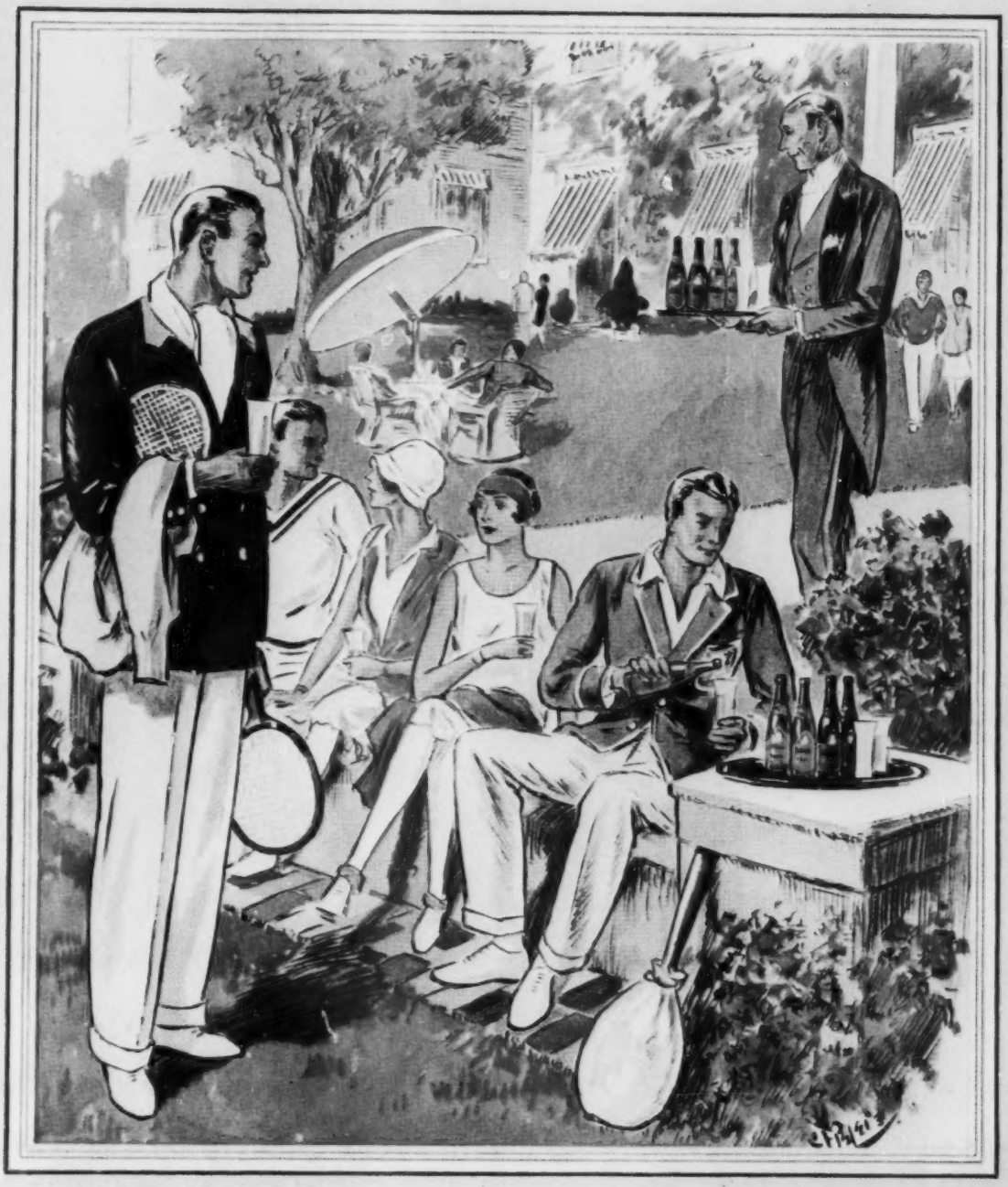
A 19-jewel Hamilton in 14k yellow or white gold case. There are other Hamilton watch models ranging in price from $50 to $685

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The Leading
Mineral Water

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale



UNMERCIFUL smashes . . . lightning volleys . . . drives of bullet speed and unerring accuracy . . . mad dashing from base line to net . . . leaps skyward . . . such is the tennis of today. No game for those of lagging energies . . . no sport for one who fears fatigue. Yet, the more severe the game, the more welcome is White Rock, quencher of the fiercest thirst. Youthful . . . exuberant . . ever active. Delightful to sip between matches . . . easily digested . . . restful . . . invigorating. Later . . . a return to the courts to watch. To add to the glow of the shower . . . to satisfy the sweet tooth and to stay the whetted appetite. White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Refreshing, pure and delightful . . . made from White Rock Water . . . exclusive!

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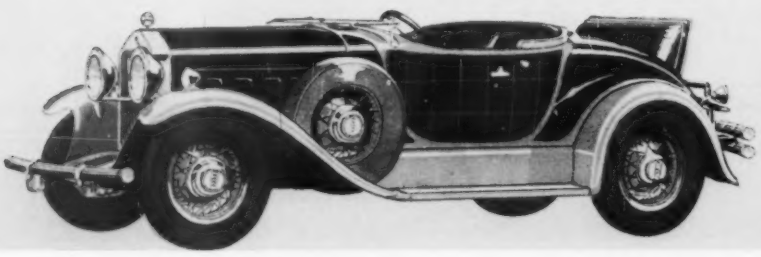
THE new Willys-Knight Great Six is the finest achievement of Willys-Overland's long years of experience and progress in building quality automobiles. Low, graceful lines are beautifully expressive of new and advanced tendencies in design. Perfect symmetry and proportion obtain throughout, from the aristocratic hood to the smartly tailored back. The distinctive color combinations, rich in tone and harmoniously blended, are instantly appealing and lastingly attractive. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Willys-Knight

GREAT SIX



Sedan, Roadster, Coupe, 5-pass. Coupe—each

$1895

Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

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Swank right from London

Sturdy British fabrics . . . styled by craftsmen in the very London where an affable Prince sets men's wear fashions . . . finished in a thorough manner—these features make a SAMUEL MARTIN TOPCOAT most desired by the well turned-out man. Fine Camel Hairs, silky Llama Wools, West o' England Paddocks, stronghearted Harris Tweeds, rugged Shetlands, nobby Cord Twists, Fleeces and Homespuns —all hand-tailored and shower-proof to boot! You'll find one to your liking at $55 to $100.

SAMUEL MARTIN

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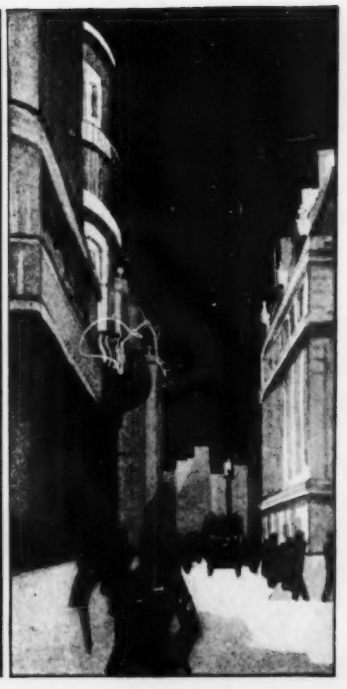


PICCADILLY —THE RITZ IN LONDON

It would take a good line to explain a bad lining

IT hardly does to make excuses when the coat room girl unearths the horror of a coat lining as ragged as the ruffles of a Russian refugee. Best to say nothing—now—but to remember to say "Earl-Glo" loudly and firmly—the next time you buy any apparel.

Earl-Glo is that modern rayon lining, guaranteed for the life of the garment, identified by a label good manufacturers sew into the coats or suits good retailers sell. "Earl-Glo" is perspiration-proof, superior in texture, pattern and lustre—in fact it is quite the gentlemanly lining.

Rayon lining fabrics

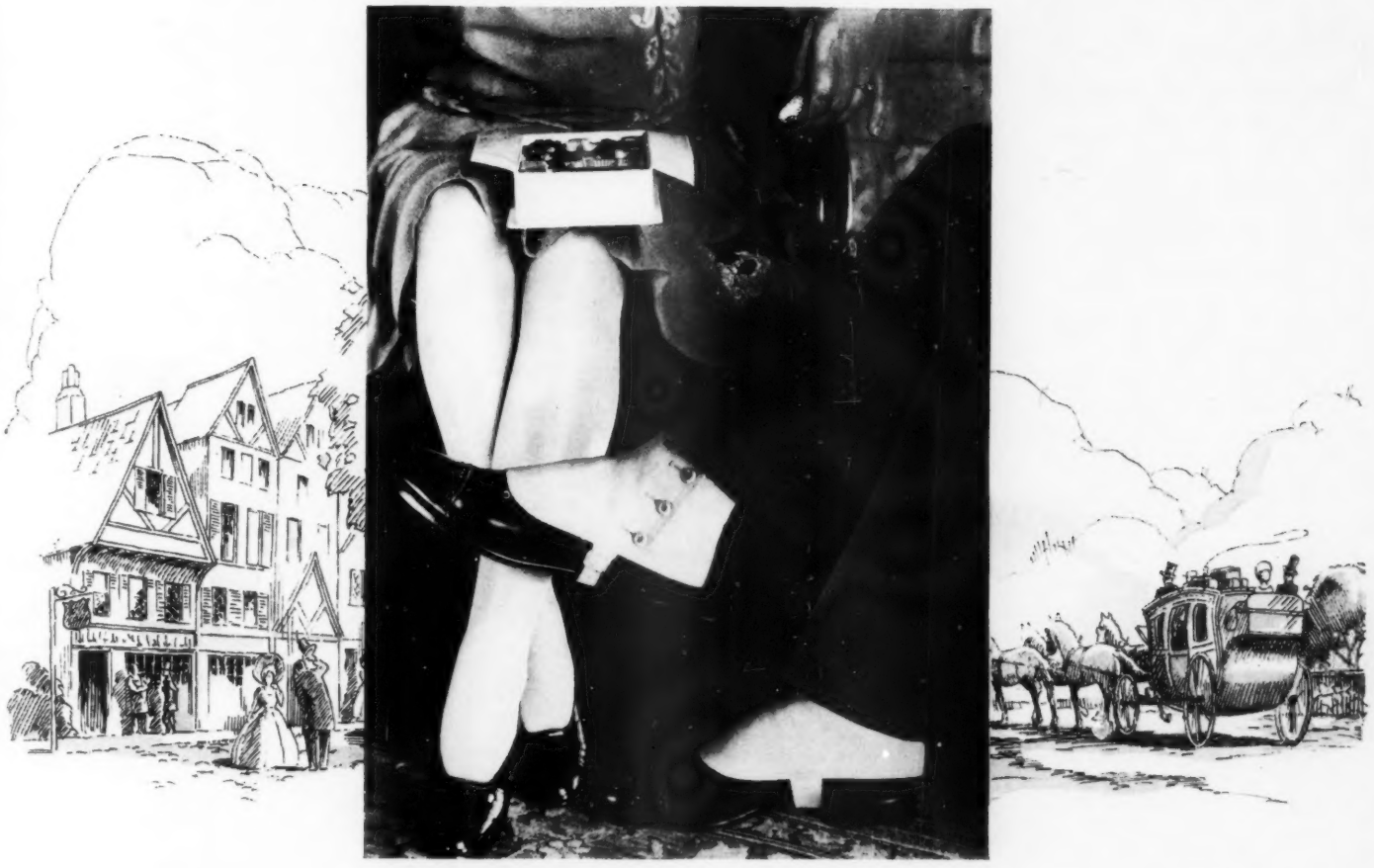
Superior in texture, appearance and durability to more expensive fabrics—fast to perspiration—in a variety of smart colors and patterns—the modern lining material—guaranteed for the life of the garment.

EARL-GLO

EARL-GLO IS INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE GARMENT'S QUALITY

N. ERLANGER. BLUMGART & CO. Inc., · 354 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

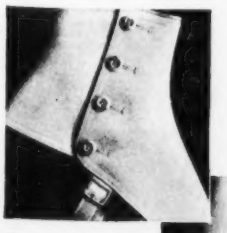
STYLED AND TAILORED AS ONLY THE ENGLISH KNOW HOW



DO YOU insist on spats that fit snugly over instep and ankle with never a wrinkle? Do you like seams finished and edges bound so that there are apparently no seams or binding at all? Have you wished for soft leather straps that will not curl . . . sewed in so they do not draw the spat at the instep? If you have, you are a man made for BOND STREET spats . . . and BOND STREETS are made for you.

Here are spats with the style and smartness found heretofore only in English spats. Their tailoring, too, conforms to the best English standards in every little detail. Fact is, BOND STREET spats are styled in England by a famous designer of correct anklewear and are equaled only by the finest imported product.

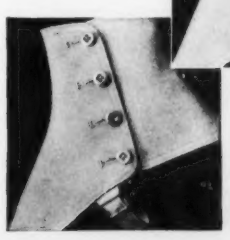
BOND STREET spats are sold at the best shoe stores and men's wear shops. Ask for them by name and look for the BOND STREET label inside. It is a guarantee of superior quality and smartness. The Williams Manufacturing Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, U. S. A.

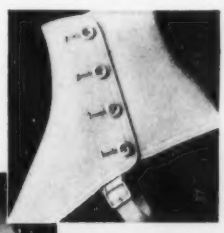


Four of the many styles of BOND STREET *spats are illustrated on this page. They are available in a wide range of prices.*

BOND STREET Spats

THE *CORRECT* ANKLEWEAR





Meticulous and flawless styling and tailoring characterize all BOND STREET *spats, regardless of price.*

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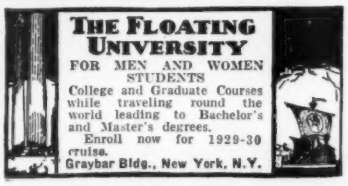

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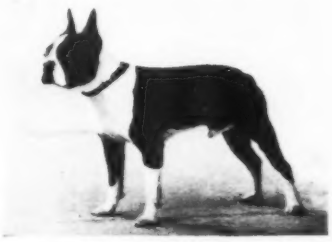

THEY can't put him on the quota—he's a made-in-America dog. Fifty years ago his ancestors came from England—mere bulls and terriers. They settled in Boston . . . and see what culture did!

He has a courtesy no bulldog ever owned, conservatism no other terrier knows exists. Even if they don't trim his ears, you'd guess he'd been to college by the look in his eyes—a little disillusioned, but brains, sir, *brains*.

He's almost super-civilized. An apartment, even a smart hotel, can find no fault with his manners. He doesn't snuffle, fight, bark at the radio, fidget in the elevator or leave his hair on the rug. He's philosophical about a leash, a bath—even a muzzle. The one tenet of his ancestors' creed he's not outgrown is that dogs were meant to be owned—till death takes over the license. If you had to sell the car and get a tin cup—he'd be proud when he led you 'round.

If you couldn't live up to such sophistication, you might try an Irishman who thinks the world is just one cat . . . or a Spaniel with the eyes of St. Cecelia and ringlets on his ears . . . The point is, scan this page for a dog.

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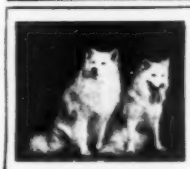

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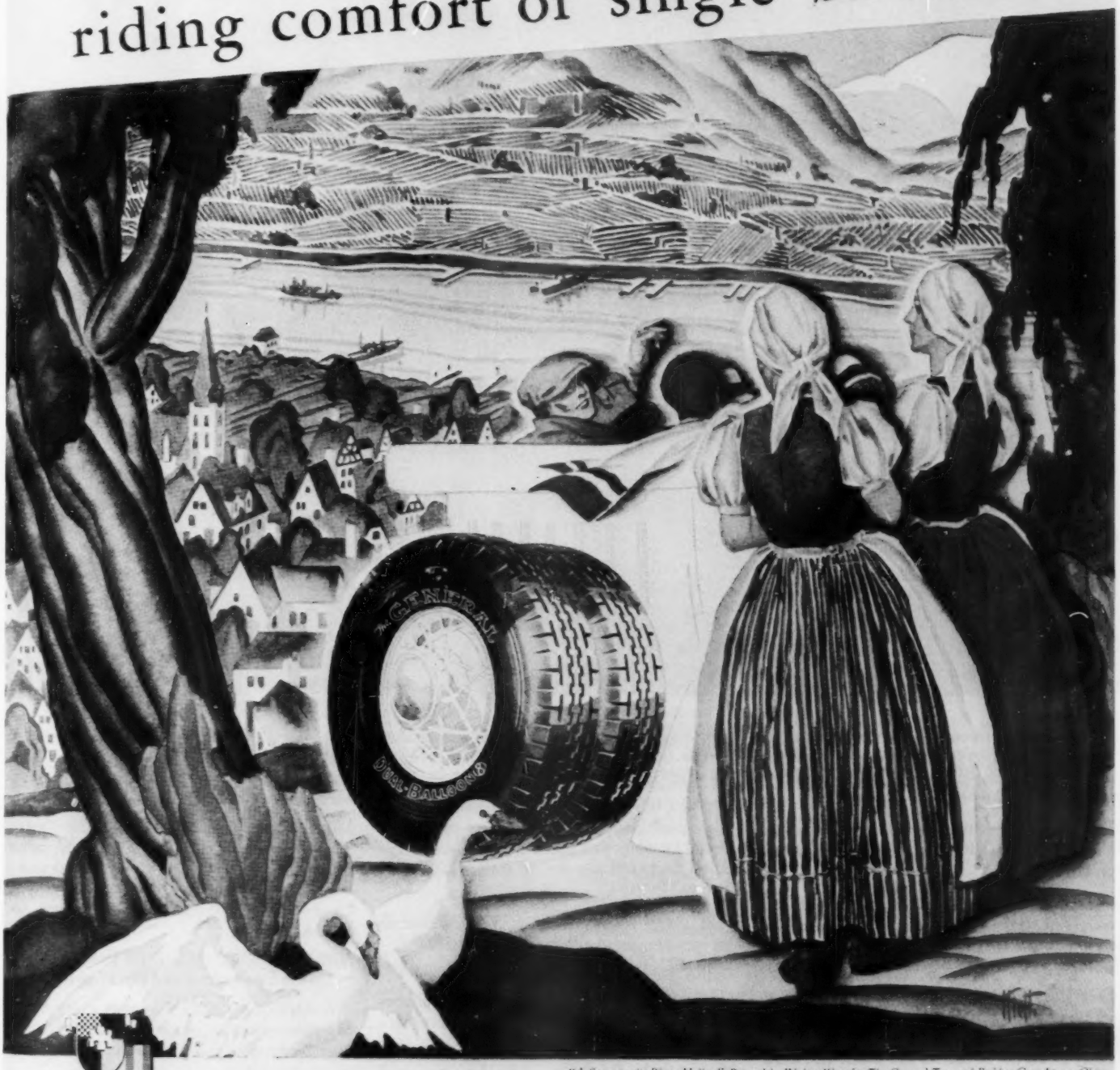

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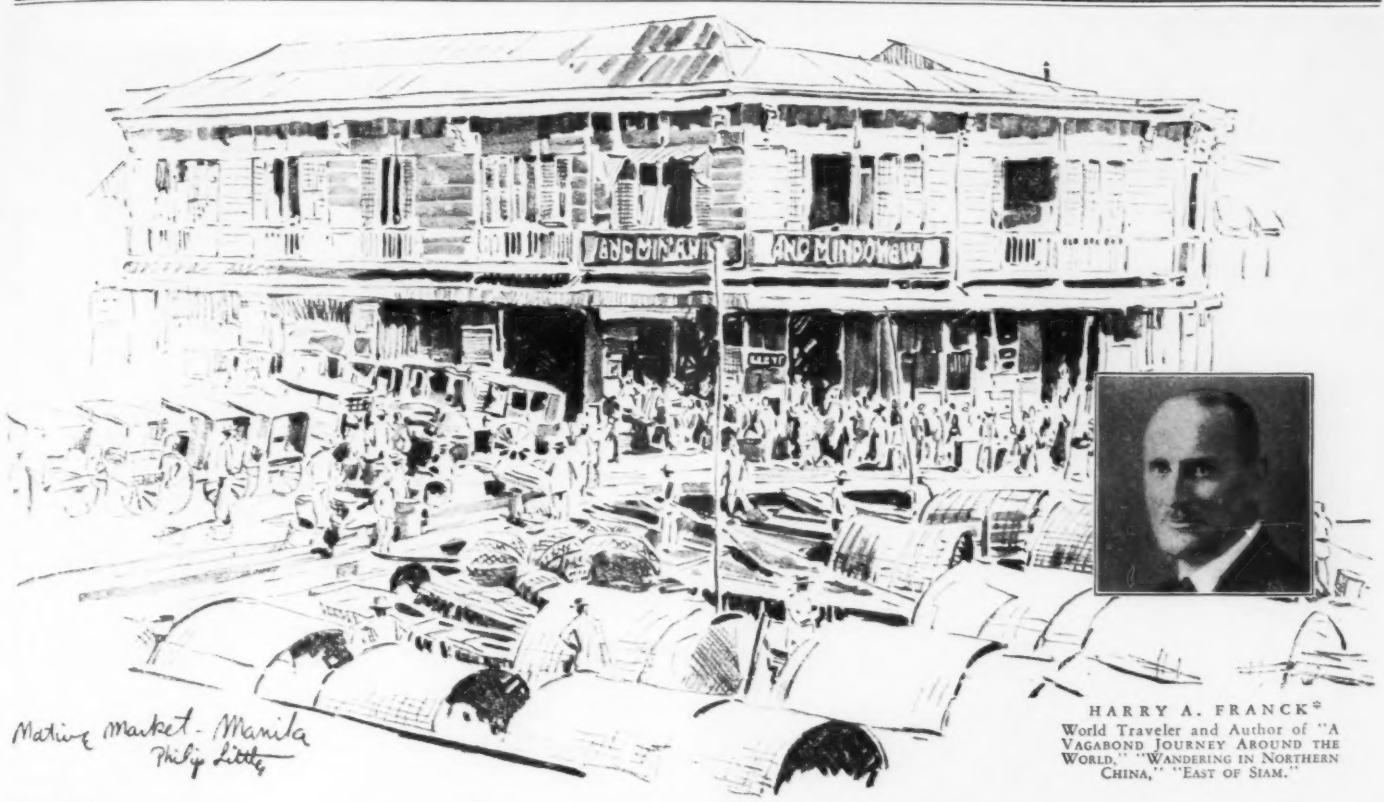

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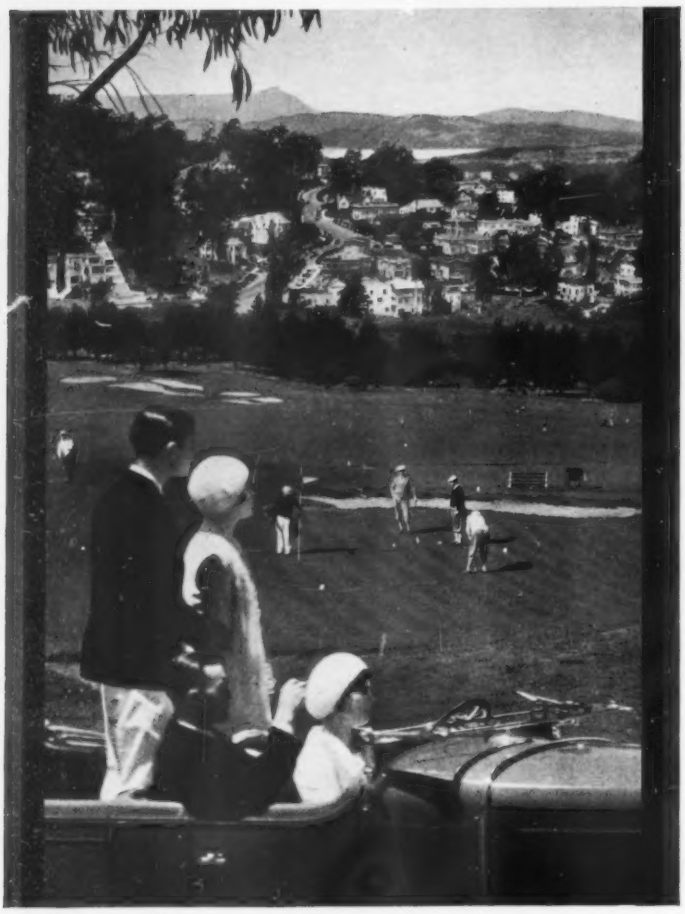

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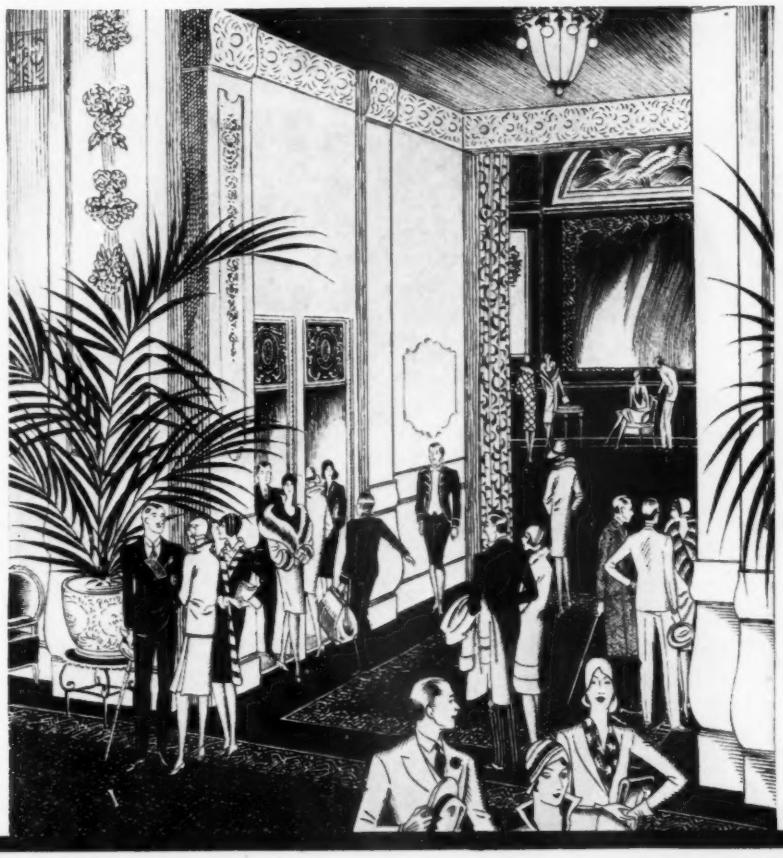

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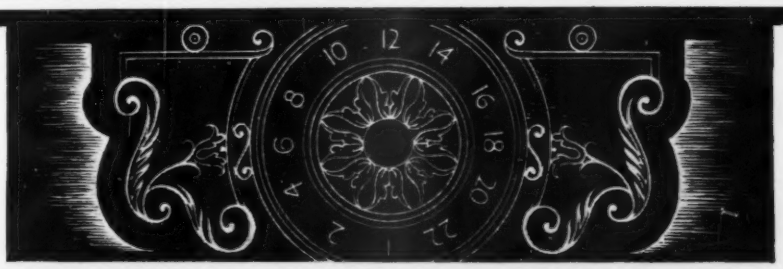

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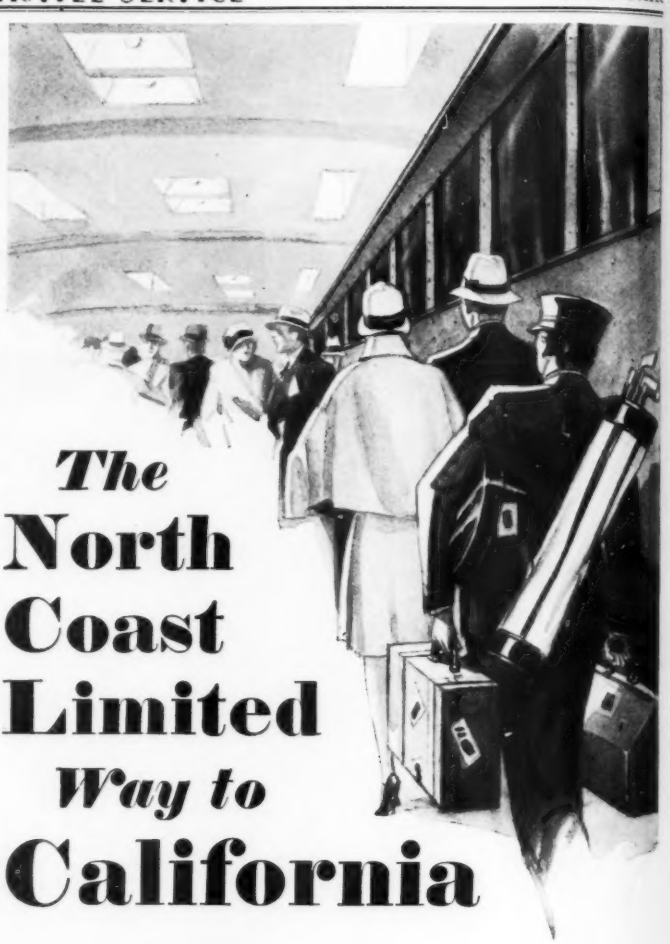

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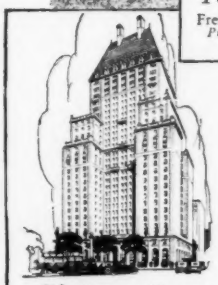

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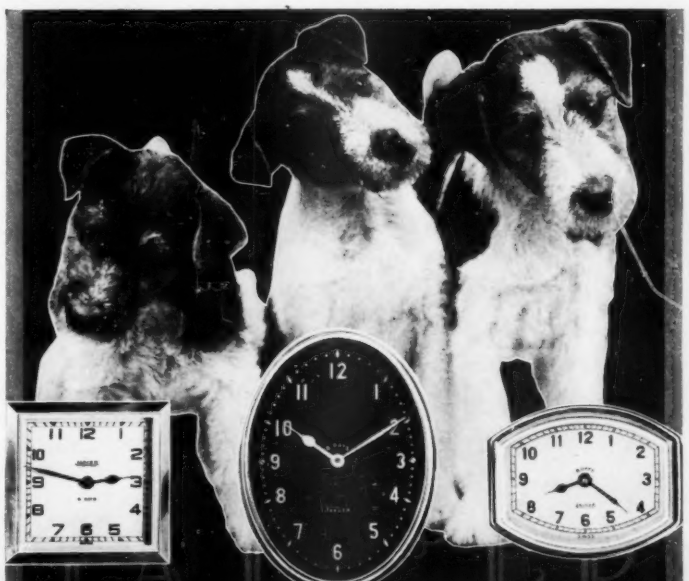

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IN VANITY FAIR

The Man in the Living Room

A Yarn About a Lover Who Sits, and Dreams, and Waits, While His Lady Forgets

IF you had happened to be passing Mr. Pike's home that evening, had turned from the street, walked quietly over his lawn, and looked through the window of the living room you would have seen a young man standing in its centre.

He was not Mr. Pike. He was a suitor of Mr. Pike's daughter, Ruth Pike.

The young man, whose name was Paul, had an engagement with Ruth. It was now a quarter past eight o'clock. Ruth should have been downstairs some time ago.

He looked around him. Outside, the evening advanced and blackened. Inside, grey light spreading from the windows deepened the richest colours in the room, obscured the paler ones, and by blunting the outlines of pieces of furniture made them seem dark and heavy. On a walnut table before the front window a large model of Columbus' flagship, the *Santa María* lay as though becalmed with her stiff parchment sails pummeled outward by an unreal wind.

There was, hanging on the right wall, a painting: a blue stream, surrounded by trees, and many-coloured flowers, with an angular mountain for a back-ground. It was a very bad painting. The artist must have gone at night to try his luck again in the same spot, for on the opposite wall was the scene, but it was in smoky darkness, and there were added three milk-white clouds and a moon, like a gold piece, whose brilliant beams fell into the stream and turned it yellow. Mr. Pike had created these. Although he was a banker, painting was his hobby.

THERE was an Italian fireplace, with two acanthus leaves supporting a plain, bare mantel; a piano, a gramophone, and books against all the walls, their number appalling the young man when he thought for a moment of the men who had written them, each one believing, as he wrote in the night, that he was a genius; each one trying to place the warmth, the colour and movement of living things within thin lines of poetry and prose.

Looking out of the window Paul saw Night huddled in the quiet garden, without the wind, with flowers, with insects who droned like little priests. Miles below, in the city, lights came on and multiplied like the seed of Abraham. The boulevards were lighted serpents, wetting their tails in the ocean, wagging their heads twenty miles away in the foothills.

Paul was growing impatient. He formed in his mind the bitter things he would say to Ruth when, finally, she had come down. "God," he would remark, "can probably make a whole woman in shorter time than a woman will spend over her toilette." He would wound her.

He moved away from the window. Selecting the best chair and the worst book in the room, he tried for a few moments to read. But he could not, he could think only of Ruth.

II

Only two months ago this exceedingly young man had not even believed in love. Now he was filled with it, with passion and melancholy.

MR. PIKE'S DAUGHTER

Ruth Pike was beautiful. She was composed of seventy-two delicate curves. She was coloured olive, brown, rose, and black. She had every virtue of every fruit and flower and poem. But, once she broke a promise to the young man of her choice

A lover is no ordinary person. He is mad. He carries a rose in his vest pocket. His mind is a sacred pig, rooting in an enchanted pleasure garden, gorging itself upon flowers and words, gestures and kisses, then grunting with heartburn, and finally sprouting forth lies and poems and promises.

Sentiment moved through him like an awkward beast.

If only he might live with Ruth alone on a hilltop, high, yet earthbound; in a small house from which milky green grass would run down the hillside and through a valley forest to another mountain, in whose shadow it would harden to jade. In the evening they would sit in their doorway. Ruth would wear a pure white dress; while he brushed her hair, they would speak to each other from their hearts, very tenderly.

Bearing this picture his mind swooned and he sighed. Never, he thought, had anyone loved so deeply as did he, nor so hopelessly. "*Oh, Ruth, Ruth*" his heart was screaming, but she, upstairs, could not hear it, did not care even enough to come down to him. She would never understand his love, she was blind and unfeeling.

In time he decided that he hated Ruth. Never again would he speak to her of his love; and before he kissed her his lips would touch the earth that formed his grave. Nor would he see her another time—after tonight. Even if she passed by his window, he would not peek out at her.

He smoked and smoked, holding each cigarette tightly in his fingers. He thought, "I am a fool, I am making molehills from molecules." Cruelly, he twisted a button off his coat. He was a toad and Ruth was an angel.

III

AND so, Time passed him slowly while he sat there thinking until somehow he felt that he had reached to the depths of himself, just as one poking with a stick may feel the depths of a well.

And at last he prayed that he might be given another heart in exchange for the one he had. A fresh heart, with no love for Ruth in it.

Oh! Where was Ruth?

IV

He looked at the staircase and saw Ruth there, leaning slightly forward, on the seventh step.

Paul jumped from his chair. He looked at her and smiled—and Ruth was beautiful! She was composed of seventy-two delicate curves. She was coloured olive, brown, rose, and black. When held toward the light, the very faintest white down could be seen on her skin. She had every virtue of every fruit and flower and poem.

"Hello, Paul," she said smiling and washing the bitterness from his soul. "What time is it? Are you angry?"

"No, I am not angry. But—it is ten o'clock. Where have you been?"

"I was lost, Paul."

"Lost! Where? In your room?"

"Yes. Will you forgive me? I forgot even about your being down here."

"What were you doing?"

She did not answer but looked down to her hands. He forgave her. In them she held a copy of VANITY FAIR.

—WILLIAM ADAMS

PORTRAIT OF DEREK WILLIAMS
OF "JOURNEY'S END"

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FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—*Editor* DONALD FREEMAN—*Managing Editor*

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On Not Knowing America . . . . . HAROLD NICOLSON
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GENTHE

Paul Manship, American Sculptor

A New Portrait of a Man Whose Labours in Art Have Brought Him to World Eminence

STILL in his middle forties, Paul Manship has attained to distinction and importance not only in the American but in the international world of sculpture. Yet his growth has not in any sense been hurried by precocity or an undigested acceptance of revolutionary dogmas. He has been accused at times of an excessive artistic caution; the very respectability of his reputation has irritated and dismayed the critics. The point is that Mr. Manship has proceeded at his own speed. His early career gave the critics a sufficient clue to bracket him definitely among the classicists. With his eventual mastery of form and the consummation of his self-confidence, he has adventured along a wider frontier. Hence his recent gay terra-cottas and the figure, also in terra-cotta, reproduced above. Mr. Manship's major activities at the present moment include a large bronze sun-dial, eight feet in diameter, to be placed in the quadrangle at Phillips Academy, Andover; a stone group for the garden of Mr. Clarence Mackay at Roslyn; a great memorial gate, 34 by 100 feet, for the Bronx Zoological Park; a war memorial to be erected in France; an equestrian figure of General Grant, and a statue of Abraham Lincoln for Fort Wayne, Indiana

Vanity Fair

On Not Knowing America

A Kaleidoscopic and Highly Imaginative View of New York by One Who Has Never Visited It

By HAROLD NICOLSON

THERE is a tiresome story somewhere about John Stuart Mill. I think it was John Stuart Mill, though it may have been Ruskin, or even Spencer, or perhaps Matthew Arnold. It was someone, in any case, who took his education and his mission seriously. This person had a way, when he purchased or was sent a book, of going on a solitary walk and considering what, before he had read the book, he then knew about the subject of which the book treated. The book, let us say, was entitled *With Rod and Gun in Patagonia*. John Stuart Mill (I feel sure somehow that it was John Stuart Mill) would walk among the laurels thinking all that he could think about rods, and guns, and Patagonia. He summoned from the recesses of that encyclopedic brain odd bits of stuff and fluff on all these three subjects, and then, thus clarified, he would return to the study, light the green lamp, adjust his spectacles, and read the book. On finishing the work, he would compare, or, as he would himself have said, "confront", what he had known on these subjects before he read the book with what he knew of these subjects after the book had been read, annotated, criticized and digested.

THE difference, he records, between the two stages of awareness was often very great. He recommended the system to other students. This recommendation reached me when I was at Oxford. I would be told by my tutor that I must read Stubbs' article on the three fields system. I obtained the article from the library. Without so much as a look at its contents, I rode around Port Meadow thinking hard of Dr. Stubbs and of the three fields system. What, before opening his article, did I know of these subjects? The answer, I regret to state, was "Nothing at all." The answer, after I had read the essay, was much the same. But the experiment had proved interesting. I have often experimented since. "What," I now say to myself, "do you know about America now that you do not know about America?" The answer, unlike that returned to Dr. Stubbs, is "A great deal." Nearer and nearer comes the eventful day, when I also shall land in America. What do I know about that landing?

I know it, and of it, in every detail. There is nothing in my prefigurement of that vital and I trust impending event which is either vague to me, or inaccurate. I shall now place it on record. You shall see for yourselves how vivid, how penetrating, how sensitive are my first impressions of the great and illiberal continent which I have never seen.

I SHALL cross, I think, upon the *Ile de France*. A pretty name, I feel, and a pretty steamer. There is a gymnasium on board with electric horses and a swimming bath, and one is allowed *Médoc* for luncheon free of charge. Besides I like the French, their cooking, their exotic flavour, and the way they allow one to break all the rules. Yes, I shall cross by the *Ile de France*, embarking at Southampton, I suppose, and thus avoiding any very abrupt severance from my native island. The prow of the steamer will point westwards, north-westwards. It will plough its way through large dark waves, carefully avoiding icebergs. There will be a wireless from which one will pick up French propaganda for a while; and then English folk-tunes; and then, an exciting moment this, the first notes of American uplift.

I shall read German novels in order to annoy the Captain and French novels to annoy my fellow-countrymen, and American novels to enlarge my mind. I shall sleep and eat, and ride on the electric horse. I shall walk round the deck in rubber shoes, and in rubber shoes I shall walk back again. And then again around. I shall tap French barometers. I shall have *Dubonnet* before dinner, and after dinner I shall have *Cordiale Médoc*. The click of my typewriter will be heard in the saloon.

This will last for five whole days. A feeling of expectancy will then descend upon the company and we shall shortly afterwards sight Sandy Hook. I shall be impressed by this, and shall gaze over the taffrail, gaze westwards, at a low smirch of coastline,—a lighter line against the lumbering sea, a darker line against the grey but lightening clouds. I shall be filled with appropriate emotions. "This," I shall say, "is the United States."—"Are the United States," I shall correct, being particular about such things, and on this momentous occasion anxious not to offend in any way.

Thereafter will come a flurry throughout the ship. Deck stewards walking about with a scrutinizing expression with drink-chits in their hands. Middle-deck-stewards totting accounts. Cabin-stewards being officious. Saloon and bar-stewards ostentatiously locking up drinks. They will come and take from me that little flask of cognac which I had bought at Cherbourg. There will be several hurried weddings taking place on board, and sweet champagne will be drunk in the deck-parlour. A sense of discipline and control will descend upon us: we shall think of our past life, and, finding it not altogether blameless, we shall throw from the port-hole such objects as may evoke suspicion or distrust. Proust, Lawrence, Joyce, Benedictine, the Manuscript of this present article, those silly pyjamas which I bought at Viareggio, my presentation copy of Trotzky's memoirs—all these will follow each other into the bracing waves of the off-shore Atlantic. Saddened but immune, I shall reappear on deck. The Statue of Liberty, dominating Ellis Island, will emerge from the mist, holding in its hand the torch of rectitude. I shall feel wicked and small. I shall go back to my cabin and cast into the waters a translation of the Greek Anthology.

BY then the incomparable outline of New York will have appeared, like slits of cheese, upon the sky line. "That," I shall say, "is the Woolworth Building, and that the Times." It will be at this stage that, observing several motor launches rollicking out towards the steamer, I shall begin to bother about reporters. Supposing that they ask me, supposing—a far more awful thought—that they *know*—about my past life? That time in Constantinople for instance? Supposing that they ask me why I have come to America, what I think of prohibition, and Al Smith, and Miss Edith Sitwell? Supposing that they ask me about politics? Supposing that they mistake me for Beverly Nichols? Or for Mr. G. K. Chesterton? Or Dean Inge? Supposing (and this is a terrible supposition) that they pay no attention to me at all?

I retire to my cabin, to my state-room. I rehearse the impending encounter. American reporters, I have been told, must

(*Continued on page 102*)

The Bother at Drinsey Nook

A Story With a Moral in Which Murder and Ghostly Visitations Follow a Country Wedding

By THOMAS BURKE

THIS story is not only true—all my stories are that—but it actually happened, and although it happened a hundred-and-twenty-two years ago it could easily repeat itself to-day, by permission of the Society for Psychical Research. (Anti-Vice Leagues and Watch-Dogs of Social Purity, please note.) I found the story in an old provincial newspaper of the middle Nineteenth Century, and I have talked to a man who knew the man who got the story from the man it happened to. If you want stronger evidence than that, then I don't care tuppence whether you believe it or not.

Anyway, it happened, and here it is.

It began on a day of November, 1805—a fortnight after Trafalgar—in a village of Lincolnshire some four miles from the city of Lincoln. It concerns Thomas Otter and John Dunkerly. Hollywood may think that it knows something of speedway marriages and electric divorce, but in the year of Trafalgar a simple English peasant had all Hollywood records under a glass case. On the morning of November 3, 1805, Thomas Otter married a wife, and at seven o'clock that evening he murdered her. John Dunkerly saw him do it.

JOHN DUNKERLY appears to have been what was known as a good scout, popular with his fellows and conforming to local customs and occasions. His only blemish was a certain sniggering little vice, found to-day in both town and country yokels, particularly yokels of middle-age. He was a casual labourer, and, on the late afternoon and evening of the day of the murder, having finished his work, he spent some hours of liberty, equality and fraternity in the bar of the Sun tavern at Saxilby, near Lincoln. As, in those days, the tavern offered a no-limit accommodation from half-past five in the morning until midnight, meetings often broke up, through the exhaustion of their members, at astonishingly early hours. This one broke up soon after six. The others went towards Lincoln, and Dunkerly, who lived at a village called Doddington, was left to a five-mile tramp along the bleak, chilblain countryside of East Anglia. To reach his village he had to pass a spot called Drinsey Nook, and as he came to the lane that led from Drinsey Nook three men, friends of his, met him and said, merely as one passes the time of day—"You'll have company, John." They nodded towards the lane, and told him that Tom Otter and a woman had just entered it. Dunkerly passed into the dark lane, and once there, it seems, decided to do a little practical scouting. He heard the footsteps of Tom Otter and the woman ahead of him, and then (he said) he heard Otter say—"Sit down. You can rest here." That remark was a cue for Dunkerly, as it would have been to others of his turn of mind; and he thereupon climbed through the hedge on to the damp turf of the field, and came silently alongside and behind them. This action, otherwise purposeless, for neither Otter nor the woman was anything to him, was clearly inspired by the hope of seeing what such creatures do hope to see when they crawl upon a love-making couple. But what Mr. Dunkerly saw exceeded his expectations, and the punishment that followed his hope of gratifying a slobbering curiosity was sharper even than that of Tom of Coventry.

Suddenly (he said) while he waited for the comedy to begin, the tragedy began. Otter left the woman, climbed into the hedge within three paces of the croucher, and with a mighty twist pulled a stake from the hedge; pulled it out of two feet of earth. Dunkerly's story goes on—"The moon shined on his face at the time and his eyes frighted me, there was such a fiery look in them, like a cat's eyes in the dark, and I heard him say to himself—'This'll finish my —— wedding!' Then he climbed down to where she was sitting with her head hanging down, and he swung the hedge-stake with both hands and hit her a clout on the head. She give one scream and called on God for mercy, then tumbled over with her head on the ground. He hit her head again as it lay on the grass, and that time the knock sounded as though he had hit a turnip. I saw her legs and her arms all of a quiver-like for a while, and then she was as still as a cobble-stone. I think I went off in a faint. When I come round again the hedge-stake he had murdered her with lay close beside me. I took it up and my hand was covered with red, and my smock sleeve dabbled with it. Then I thought if they found me in that state they'd take me up for the murder and hang me, so for days I wandered about, I don't know how long, working on the roads and getting a job as how I could. I come back to Doddington on the twentieth of March."

THAT is the beginning of the story. The next point is the finding of the body and the arrest of Tom Otter. And here began the first of a series of oddities that marked every stage of this affair. The Sun tavern at Saxilby has a prominent place in them. In this tavern Tom Otter was arrested. Its sign was The Sun, and it was by sunshine that he was caught. He was sitting by the window, in a shaft of winter sunlight, and the sunlight fell upon a portion of his coat and threw up a multi-coloured sheen; and this sheen or scintillation was so marked that it held the eye of a rural constable on duty in the roadway; a constable who had had enough experience of farmyards to recognize that sheen. To the Sun tavern, too, the body was brought for inquest. The cart that carried it had a bare floor, with gaps between its planks, so that the road it travelled was stained with blood, and blood fell upon the steps of the Sun's door, and the domestics who were asked to cleanse them resigned their positions in a body. The Sun tavern, again, acquired from the police, as an exhibit to attract custom, the hedge-stake with which the murder was done; and the household knew no peace until they were forced to part with it.

Otter was tried on March 12, 1806, sentenced to death, and hanged on March 14. He was "turned off" at the corner of the Castle wall at Lincoln at the moment when the famous bell, "Great Tom" began to strike twelve. But the sentence carried the extra penalty of gibbeting; after death his body was to be hung in chains at Drinsey Nook until it dropped. Around this gibbeting other things began to happen. It was not until March 20 that the post and chains were ready, and March 20 was a day of gale. A body of strong men was engaged for the business of rearing the gibbet and fixing the body in its chains, but even their strength could hardly conquer the wind of fen-land, and there were accidents. Nature seemed to be on the side of the murderer. After the cart bearing the body had crossed Saxilby bridge, the bridge broke down and dropped a score of the attendant crowd into the river. When the post was at last erected the tackle by which the men hauled the body to the beam broke twice, and the body and its irons fell upon them and flung them to the ground. Among those hauling was Mr. Dunkerly. When, the second time, they had hauled it to the top, Dunkerly made a rash, and, in the solemn circumstances, tactless remark. Glad, no doubt, to reclaim and display his equanimity after his scare of the past few months, he said lightly—"Well, he won't come down any more." And down came Tom Otter, crashing heavily on Dunkerly's hand.

Even when he was finally and for ever hauled and fixed, it seemed that he had not finished with Dunkerly. Whenever Dunkerly wished to visit the Sun—and he frequently did—he had to pass that gibbet. He could never pass it without looking at it, ond one night, having forgotten his lesson at the gibbeting, he was again ill-bred enough to address the body. "You gave me a bit of a turn once with your eyes," he told it, "and you made my hand quite bad. But you'll do nowt to me no more." And with that a sudden gust of wind swung the body forward, so that the iron on the swinging boot only missed Dunkerly's temple because Dunkerly dodged.

BUT the centre of the story is the hedge-stake. It spent many years at the Sun tavern, and, as I have said, it caused some trouble there. Once a year, on the morning of each November 4, it was missing, and on each occasion it was found a mile away—lying in the field behind the hedge where the murder was done. After some years of these happenings, the landlord decided that there was something a little queer about this hedge-stake, and with an air of altruism he passed it to a tavern at Torksey that had long coveted it. Here, the landlord, who set a value upon it and suspected that it might be coveted by some of his customers, had it clamped to the wall of one of the public rooms with two or three iron hasps. But on

(Continued on page 114)

WEYHE GALLERY

THE LOVERS

This is a recent wood engraving by Rockwell Kent, the noted American painter, writer and designer. The print is in black and white and, though published in a limited edition less than a year ago, has already fetched five times its original value

The Discovery

Proving That it Is Sometimes Extremely Unwise for a Husband to Doubt His Wife—in Public

By MICHEL CORDAY

THE dinner that evening was very formal. The guests were people of distinction in their own fields—bankers, manufacturers, authors. The warm murmur of voices rose amid the perfume of flowers and the smell of rich food, in the coppery light of the electric bulbs.

M. and *Mme.* Paqueret were delighted with the animation of their guests. From the opposite ends of the table, they now and then exchanged a hasty look of satisfaction, as if to say, "Well, they're beginning to thaw out. Our little dinner is going to be a success after all."

M. Paqueret had just passed his fiftieth year. He had made a fortune in the colonies as a builder of roads and canals. And his unsparing efforts, his long years in distant lands, had given him the rough, hardy look of a pioneer.

After returning to France, he had married the daughter of an old friend. He adored her. With infinite tenderness, he tried to smooth away her difficulties and fill her life with distractions. He was happy, just now, because she was happy. Personally he had no great liking for these little functions. But he knew that she was fond of shining socially, and that she loved the brilliance and artificiality of social gatherings.

In connection with a recent court trial, the conversation turned to precious stones. And some one began to speak of the many little ruses by which women persuade their husbands to let them wear the jewels they receive from secret admirers.

Gendrillac, the young novelist, mentioned Maupassant's famous story of the poor clerk with a wife who was industrious, economical, and clever. She had, in fact, only one weakness, which was collecting imitation jewelry. She died. The husband took all her trinkets, carried them to a jeweller, and found that everything was genuine—real pearls, diamonds, silver, and gold.

The story led to others. Each guest produced his own little anecdote, amid peals of laughter. For undoubtedly there is something ludicrous in the blindness of a husband, even though we are willing to find excuses for his tragic revenge.

All this humour had a very unpleasant sound to Paqueret. Fundamentally, and he often confessed it to himself, he was jealous—perhaps by nature, perhaps on account of his love, and perhaps because of the twenty-five years that separated his age from his wife's. In any case, he was bitterly, ferociously jealous. And he thought that jokes on this serious subject were, to say the least, in rather bad taste. Why encourage women to invent new falsehoods? Weren't they sufficiently deceitful by nature?

Although he was the most courteous of hosts, he could not hide his true feelings. A few disapproving words escaped from his lips. He felt immediately that Gendrillac was giving him a surprised and rather supercilious look. Evidently he was in danger of making himself ridiculous by revealing his weakness. The young novelist was certain to regard him as an old dotard.

Warned by this incident, Paqueret managed to restrain himself until finally his guests abandoned this thorny subject and began to speak of the stage. He gave a sigh of relief. The stage is unexcelled as a topic of conversation; nothing else can give the same animation and warmth to a dinner table.

Gendrillac told the story of a little dancer at the Opera who had refused to yield to the advances of a famous young aviator. He was heartbroken. He quit flying. He refused to

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Broadway Ringmasters

A Picture of Producers Proving That When Mr. Ziegfeld Runs to Sugar Mr. Carroll Turns to Spice

By PERCY HAMMOND

MR. ZIEGFELD, grown sedate in his maturity, quits the production of revues for the serener forms of musical comedy. Hereafter he will devote his opulent picture-books to simple tales of wooing among the baritones and sopranos as they love one another in an atmosphere of song and dance. Weary of the hard ribaldry of the *Follies* and *Frolics* he now cushions himself in the hammocks of sentimental opera and leaves the strife of burlesque to Messrs. White, Shubert and Carroll.

Were it not for the suspicion that Mr. Ziegfeld's mind is quicksilvery and addicted to change one might be melancholy over his defection. There is, is there not, something sad in the sudden passing of such a National Institution as the *Follies?* Established for the "Glorification of the American Girl," and for other purposes, it vied for many years with the art galleries, the mausoleums and the aquariums as a pilgrim's shrine. Not to have seen the *Follies* was almost as wrong a thing as not to have seen fair Carcassonne. As an incubator of marriage between the upper and lower classes it rivalled London's *Gaiety*, producing numerous duchesses for the native dukes. In its beginnings it made the dramalovers garter-conscious, and from that modest starting proceeded onwards and upwards to familiarize the public with what every young person should know.

TO the influence of the *Follies* is due the present wholesome liberty in woman's wear. Through its example the petticoat was rendered obsolete and the corset dismissed as a futile encumbrance. It struck the shackles from the female shape divine and set it free to express itself unimpeded by heavy clothing. It acquainted us with, if it did not introduce us to, a host of humorous performers—Bert Williams, Ina Claire, Fannie Brice, Frank Tinney, W. C. Fields, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers; and to such acute wits and poets as Ring Lardner, Gene Buck, Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. I do not recall the names of its composers, but their tunes have inspired the globe to sing and dance from Amagansett, L. I., to Los Angeles. Many of its skits were drastic satires on the bunk and hooey of the day, and they helped us to learn anew that life upon "the meanest of the planets" is not always on the up-and-up. They were of assistance in their way and we shall miss them now, when, and if, they are gone forever.

Though Mr. Ziegfeld has bidden adieu to travesty his Broadway rivals and opponents have not. Mr. Earl Carroll, for instance, seizes the dropped *flambeau* more firmly than ever and brandishes it in a movement called the *Sketch Book*. This revue is consecrated to an insolent spoofing of the human race as it wriggles worm-like in the toils of sex. While dazzling and funny in its unrestricted way its tendency is towards impoliteness. With no inhibitions whatsoever it goes beyond what used to be known as the limit in its endeavour to be advanced. Its every scene is a deliberate device to make use of the flesh and the devil as Mr. Carroll imagines them to be. There is also in the *Sketch Book* a little study in penology. It may be remembered that Mr. Carroll was once sent to a reformatory because of an innocent, wash-tub indiscretion in his earlier days. He was represented during and after the period of his incarceration as sorry for what he had done in an impulsive moment, having been chastened by conscience and Atlanta's locks and bars. But proving the inefficiency of our penal methods he presents in the *Sketch Book* a bitter skit in which are sullenly repeated some of the more daring details of his first offence. Punishment, it seems, has made him sulky instead of remorseful.

AMONG Mr. Ziegfeld's excuses for abandoning the revue muse is that American play-goers are too sweet to have a sense of sarcasm. They prefer lollipops to caviar and are happiest when hearing about Cinderella as she works her way up from ignominy to wedlock with a fairy prince. Give them the old story of Penelophon and Cophetua, in a *de luxe* edition of legs and shoulders and they will enjoy it no matter what it costs them. In *Show Girl*, his latest spectacle, he gratifies this passion for the simpler stuff and inflames it further with a chorus of lady lucifers dressed in the most seductive clothing that his purse can buy. Here is the Broadway sereneda in what scholars call its perihelion. It takes most of the tang out of Mr. McEvoy's burlesque novel, but replaces the absent savour with spicy tableaux posed to Mr. Gershwin's able score. In it Lit'rature suffers as usual from the attentions of the Stage, and patrons who have not read the book find it difficult to understand its attempts to honey its acid satire with musical comedy jujubes. It excels in the sophisticated distinction of its manner—the appearance and deportment of its "ensemble"—and the fresh clowning of Messrs. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, salvaged by Mr. Ziegfeld at a large price from the wreck of the New York night clubs. The Ziegfeld *Show Girl* is to the Carroll *Sketch Book* as temperance is to dissipation, as polo to craps, or the orchid to poison ivy.

Mr. Carroll may take heart in contemplation of Mr. Ziegfeld's past. Hyperion himself was once something of a satyr, conducting his *carnalias* in a loose and pagan manner. While he never went so far as does the *Sketch Book* in an item called "On a Green Bank", he prepared the way for similar imprudences. The pioneer of such things, he caused other adventurers to follow him—the reckless White, the desperate Carroll and the daring and ready Shuberts. Not so long ago Mr. Ziegfeld was regarded in decorous circles as a dangerous impresario who strewed the paths of unwary playgoers with perils. Now that he has become more or less *spirituel* and is prosperous in his reform, he should encourage Mr. Carroll that he, too, can arise and shine. I shall not be astonished when Mr. Carroll, inspired by the Great Example, determines to turn over a new fig-leaf and renew his innocence.

Since Mr. Ziegfeld has blown a good-bye kiss to revue, what is to become of those who prefer its gay and disconnected variety to the linked sweetnesses, long drawn out, of sentimental opera? Well, we have the Shubert mills operating at full capacity and producing tons of bulk travesty per month, to say nothing of the smaller looms of Mr. Carroll and Mr. White. Messrs. Brady and Wiman of *The Little Show* give us much fun, pleasant to the sense of humour but of no particular pleasure to the sense of sight. The *Grand Street Follies* puts out precocious imitations of famous players in unknown plays and calls the result a revue. We have nowhere else to go when longing for comic criticism of our habits, combined with beauty unadorned and music of a tinkling character.

The troubles of the Broadway producers are so dire that serious laughter irks them. Lugubrious men at heart they are made further solemn by their contacts with the temperamental stage hands and artists. Graver men do not exist than the Broadway ringmasters, and the plight of a playgoer, overcharged for his front seat, is a happy one compared to the distress of an entrepreneur. So it is not surprising that most of them shrink from humour unless it is morose, and ply us and themselves with cynical smut. The libretti of Broadway's revues are full of what Oliver Herford calls "room-clearers"—indecent jokes that force gentlefolk to seek the open air. And they tend to grow more insolent with each season, substituting bravado for merriment in larger quantities with every production. Perhaps Mr. Ziegfeld's success as a pseudo evangel of respectability will persuade his pupils to trail him as usual, and this year the lighter musical diversions may be as pretty in their nudity and less revolting in their jests.

PHILANTHROPISTS like producers, they say, have no funny bones and their alms are always bestowed on gloomy charities. Their rich and numerous bequests to the Theatre are customarily in behalf of homes for crippled dramas and for show-offs afflicted by what Mr. Augustine Birrell calls in his *Obiter Dicta*, "a diseased egotism". One of these days a comic benefactor may appear with open pocketbook and endow a spectacular revue with funds enough to make it self-sustaining. In it there will be good-natured jibes at the public follies from stage to forum, at the pigmies posing as Titans,—the politicians, journalists, bathing beauties, professional base-ball players, rotogravure heroes and heroines, wets, drys, actors, actresses, the so-called American working-man, short story magazines and critics,—removing their toupées and exposing them in all their funny baldness.

When that time comes, one hopes, Mr. Dillingham, a smart and smiling fellow, will be appointed general director of the revels, and

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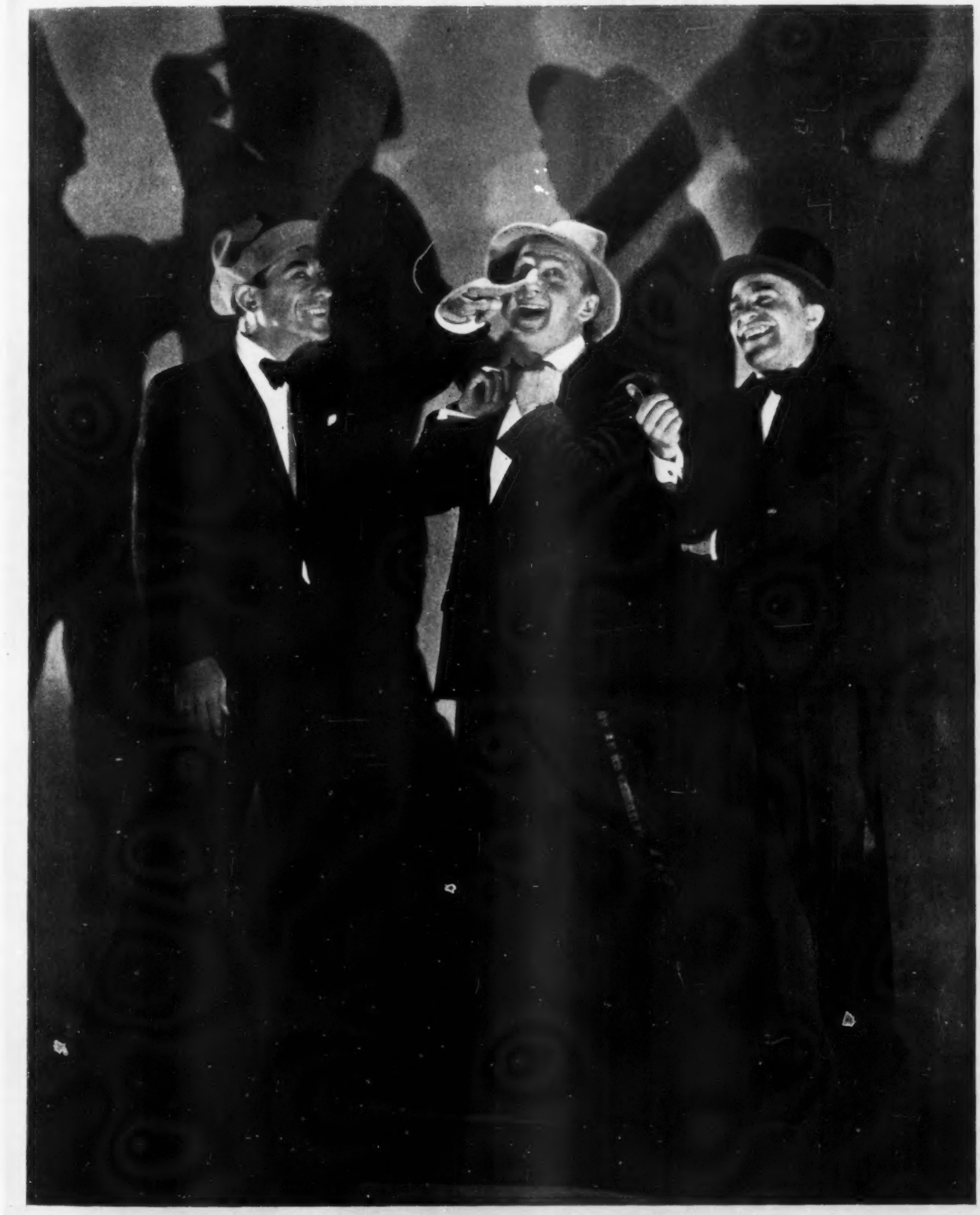

SZEIGHEN

Clayton, Jackson and Durante

The Former Parody Club Trio Transfers Its Ebullient Antics to Mr. Ziegfeld's "Show Girl"

The Onslaughts of Sincerity

A Stirring Protest Against the All Too Current Custom of Calling a Spade by Its Name

By ROBERT HICHENS

IF before the War, in that prehistoric age which most of us have almost forgotten, I had been asked whether I numbered frankness and sincerity among the major virtues, I should without hesitation have answered "Yes". But the world has changed and our minds with it, and of late my one time admiration of frankness and sincerity has begun to topple on its little throne. For the War, among many strange children, has bred a frankness which is surely ferocious, a sincerity which I think a few of us would gladly do without. A few of us—not all! For I have run across some surprising specimens of apparently refined people who 'since the war' have apparently come to value frankness as much as they are quite willing, even eager, to meet it stark naked in the way.

Frankness in literature has become very much the fashion. Almost everyone who has ever met even one so-called 'celebrity'—and which of us is not 'celebrated' now?—writes a book of Reminiscenes in which the living are dealt with sincerely even when they are friends of the writer. This has its drawbacks. For such sincerity is usually less a sincerity of admiration than of severe criticism often amounting to condemnation, and it tends to make the person, or persons, dealt with self-conscious in human intercourse. We most of us have our physical defects, but happily we are enabled, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, to go our ways usually unconcerned about them. This, however, becomes difficult when they are drawn attention to in print and are read about by most of the subscribers to the Times Book Club or other libraries.

LONG ago when I was young and was playing the piano at a concert in the East End with my profile presented to a Whitechapel audience, a shrill cockney voice made this comment upon me: "Grishuss! what a nose!" It was, I remember, some time—probably some twenty years or so—after this proclamation was uttered before I was able to get on comfortable terms with my personal appearance. Yet this was merely a spoken statement. How much worse when the compliment is enshrined in durable print, when, for instance, as happened in a recent much read book, a famous man, after being described as the most charming of men, is finally dismissed with the parting compliment that he has "a claret coloured face". It is also somewhat embarrassing when you find that an old crony has paid you this tribute in his *Memoirs of a Busy Life:* "He often sat by my fire looking like a weary bloodhound", or that another affectionate pal of many strenuous years has always seen you as one bearing a singularly close resemblance to a "rook driven by the wind". Even women are not exempt from the onslaughts of sincerity, and are being gradually broken in to endurance of such public flattery as the following, "She has always been one of my most faithful friends, her cottage loaf appearance heralding the substantial wholemeal character of her many virtues." The little more and how much it is! The little less and how willingly a few of us would welcome it!

But although the onslaughts of sincerity in print, circling out so widely upon the pool of publicity, arouse probably greater consternation among those forced to suffer them than any spoken words, the momentary embarrassment caused by complete sincerity in private conversation is often even greater than the more enduring confusion which takes its rise from books or newspaper articles. Not very long ago I met a clever and in some ways fascinating woman for the first and only time, and over the tea cups was, being English, laid low by the following extremely sincere enquiry, "What sort of woman is your mistress?" There was, you will observe, no leading up, no preparatory exploration of the ground, no subtle suggestion that possibly, being an unmarried man, I might have sought consolation for my sad condition in some deep and secret affection which was the guiding influence of my life. No. The whole matter was assumed, the only doubt arising in the mind of my interlocutor being what sort of woman she was. I strove to meet the assault by hedging. I believe I sought to temporise. Several sentences beginning with the words, "Really, I—" fell anxiously from my lips. But the lady was one of your post-war realists and she returned to the assault with a genuine bull's eye.

"Don't tell me you haven't got a mistress," said she, offering me the sugar. "For if you do I shall not believe you. Anyone can see—" She made some devastating allusions to my mental and physical makeup, as she conceived of it, concluding her remarks with a medical disquisition which would have done credit to Sir Arbuthnot Lane, and finally clinching matters with a machine gun, "I can't see why you should be ashamed of it!"

When I got away I was in tatters. We have never met since. But a little while ago, happening to mention the lady to a gentle literary acquaintance, who has never uttered a coarse word in my hearing, and whose writings are marked by what the critics love to call "admirable restraint", he surprised me by saying, "My wife and I have met her several times and have found her the most refreshingly frank and sincere woman we have ever had to do with. It is really a treat to come across a woman like that!"

I WONDER what she said to them. I wonder whether she enquired of the wife as to the number of her lovers, or asked him at what age he first ate of the fruit of the tree. They must certainly be post-war while I—can it be that I am antediluvian without having known it? This craze for sincerity seems to be the acid test. Can you stand it? If you can you belong, I suppose, to the 'new' world and possess the 'new' mentality. If you can't—now how about this?

A delightful man was recently talking to me about "an extraordinarily clever and original woman" whom he had recently come to know, and who had been down to spend the day at his country place with him and his wife. After touching on her personal appearance he went downstairs to her mentality and moral character.

"She says just what she thinks," he told me.

Perhaps rather dubiously I asked,

"And what does she think?"

"Well, she's awfully observant."

"What of?" I observed, still rather dubiously.

"Physical traits for one thing."

When he said that I guessed at once we were 'for it', but I confess I was not fully prepared for what came. He began to smile and then to laugh.

"Even now when I think of it!" he said. "We were in the garden and she said to

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STITCHES

By CARL SANDBURG

BRIM'S hammer hit a wheelbarrow; a sliver of iron sent itself through the lens of the eye into the eyeball.

Brim in the white sheets wonders if he will lose an eye and if a wedding is put off when a woman says a one-eyed man won't do.

The doc says maybe the eye will last; the doc X-rays, goes in with a knife, holds the slit with wires, pulls the sliver out with a magnet, stitches the eyeball, and says a week later the eye is saved.

Brim knows now the wedding comes off; among the white sheets with one eye dark he knows his sweetheart will not face a one-eyed man at the breakfasts of life's years.

A month; the doc knows the eye is lost; the doc is thinking; it is not so easy to tell a man one eye is lost; still more it is not so easy to tell a man what must be told again to a woman who wonders whether it will pay her to have a one-eyed man to eat breakfast with all along life's years.

Brim is in the white sheets thinking; the doc is in his office thinking; the woman . . . the woman. . . .

THE MUSIC-LOVERS

The lush ecstasies of the gallery find only a faint echo in Mr. and Mrs. Lou Bogash (seen at the extreme left), who are thinking it all very, very strange and decidedly queer

Sketches and Lithographs
by ADOLF DEHN

(Above)
PLACE AUX DAMES

Charity simply drips from this box-full of Little Sisters of the Waifs and Strays. Observing the audience, the Little Sisters wonder if it might not be fun to be a waif and stray

(Right)
A ROUND TENOR

Here we have Lohengrin leaving Elsa *con amore*, while the swan debates whether, without the hero's Little Wonder Girdle, his contours would appeal so irresistibly to the ladies

MUSICAL EXPERT

Behold a technical musician who has received a jolt. After that slight discord in the *rallentando*, Mrs. Wicker has become just the least little bit doubtful of the wood-winds

FUN IN THE TUBAS

With the stringed instruments well out of the way, the brasses are simply running amuck with melody—all but Wolfgang, on the left, who is dreading the climb out of his bass horn

Embarking Upon the High C's

A Few of the Golden Moments That Are Returning With the Opening of the Music Season

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

"Glorifying the American Girl"

A Scene at the Paramount Studios During the Making of the Film Featuring the Ziegfeld "Follies"

Where Every Prospect Pleases

A Member of the Buying Public Comes Into Violent Contact With High-Pressure Salesmanship

By DEEMS TAYLOR

I RAN into him—literally—when I came down to breakfast; he in a straw hat and Palm Beach suit, with a Kiwanis button in his lapel, I in an early American bathrobe that had long since acquired the violet's most notorious characteristics as well as its colour. I was not at my best, and I knew it. He ignored my costume, however, and proceeded to put me at my ease.

"Mr. Taylor? My name is Hubbel. I thought I'd drop in and see if I couldn't help you with your pump problem."

I must admit I was flattered. During the years that I have been tracking down fiction through the back pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* I have grown to realize that the really big and reliable advertiser never does anything so vulgar as sell anything; he solves problems. And likewise, it is only the very highest type of substantial, successful consumer—the kind who wears nose glasses and a clipped white mustache, and sits at a flat-topped desk gazing out at the factory—who has problems to solve. Up to now, I had been forced to wrestle with my necktie problem unassisted by the Square Deal Gents Furnishing House, and Mr. Annino, on the corner, had never once even offered to help solve my spinach problem.

But Mr. Hubbel's opening words of greeting made me realize that M. and I had been justified in purchasing the Connecticut farmhouse that, six years ago, we had picked for our ancestral home (it is still referred to, locally, as "the Dombrosky place"). For, obviously, we had risen out of the ruck of "consumer demand" into the Problem class, and were somebodies at last. Instinctively straightening the place where a white waistcoat should have been, I motioned Mr. Hubbel to take a chair. He had already done so.

"NICE little place you've got here," he remarked kindly—"or at least I can see it's going to be, when you get it finished." I flushed with pleasure and wished M. were there to hear. "I'm with the Aquapumpo people—as a matter of fact, I'm their general sales manager. We heard you were in the market for our product, and I made up my mind to come out here in person to see what I could do for you—"

Here was thrill number two. I had met salesmen before, of course: the bales of magazines that arrive every month are mute testimony to the number of middle-aged striplings for whose college careers I have voted. Moreover, I possess one of the handsomest and most complete collections of Fuller brushes in America, and know that a request from a stranger for an interview regarding "an urgent personal matter of the utmost importance" means that the Loved Ones are about to go without meat in order to pay another insurance premium.

But never before had I been face to face with a sales-manager, one of that race whose penetrating glance fixes you from the pages of the *American Magazine*, that sits at cleared desks reading graphs and sticking pins in maps, that gives talks on the "Old Selling Game" at business luncheons. At last I, too, was to have my chance to play that game, to match wits and get down to brass tacks and talk turkey with a square shooter and have my problem solved.

As a matter of fact, I had hardly realized the gravity of my problem until Mr. Hubbel began to talk. The years having rolled by, and an artesian well having been drilled (with platinum drills, I should judge), something with which to extract its waters seemed to be indicated. The only problem, as I had envisaged it in my simplicity, was to get a pump that would look after itself and cost practically nothing.

This, I may say, was not Mr. Hubbel's idea at all. He was there to help me, and in the process of being helpful he made it clear that I was confronted by a very complicated and serious situation. Had I considered, for instance, the question of Servicing? I had not.

"NOW right here, Mr. Taylor, is one of the biggest problems of all, and one which we are prepared to help you solve. You know, of course, that the Aquapumpo is made right here in the neighbourhood?"

"Of course," I lied heartily.

"Well, you see what an advantage you will have over other pump buyers. Something goes wrong, say in the middle of the night. You merely telephone our service station, where we maintain a crew of fourteen experts twenty-four hours of the day, and within twenty minutes a picked man is at your door."

This sounded a bit frightening. "But I didn't know your pump ever got out of order," I protested.

He gave a light laugh. "Well, as a matter of fact, those boys at the station get so few calls that they spend most of their time playing pinochle. Out of seventy-four calls we received last year," he continued, drawing a small notebook from his pocket, "seventy-one were the customer's fault." I looked conscious. "Why, usually three of them go out on one call, just to keep each other company."

"How does it work?"

He whipped out a folder and placed it in my hands. "This tells the story."

I read it carefully. It began: "Have you ever realized what it means to the housewife to have a steady, WORRYLESS stream of sparkling, clear water constantly at her command? No more back-breaking lifting of buckets, no more trips to the well in bad weather. Aquapumpo sees to that, silently, cheerfully, and at a cost of a few pennies a week. The hours you used to spend working a pump handle can now be devoted to the movies, or bridge parties, or to reading that latest book that all your friends say is so fascinating."

I handed it back. "Somehow I don't grasp the principle of the thing."

He raised a commanding hand. "You have gone straight to the heart of the matter. The vital feature of the Aquapumpo, the big message we have to bring to the American pump-consumer, is the impermeable gasket. You follow me, do you not?"

I nodded intelligently.

"The Aquapumpo works by centrifugal regurgitation, a method possible only with the Aquapumpo impermeable gasket. Mr. Taylor, I wish I could make you realize the years of patient research that our engineers devoted to working out that impermeable gasket, the millions of dollars that the Aquapumpo spent in order that it might keep faith with its public. . . . That, in short, is the essential structure of the Aquapumpo, and as you see, it is simplicity itself."

"ONE other thing, Mr. Taylor, I want you to consider," he continued earnestly, "and that is Pride of Ownership. Pride of Ownership," he repeated. Now, the Aquapumpo being made right here on the spot, you might meet one of the officials of the company at any time. Suppose you met Mr. Macnamara, our president—the Big Boss, the boys call him—on the golf links, or at the country club; and you should say to him, 'Mac, that was a mighty poor pump your people sold me.' How would he feel? So you can see that Pride of Ownership alone would compel us to turn out a product—"

"How much is it?"

"There's one thing, Mr. Taylor, that I want you to promise me," he said earnestly, "and that is, that no matter whether or not you get an Aquapumpo, you won't get a cheap pump. If you get one of ours, I'll be a hundred per cent satisfied; but even if you don't, I'll be fifty per cent satisfied, if you get a good one. I want above all to see this problem of yours solved right. And I don't want to see you spend a lifetime of dissatisfaction just for the sake of saving a few dollars at the outset."

I was silent, too moved to speak.

"By the way," he remarked casually, "it just happens that we have a sales drive on this week, and your order is just what I need to put me over the top. Besides, if you sign up today, I am in a position to guarantee you immediate delivery."

But I had tasted blood. This was salesmanship, and I liked it, and I lusted to hear more. So I put him off for two days, and sent for Mr. Nibble, of the Jerkwater Pump Guild. I didn't exactly send for him. I happened to open the front door after breakfast, and he was there.

Mr. Nibble was not like Mr. Hubbel. He was a small, silent man, whose lack of heartiness was atoned for by the persistence with which he was always on hand. I had five interviews with Mr. Nibble, and though I saw him depart twice, I never saw him arrive. The bell would ring, once, and one opened the door, and there was Mr. Nibble.

He, too, had been thinking about my problem. The Jerkwater pump, it appeared, was made, not in the neighborhood, but in Kling, Colo-

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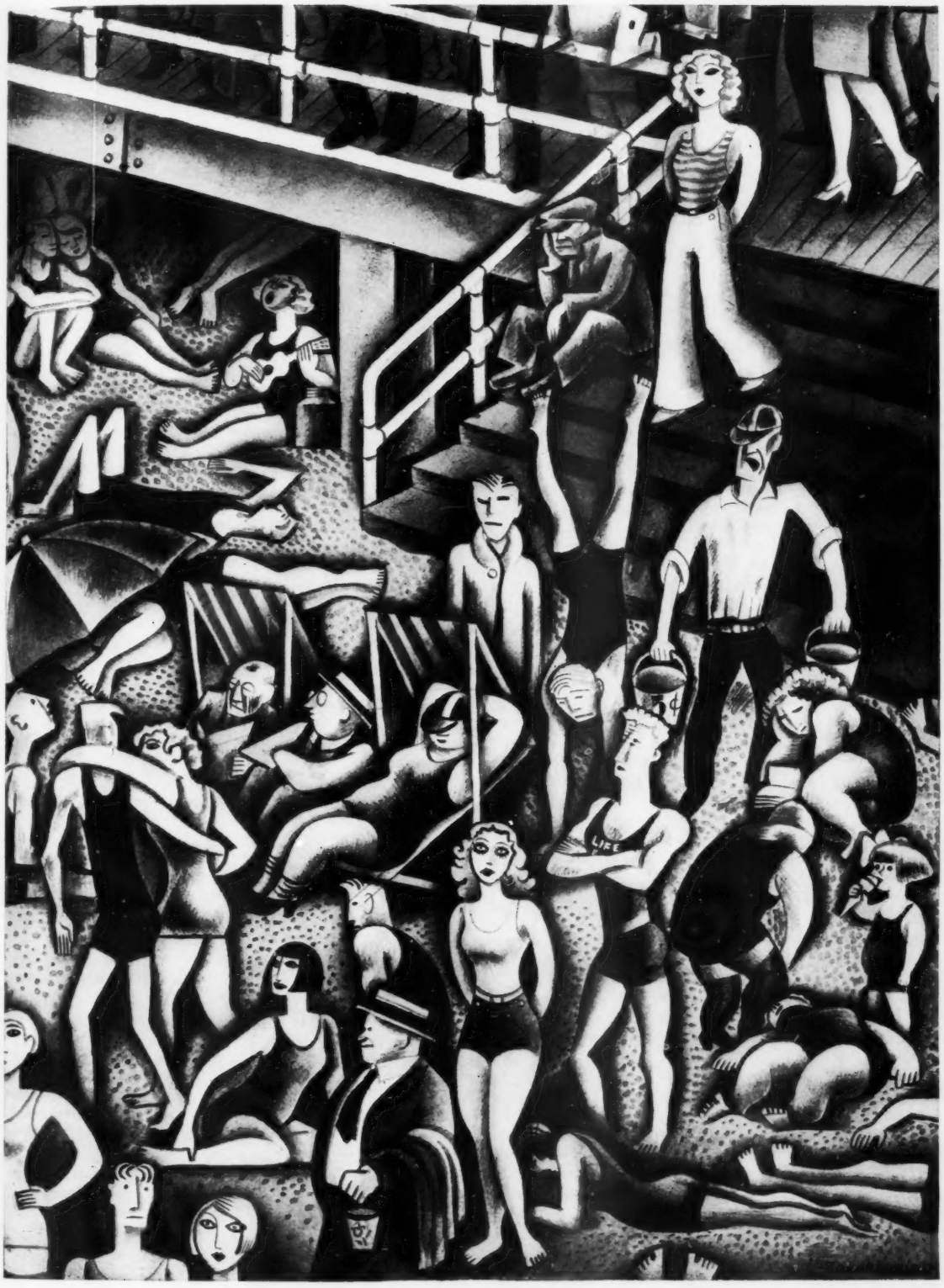
A Summer Afternoon at Coney Island:

A Comprehensive and Unedited Pageant of the Wild Life Populating the Average

THIS beautiful old Gobelin tapestry, which might have been designed for the ceiling of the steam-room at Lipschutz's Dolphin Baths, is an admirable rendering of the ultimate consequences of that critical moment when the first ape-man clipped the coupon on the correspondence course advertisement. How comprehensively the artist has shown us the Twentieth Century *homo vulgus* at play; with what gloating affection has he traced the lineaments (to use the more refined word), of these modern heroes, these matrons and maids, all engaged in just being themselves. And he has so chosen the moment, the place and the subjects that in this little scene we see twenty races and one nation (the figure in the cap, holding his chin, who is seated on the steps, represents the old American stock). Notably among those present might be mentioned Mr. Wacksmuller, (with a bald head) in the lower left, transfixed by the vision of Young Girlhood in glorious action as impersonated by Minna Goldfarb, while Hector Spezak, on the other side of the post, is too much the gentleman



Native Fauna Observed by Covarrubias

American Public Bathing Beach, as Seen by an Artist Who Never Gilds the Lily

to make overtures but can't go away just the same. Meanwhile there pass along the strand three graces, potential mothers of men, all alike and yet all different, one each for the taste of the young mandrakes approaching from the opposite direction, though not shown in the composition. The artist has cribbed, it is true, from the Masters of Paint: from Gauguin, from Picasso, as well as from that old favourite, *The Storm*. The rear view of *Venus Anadyomene* may also be identified on the left page (lower right), despite its disguise by the addition of an infant; while Goya's *Maya* is all over the place. The idle observer will catch the visual yodle of the widowed Mrs. "Toodles" Kratzenheim, known as "Bright Eye", who is shown in the lower centre of the right hand page turning her eyes toward the artist. Covarrubias has tapped a lavish well of inspiration; his canvas is opulent with "bits" that will repay the questing eye. Demonstrated in this magnificent tapestry is the truth that a public beach is as extravagantly and monstrously various as the floor of an ocean deep—monstrously, anyway

Wimpole's Woe

Recounting What Happened When a Book Reviewer Met the Object of His Scorn Face to Face

By LOUIS GOLDING

ALBERT WIMPOLE was the sort of little man concerning whom women nudge each other in subways and say, "What a nice kind face he's got!" He had. He was born with it. He was too kind to be a success as a business man, too industrious to be a success as a bricklayer, too frail and tiny to make a good thing out of odd jobs at the docks. So he became, because even editors could not resist his nice kind face, a literary critic.

He became the nicest and kindest literary critic in the world. He found something of novelty in the most labouriously stereotyped novel, a certain lightness of touch in the most thunderous of sermons. Even about minor poetry he could not bring himself to be unkind. As he wrote his criticism he had a feeling that the author he was treating stood by his elbow with clasped hands and beseeching eyes. He could no more bring himself to say an unkind word about the book before him than he could have pushed its author into a vat of hot oil.

So he went on from season to season, finding somehow, somewhere, a little extenuation for the jejune, the lewd, the preposterous. A split infinitive might perhaps earn a gentle rebuke, but he would promptly apologise for his temerity by drawing attention to the author's delicacy or profundity. A nice kind critic.

AND then one morning a volume appeared on Wimpole's table entitled *Gangrene and Lilies*, the author being Mr. Eustace V. Chasuble. I want to insist on this—Wimpole had not, as the saying is, got out of bed the wrong side that morning. He suffered occasionally from gum-boils, but he was free at that time from that minor but unpleasing affliction. Yet the fact remains that even as he unwrapped the book from the parcel, he felt that *Gangrene and Lilies* gave off an offensive odour. It stank. It was a volume of verses, an astonishing amalgam of the jejune, the lewd, the preposterous. No book had ever affected Wimpole in this desperate fashion before. It made him blink, his ears burned with shame, his gorge rose. And he sat down and wrote about it. All the ferocity he had suppressed for years blazed into one tempest of denunciation. (Is not the nicest and kindest little man in the world fundamentally a shrieking ape from the primordial jungles?) Whatever in the past he might have said about all the authors he had been nice and kind to, he now heaped upon Eustace V. Chasuble. And lots more. The sheets of paper flew from his pen like sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel. Wimpole grunted. Wimpole sweated. Then he sent his landlady's small daughter to mail the completed jeremiad, and lay back in his chair and wept.

I assure you it was not the last time that Eustace V. Chasuble dissolved little Wimpole into a pool of tears. It was not the last time that Chasuble's large-eyed phantom came reproachfully into the room and stood beside Wimpole and wrung its hands and moaned. Poor little Wimpole! He could not have felt a more consummate blackguard if he had murdered and devoured his grandmother. Great waves of repentance surged over him and drowned him. Not a single word he had ever written could have so much as troubled a fly's wing. And now . . . And now . . . He beat his bosom.

He sometimes wondered whether his review might have caused Eustace V. Chasuble to commit suicide. He paraded various methods of suicide in grisly pageantry before him. Chasuble hanging from a beam, his lips and tongue purple . . . Chasuble contorted in the unspeakable anguish of strychnine . . . Chasuble a dismembered corpse in the wake of the *Broadway Limited*. But always the original picture asserted itself in the end, the large-eyed phantom that came reproachfully into the room and stood beside him and wrung its hands and moaned.

He developed in his mind an extraordinarily precise picture of Eustace V. Chasuble. He was about five feet, four inches in height, his head was pear-shaped and rather too big for his body. The hair was long and jet black, the lips a vivid scarlet upon a sallow face. The finger-nails were long and (if the truth were told) a little dirty. He was knock-kneed. He had a fluting, high pitched voice. But his eyes, his reproachful, melancholy eyes . . . Wimpole lay back in his chair and sobbed.

Many years passed. Never again did Wimpole utter a word of criticism which was not in the last degree nice and kind. But he could not ever exorcise the phantom of Eustace V. Chasuble—the knock-kneed, long-haired, sad-eyed phantom of little Eustace V. Chasuble.

BEHOLD him at this moment in the small town of Dalton, Massachusetts, where he has a couple of hours to idle away before catching his connection for New York. He has been spending his annual three weeks' holiday in the heart of the Berkshires. But now the call of duty has gone forth and he must return to his labours. It is dusk. He is rather short-sighted. He is peering at the posters pasted up outside the town hall of Dalton. He learns that there is to be an auction sale of farm implements and effects next Tuesday, that to-morrow night an illustrious pianist from the Metropolis is actually going to honour Dalton with his presence, that to-night—that to-night—O Heavens! No!

Wimpole's scalp froze. His hair stood on end. As if to make it quite, quite certain that there could not be two Eustace V. Chasubles in the world, you were informed in chaste lettering under his name, that he was the "author of *Gangrene and Lilies*." Mr. Eustace V. Chasuble was to lecture that night, that very night, in the town hall of Dalton. His theme was to be—how blunt, how direct it was—"Pigs." No more than that—"Pigs." The lecture had started at seven o'clock. It was now half-past seven. Even if Eustace V. Chasuble continued for another hour there would be ample time to catch his train. Could he repudiate this opportunity, after so many years, to make amends? His heart filled with pity. Once more the phantom of little Chasuble stretched out its hands, stared mournfully and reproachfully upon him. Perhaps it was his own vitriolic review that had driven little Chasuble from the rivers of poetry (even though he had made them smell like sewers), and caused him to abandon lilies for potatoes, gazelles for pigs.

No, he must express his regrets for his intolerable unkindness. At last, at last, the chance he had not dared to hope for had been granted him. True that Chasuble had not thrown himself before a train or tossed off a flask of strychnine. But what if he bore with him to the grave a crushed, a broken heart?

"Pigs" . . . a curious theme . . .

WIMPOLE pushed his way through the door and across a vestibule. He heard a voice, assured and resonant. The chairman had obviously not finished his introductory remarks. Wimpole pushed open another door. It squeaked frightfully. A hundred large faces turned towards him, large as harvest moons and red as apples—ninety-eight faces in the hall, two upon the platform. A hundred pairs of eyes concentrated upon Wimpole. A wild instinct of flight seized him. All these healthy faces, these breeches and gaiters and leggings. There was one empty chair in the middle of the room. The chairman pointed at it with a peremptory gesture. It must have been the lecturer he had interrupted, not the chairman. The chairman sat in the centre of the table before a bell and a flask. The lecturer held a bundle of notes in his hands and resumed his interrupted flow.

He roared, he bellowed, like the bull of Bashan. Not because he was angry with anything or anybody, but because that was his natural mode of utterance. He was a genial gentleman and hearty. He must have stood six foot and one or two inches in his stockinged feet. But he looked smaller because of the enormous bulk of his shoulders. He had huge red hands. His knees were like the nobbly ends of lopped branches on the trunk of an oak.

There was an especial species of pig, one gathered, that had won Mr. Eustace V. Chasuble's affections. It was entitled the *Large Black Pig*. He recommended its virtues to his audience. His audience shook their heads in slow and weighty approbation, and tapped with their gnarled sticks on the ground. "No breed," proclaimed Mr. Chasuble, "could achieve such popularity without genuine merit, in the production both of pork and bacon; in the production of those cuts known as 'Medium,' 'Fat,' or 'Lean Sizeable.' . . ."

Slowly a sweat of terror gathered upon Wimpole's brow. He tried to rise from his chair. The chair grated on the floor. He

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STRANGE INTERLUDE
Eugene O'Neill's nine-act drama translated —asides and all—into Hungarian, was a decided contrast to Budapest's other American importations. The above scene from the production there represents Nina Leeds in solemn conference with her thoughts and her three faithful men

THE BACHELOR FATHER
The light, and for America, risky comedy, which June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr played here for Mr. Belasco, was an immediate success in Budapest, hailed as an Anglo-Saxon interpretation of the Molnár tradition, a form which has long been sacred in its native land

BROADWAY
With its full quota of jazz, gunmen and night-clubs, *Broadway*—in Budapest and Central Europe—was another crook play. Deprived of its colourful New Yorkese, it represented the accepted idea of America, gleaned, it must be admitted, solely from the more popular of the motion pictures

THE ROYAL FAMILY
Budapest, ignorant of the saga of the Barrymores, and surfeited with backstage plays, did not take kindly to Edna Ferber and George Kaufman's gentle satire, which in its native Times Square was one of those phenomenal Jed Harris successes

(Left)
GOOD NEWS
Of all the American musical comedies which have been sent abroad, only *No, No, Nanette* and *Good News* have extended beyond the English-speaking frontiers and spread their contagious tunes over all the far capitals of Europe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACIFIC & ATLANTIC

Broadway Goes to Budapest

The Exotic Hungarian Capital Gets the Season's Full Quota of Popular Plays from America

This Modern Living

A Study of the Difficulties Which a Complex Civilization Presents for the Women of Today

By ARNOLD BENNETT

AN example is worth ten general statements of what is. I give an example, known to me, of the rôle of a woman in this modern living. Her husband is a busy professional man. He is also a man not notable for tidiness, and has to be followed about in the house by a wife who transforms his disorder into her order. His profession necessitates various social contacts, so that the pair are frequently entertained and frequently entertain. In practice the entertainer is of course his wife. The husband comes in and enlivens the meal; but it is the wife who has organized the meal. For certain reasons the entertaining and the being entertained involve late nights. But the wife must be up early, for she escorts her young children to school, and, no matter what time the mother has gone to bed, the school exacts punctuality. She often drives the car, and—what is more troublesome—she parks and garages the car.

Like most of us she is always preoccupied with the two grand problems of this modern living: satisfactory domestic service, and making both ends meet. She always designs her own frocks and sometimes makes them. When the pair go away for a holiday she first packs for herself and then packs for her husband, who cannot be trusted to pack for himself. She keeps the family accounts. She battles with tradesmen, and with pedagogues, and with the ill-health of the family, for when a malady supervenes she is the nurse as well.

"Well," you say, "there is nothing very extraordinary in all that."

Admitted. But I have incidentally to mention that the wife also follows a profession.

ANOTHER example: a modern couple, at whose house I attended a dinner of over thirty covers, divided into two rooms. The husband presided over room No. 1. and the wife over room No. 2. It was a good dinner, served with perfect tranquillity and without delay.

The point is that they had no servants—only a morning help. An intimate guest here and there inobtrusively assisted, according to previous arrangement. I was so intrigued by this amazing feat of entertaining that, being of an inquisitive and informal disposition, I said to my hostess after the dinner was finished:

"I want to see your kitchen."

The kitchen, radiant as a kitchen in some Ideal Home exhibition, was utterly empty of débris. In the scullery all the dirty crockery lay neatly assorted in piles to await the advent of the help the next morning.

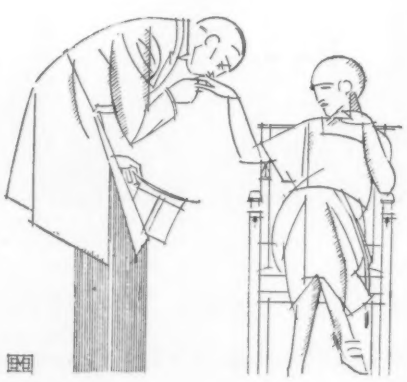
Such is this modern living. It is very different from the ancient living which even I, who am not yet quite as old as Methuselah, can well remember. All the new developments affect women more than men. For both sexes there are more, and more various, interests demanding physical and mental activity. We have more games, more holidays, more diversions, more public spectacles, more change, more entertaining, and more argument—particularly about the national welfare and about the relations and comparative importance and value of the sexes; indeed more everything, except perhaps sleep.

But men had always their present interests. Men are doing nothing today which they did not do aforetime. Women are now doing all sorts of things which they used not to do and which then they were not expected to do; and speaking broadly they are besides still doing all the things which they used to do. The demands on the energy of women have tremendously multiplied. The women of this age have to be, and are, political, financial, sociological, criminological, artistic, scientific, intellectual. They must and do keep abreast of every manifestation of human activity. They must and do take part with intelligence and knowledge in all discussions. They read the "woman's page" of newspapers. But they read the other pages too. Books, plays, films, murders, politics, sports, fluctuations in the prices of stocks and shares—these and a hundred other matters all come within the scope of their comprehension and their criticism.

WHEN men "join the ladies" their conversation is no longer narrowed down to suit the limitation of lesser minds; it continues in full, wide stream. Women still see things differently from men, and always will; but they do see. Formerly they did not see; for they merely did not look.

Add to all this the influence of two other indisputable facts. First, that the woman's business of running a home has become much more difficult than it was. Second, that women give much more time and brains and enthusiasm to personal appearance than they did. And you will wonder how on earth women contrive to get through with the job of living on the old time-allowance of twenty-four hours a day.

And you will not wonder at the complaint which you hear on all sides about the resulting excessive strain upon their nervous energy. This complaint is justified. If women in old days did not live excitingly enough, they now live too excitingly. Equipoise between the supply of nervous energy and the demands made on it has not yet been attained. But in my opinion, and in the opinion (I think) of the majority of fair-minded men, women are coming through our transitional period with very considerable credit to themselves.



The chief trouble with them is that, while actually achieving a great deal, they attempt too much. It is not that they attempt too many things; it is that they attempt too much in each thing. They are apt to niggle and worry over details which are simply not worth the attention bestowed upon them. They want too many perfections. They expect more from their own human nature and the human nature of others than human nature can give. With them it is the same as with the captain of a mail-steamer who stopped his vessel and lowered a boat because a ten-shilling note had dropped overboard. No captain of a steamer would stop even if the vessel's wake were strewn with ten-shilling notes. Or to vary the simile, they are like the packer who stuffed trifle upon trifle into a trunk after it was full, and stamped down the lid and said "Everything is in", careless of the fact that at the end of the journey everything in the trunk would prove to be damaged. You may call the trunk "Time".

WOMEN somehow cannot leave out trifles. They will not admit that trifles are trifles. They are reorganizing their existences without having properly grasped the great truth that the basis of good organizing is a sense of proportion.

The first-rate organizer is never in a hurry; he is never late; he always keeps up his sleeve a margin for the unexpected. This is so well known that everyone in need of help goes by instinct to the busy, organized man. It is only the ill-organized, busy person who has no spare time for others. Women on the contrary are too often in a hurry. In addition to expecting too much from human nature, they expect too much from clocks; they have a superstitious notion that, when it is convenient to them, the hands of clocks will cease to move.

One final suggestion. Time was always precious, but never so precious as in this modern living. The aim is continually to save time. Now in certain states of mind the best way to save time is to waste it. One of the most furious and successful workers of the Twentieth Century made a habit of spending a day a week in bed. I rather doubt whether any woman would be capable of a procedure so drastic; nor would I dare to demand it of any woman. But I would respectfully suggest to every woman who feels herself "rushed" that between one task and the next she should lie down, relax her muscles, shut her eyes, and empty her brain for five minutes. She would lose the five minutes, but she would most assuredly gain more than five; and she would gain, too, the invaluable sensation of serenity in the modern storm.

Some Handy Hints for the Telephone-User

Revealing a Few of the Hitherto Unexplored Possibilities in Rubber Bands, Blotters and Paper-Clips

By COREY FORD, Associate Editor of "Practical Mechanics"

WHO has not sat before his telephone, hour after hour, waiting for the operator to connect him with the right number? Maybe it would be better if I didn't make the start of this article quite so general.

Who has not sat before his telephone, hour after hour, staring at the vast array of office equipment that is spread before his eyes? Whose glance has not wandered idly over the apparently useless display of accessories which ornament his glass-top desk? Before him, for example, is a round bowl filled to the brim with shiny new paper-clips. To the right is a box of soft elastic-bands. To the left is a saucer of thumb-tacks, or a dish of brass fasteners. In the center of the desk is a big ink-well, filled with ink, and a stubby pen. Under his very fingers is a clean expanse of nice white blotter.

Yet what telephone-sitter, gazing blankly at these familiar details, has realized the tremendous possibilities which they present for improving the weary hours while he is waiting for Central to exhaust all the other possibilities along the switchboard. (It is estimated by statistical experts that if all the wrong numbers in New York were delivered in succession to one subscriber in a single morning, it would be nothing unusual.) Who has realized that in that simple bowl of paper-clips are the materials for an intriguing and profitable half-hour, to be spent twisting these embryo playthings into original designs with the fingers of one hand while the other still grasps the telephone? Who recognizes in that virgin expanse of white blotter a fresh canvas for the exploring pen or thumb-tack? Who has perfected the sling-shot possibilities in an ordinary ink-eraser and a rubber-band?

IT is in an effort to awake the novice to the vast world of opportunity that lies within easy reach of his telephone, and reveal to him a few of the infinite designs which patience and ingenuity can accomplish, that I have prepared the following scientific article. By studying these instructions carefully, and practising them for an hour or so during each telephone call, the business-man will soon master, for example, the art of Paper-Clip Twisting, and no doubt improve in time upon the simple and fundamental examples which I have offered here. Once he has acquired the knack, he may hang up the receiver of his telephone at the end of a day and gaze proudly for a moment at the magnificent collection of original designs which he has devised with his own skillful fingers, ere he sweeps them all affectionately into the waste-basket and goes out to deliver his telephone-message in person.

For the benefit of the novice, I have grouped these sources of office entertainment into three general classifications: Paper-Clips; Blotters; and Elastic Bands. A fourth source of office entertainment, Stenographers, will be treated in a subsequent article.

Doubtless the most familiar design which can be made with paper-clips is the Paper-Clip Chain *(Figure 1)*. It must not be supposed, however, that this figure is as simple as it appears. In the first place, the pupil must make sure that all his clips *face in the same direction.* This can be accomplished by pointing them head-on at each other—i.e., with the wider end of one facing the wider end of the other—and by an involved law of physics of which nothing is known save that it is called Faraday's Law, and that Faraday himself never understood it either, they will eventually link up both facing forward, like the wheels of a bicycle.

Figure 1
PAPER-CLIP CHAIN

Figure 2
RUNNING MOUSE

Figure 3
PRETZELS

Figure 4
PAIR OF SPECTACLES

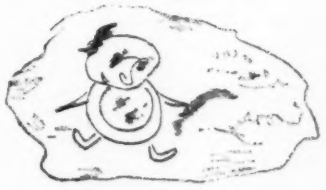


Figure 5
MAN WITH TWO BLACK EYES

TELEPHONE ART

These crude but effective designs, culled from the private sketch-book of the author, illustrate a few of the infinite possibilities which paper-clips, blotters and other desk equipment offer to the errant fingers

In the second place, the careless amateur may be inclined to force one paper-clip down inside the thingumajig of the other paper-clip and halt at the first turn, thus presenting an insecure and bungling job which can be untangled readily by any assistant who later comes to clean up the desk. By a little patience and perseverance, however, the student will soon learn to lead one paper-clip all the way around the curve of the other paper-clip and force it down inside the *second* thingumajig, thus linking the two clips securely together in a manner that is guaranteed to baffle the most skillful.

Chains of this sort may be of any length, depending largely on the duration of the telephone call and the number of paper-clips in the round bowl. They may be draped around the desk from the telephone to the inkwell, thence across the room to the door, over to the picture of the Grand Rapids plant, out one window, in the other, and back to the desk again; or else they may simply be gathered all together and placed back again in the bowl, still linked, as a little surprise for the next person who grabs up one of them in a hurry to clip some important papers together.

The next step beyond this design is known as the Running Mouse *(Figure 2)*, doubtless owing to some real or fancied resemblance to the household rodent of that name. Grasping the paper-clip firmly between the thumb and middle-finger, the pupil should insert the nail of the forefinger in the space between the exposed end of the wire and the curve of the clip, and by gently forcing this wire outward he will gradually bend it all the way back until it has straightened out behind the clip in the imaginary "tail" of the "mouse". By taking the shorter end of the wire, in turn, and bending it out slightly, the energetic pupil will get a Figure Four. By bending it still further back until it is entirely straightened out, he will get a pretty good pipe-cleaner.

FROM this figure it is but a step to the formation of Pretzels *(Figure 3)*, a series of fascinating designs whose possibilities are only limited by the ingenuity of the student himself. During the extent of an ordinary telephone call an energetic pupil may often manufacture anywhere from one to two dozen Pretzels, provided he uses his teeth now and then for added leverage; and once, while waiting for a long-distance telephone call, a local artist perfected a complicated design which not only exceeded all other efforts in the number of twists and curves in its structure, but which was exhibited at the Anderson Galleries under the title *Whither?* and later bought by the city of Des Moines as a design for their new War Memorial.

On the other hand, the long distance telephone call was never completed.

I should like to suggest, as a concluding design, the interesting and novel Pair of Spectacles *(Figure 4)*, which can be fashioned with patience and perseverance by observing carefully the following instructions. In the first place, the clip should be straightened out, as in the Running Mouse, and the length of wire bent once in the middle, forming a huge inverted letter "U". By grasping the central part of this "U" in one hand, and seizing the further tip of the wire in the other (thus forcing the pupil to lay the telephone receiver down on the desk for a moment, during which precise moment Central will deliver the right number for the first and only time that morning, and retire sulking for the rest of the day when she gets no answer), the student will now bend this tip outward, upward, over, and down in a more or less perfect circle, forming the imaginary left pane of the Pair of Spectacles. By grasping the central part of the "U" in turn with the other hand, the pupil will next bend the other tip in a similar circle.

All that remains now is to take this wire

(Continued on page 126)

Dead Pan

Being a Comprehensive Look at the Synthetic Physiognomy of an Ideal Dramatic Critic

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

THIS will try not to be too personal. Let's say that a hitherto unknown drama critic, having been given the accolade of a place on one of New York's most important morning dailies, began, willy-nilly, to have his picture published with his reviews. This was the custom. This was his reward for having laboured so semi-anonymously in the crepuscular dignity of afternoon newsprint elsewhere. Every morning, out of the maledictions and dirges he had composed on the theme of the play of the night before, his own face shone. Like a moon amid the clouds it hung—or so it seemed to him. Not that he had any great illusions about this face, but it was his own.

Suddenly letters of insult and indignation were loosed at him. Readers protested. Subscribers threatened cancellations. Friends wrote him all too friendly advice. "Why do you publish that ugly mug of yours?" "Do you think your stuff is any easier to read when you adorn it with such a photographic proof of your daily dyspepsia, your spiritual baldness, your dull temper?" Just one grim compliment to console him: "The portrait which accompanies your inexcusably mean remarks on my new play explains everything. It is the deadest pan ever put on human shoulders. It is, I presume, the ideal pan for a critic."

THE ideal pan for a critic. The worst had now been said about it. The picture was immediately and permanently removed. But the harm had been done. The critic stayed home and brooded for several first-nightless nights on his supremely good luck in having been born with an ideal critic's pan.

He began mirror-gazing. This was a quite all right occupation, often indulged in (so he remembered) by Dickens and Balzac and other famous physiognomists. He began to study—stealthily, at first, and then with rude delight—the features of fellow critics, producers, ticket-takers, *restaurateurs*, actors, Sunday editors and Morris Gest.

His world became one of those closely thronged flotillas of faces, disembodied and grotesque, which Ralph Barton delights to draw of the theatrical gatherings. He became almost expert in the infinite variations of the human countenance. Above the constants of white collars and décolleté, he saw these pranks accomplished by The Potter who had moulded mortal clay so much the same and yet always so whimsically and minutely different.

The banker who looked like a butcher. The playwright who, in his most threadbare moments, looked like a banker. The miser whom no one would ever dream of accusing of miserliness because he had been born with a jolly snub-nose and ruddy cheeks. The poet with a rough neck. The bootleg-gangster an excellent counterpart of Saint Sebastian. The critics . . . all of those otherwise pleasing and impressive critics who appeared to be anything but critics.

He was content. At least he looked his part. His face proclaimed his profession. He had the deadest of pans. He could afford, now, to sit back and ponder on that ideal, analyse calmly and objectively, arrive at some philosophy for the exquisite minutiæ of difference in features and expressions which make this or that drama critic's facial confession a delusion or an ideal.

The ideal pan for a critic. He sought some slight hint of it in one of his favourite and most curious books. Not a new book, precisely, nor much noticed by the world's greatest scientists when it appeared in 1923. Perhaps its author, Gerald Elton Fosbroke, gave it too short and frivolous a title page for the pundits to appreciate. He called it *Character Qualities Outlined and Related*. And added: "Summing Up the Evidence of Individual Qualities and Tendencies as Shown by the Reactions of the Mind and Body on the Face". In such a volume the secret might lie deep.

Certain distinct and more or less familiar faces illustrate this learned text by the Professor. For instance, there are the heads of Seneca and Sir Christopher Wren, of Lavater, Lebec and Henry II of France. Lebec is included because "the looseness of the structures of this face are the result of dissipation. The brow, the eye, the coarseness of the nose, mouth and chin all indicate the relaxation of uncontrollable emotions."

Imagine what consternation arose in our critic's heart when he saw the unmistakable similarity of a most famous fellow play reviewer to this sadly coarse and uncontrollable *M.* Lebec. It was embarrassing. A real friend would have shut the book then and there, or at least turned his head for a moment, as if from an accidental glimpse of a king in the bathtub, or of some best beloved actress plying a toothpick in public. It was growing uncomfortably personal.

AND from the start you may remember the resolve to avoid the too personal. The only decent and honourable—indeed, charitable—dodge would be to take many critics' pictures, all possible critics', near-critics' and mere play reporters' unsuspecting photographs, and weld them into one composite. A composite that would retain the best features of all and bestow on the *residua* of undistinguished cuticle and common clay a benignant and helpfully beautifying blur. To this composite the laws of Professor Fosbroke's science might then be as bluntly as you please applied. From this composite the face of perfect criticdom could be evolved.

A critic really should always wear a faults-face. That goes without punning. From time immemorially ungrateful, the critic has been called upon to sit on art's sidelines and wolf the lapses, misdemeanours, wilful crimes in mere creators' play. He must be the sleuth of the aesthetes, the Stone Guest among actors, the snarler, the stepson of Satan denying and deriding before the portal of the Sublime.

What, then, are the correct lineaments for a gentleman of such horrendous occupations? What sort of nose is the well-countenanced critic to wear this season? Is the downward mouth-line fashionable any longer? Are squints in style among the *cognoscenti*? Are not high brows grown rather hopelessly common? With our critics' composite for a map, and Professor Fosbroke's treatise for a key, we may be able to solve such momentous dilemmas. We may be, as it were, face to face with perfection.

Take, for instance, the matter of foreheads. A compressed brow is one of the signs of Vitality, according to Professor Fosbroke. Creative Ability calls for a "particularly full but compact upper forehead, well rounded on all extremities, high back crown, leaving the brow, which should be prominent, with a reasonably quick curve."

WOULD you say, from his looks, that our assembled critic is either Vital or Creative? Or, incidentally, need he be? Need he even be Original, when Originality is proven by a forehead which is "particularly full on the upper outer corners, but not square, with emotional activity present to a medium degree . . ."?

Would you say our critic possesses Enthusiasm? "A full blooded condition showing active circulation, with elastic muscles, with energy and breadth shown by well developed expanded brow, nose, and mouth structures, and high chest, with good lung capacity, are all essential to Enthusiasm."

Has he a Sense of Humour? If so, then "the development of the muscle bordering the rim of the lower lid, showing active sense excitability, should be evident." Has he Sensitiveness? Look for "a well defined nape line to the neck . . . ear and nose cartilages fine in their texture, not transparent, but tending in this direction, the nostrils unusually finely cut, running to the point of the nose; the upper lip medium too short in length," etc.

The attribute of Judgment is displayed when the nose is expanded, the tip compressed. A good judge must have a long upper lip. The lower lip and ball of the chin should be drawn upward. Mental Alertness, again, calls for a "sharp jaw line", and can be "found where the upper third of the face is more strongly developed than the lower third". A Percipient Mind demands a more than ordinarily deep-seated eye, more than ordinary dilation of the pupil. Power of Observation is shown at its finest in a "brow drawn down close to the eye . . . the inner corner of the eye being farther forward than the outer corner—the position something as the eye of the horse. . . ." Would you, then, grant our critic passing marks in Judgment, Perception, Observation? Or even a faint resemblance to the horse?

Alas, the most immediately noticeable characteristics are what Professor Fosbroke calls the "Active Negatives". A muscular

(Continued on page 110)

STEICHEN

Gertrude Lawrence in a Comedy of Manners

The English Actress Is Deserting the Musical Stage to Play in P. G. Wodehouse's "By Candlelight"

Small Town Notes

A Tale of the Picturesque and Varied Life in the County Jails of the Virginia Mountains

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE jail in our town is like county and small town jails all over the United States. They are dark, unsanitary little holes. In most states the feeding of the prisoners is let out, at so much per head. In Virginia the small town jailer gets twenty cents per man, or woman, per meal. Everything depends upon the good-will of the jailor. It happens that, in our town, the jailor is a kindly man and the prisoners are well fed. Beans, pork and cabbage are the staple foods and there is enough. The food is served in pans with bits of beef. Knives and forks are not permitted. The prisoners must eat with a spoon.

Formerly the prisoners at the county seats and in other American small towns were mostly drunkards and those who had got into street brawls. Now and then a chicken thief or a man accused of some other sort of petty larceny was brought in.

It happens that I have seen the inside of a dozen small town jails, not fortunately as a prisoner but as a visitor. A few friends of mine have been lodged in these places. One, a huge negro who had attached himself to me, was in such a place, a great gash, inches deep, having been cut in his body during a fight. He had refused to take any sort of anesthetic but asked that I be sent for to come and sit with him and hold his hand while the wound was sewed up.

I did go, in the middle of the night, and I remember the little dirty hole in which he lay. Two drunken old men and a half insane old woman were the negro's fellow prisoners. A surgeon came and sewed up the gash in the man's body by the light of a coaloil lamp. I remember the dirty walls, with the cockroaches crawling in and out of the lamp light, the old woman, with wisps of grey hair falling down over her face, walking up and down and muttering, the grey shadow of pain on the black face of my man and the snoring of one of the old men prisoners.

THE negro got well fast enough. In a month he was abroad, his razor sharpened and ready for another trial at the adventure of life. He was grateful to me. "If you ever have anyone you want beat or cut up you let me know, boss," he said.

Nowadays at least half the prisoners in our county jails are in for having liquor in their possession or for making or selling liquor. As everyone knows, many of the mountain counties of Virginia, North Carolina, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky are very poor. All the lumber has been taken off these hills, and, while there is a strong second growth coming and while the hills are very beautiful, it is hard to make a living off the soil. A field plowed does not last long. The rains wash the richer top soil away. In a year or two the fields are cut deep with gullies and all the fertility is gone.

The people stick to their hills. They do manage to raise a little corn and every family keeps a pig. Then there is always a patch of bird's-eye beans. When the mountain men are free, as when they are in jail, they must live for the most part on beans. The beans are stewed a long time, with bits of fat pork. Long practice has made the mountain women extraordinarily fine bean cookers.

The men hunt, they trade horses and they make whiskey. Formerly there was some fine whiskey made but now corruption has crept in. Sugar added to the mash hurries distillation. You know what happens to craftsmanship when the craftsman is hurried.

All through North Carolina, West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky there are great stretches of half-wild country, covered with second growth timber. The bush is thick. There are springs everywhere and everywhere a heavy growth of rhododendron, mountain laurel and elders. Between the towering hills are many low hills cut by deep gullies.

EVERY mountain man is a potential moonshiner. He knows how. In emergency a still may be made of almost anything. They make them of empty gasoline and oil containers, copper kettles, procurable at any country general store, of wash boilers. The interior of an old Ford, in the hands of a mountain man, will produce you many needed parts.

In the summer when the berries are ripe in the hills and in the fall when there are apples, brandies may be made. Blackberries will make a fine liqueur. I have tasted some as fine as may be found in France. Wonderful things may also be done with apples in the hands of a skilled man.

There was one mountain man I knew who was sent to the penitentiary for a killing. He had all the other prisoners save the prunes served at breakfast. In some unexpiainable way, he managed to set up a still in his cell. Surely the guards must have been in on this. Whiskey was made there. It was a stunt, to show his ability to overcome obstacles. He told me that he could take a dishpan or a tinplate, such as are used to feed prisoners, and make himself a fairly workable still.

One day, in the winter, I was out alone, hunting rabbits in the hills. A rabbit had run under a corn shock and I pushed it over. I raised other shocks and looked beneath. There was a glass fruit jar, filled with whiskey, under each shock. Being somewhat mountainwise I did not touch any of it but walked away into a wood where I was met by a man I knew. He told me that he had, all the time, had me covered. Fortunately he had recognized me in time.

The whiskey from the hills is taken down at night into the industrial towns. We are getting mill towns in the hills now. The market is opening up. There is one man I know in the hills who has seventeen children, all by one woman, and his farm is small. "If we do not make whiskey how else are we to live?" these men say. "Whiskey is our only cash crop." The mountain men do not like charity. They are proud people like all hill people.

As regards the terms to be served in the county jails, when they are caught, these men have become philosophic. There is no disgrace connected to this "pulling a term" for whiskey making and after all a man is fed. He has a cot on which to sleep. There is companionship.

There is even fun to be had in the jails. The jail in our town is just across a street and a small park from the print shop. This writer has a small apartment upstairs over the shop. In the evening, as I sit in my room writing, as I am doing now, or perhaps reading a book, sounds from the jail float in to me. By turning my head I can see directly into the jail.

Our jail has two stories and each has one large room. The jailor and his wife, a pretty woman with a kind face, live at the back. There is also a little separate room for women prisoners. On both floors of the men's department there are rows of iron cages. The more dangerous prisoners, when they have any, are kept in the cages and the others walk about the room outside or stand at the windows, protected by iron bars. They look across an open space to Main Street or into the print shop. The jail is, as are most such jails throughout America, unsanitary. There is no provision for taking baths. At times there are outbreaks of vermin.

A GREAT many mountain men cannot read or write. To pass the time the better educated ones read aloud.

Friends come and stand in the street outside and pass in the news of the town and county. Speeches are made and songs sung. Everyone in these days knows about mountain songs, the ballads of the back country. It has become the fashion to sentimentalize about mountain men, a thing they themselves do not like too much.

Everywhere, up in the hills, there are orchestras, mountain men, some three or four of them, who get together and play the fiddle, the accordion and the French harp, and now and then a group of these come down to play for their friends in jail. The jailor lets them go in and they stay for the afternoon. There is dance and song, the prisoners, even those in the cages, joining in. Half wild strains of music float out into the street and come into our shop. The professionals, who produce the mountain songs for the radio, lose the greater part of their flavour.

The mountain men who make moon whiskey say they would never be caught if someone did not tell. Enmities spring up between families. "It is," they say, "almost always some woman who goes and tells."

To our country newspaper office, and I presume to all such offices, letters occasionally come. In such and such a hollow, a mile north of Wayhab, on the Billings road, Jim Bradshaw has his mash all made and working. Some night soon he will be making a run. This letter is always in a feminine hand.

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A Lady Horse-Thief

The Case of Miss Perkins, Victim of an Ungovernable Attachment to the Equine Species

By EDMUND PEARSON

THE strange career of Miss Josephine Amelia Perkins, and her propensity for stealing horses, is explained by an incident of her youth. The only daughter of a gentleman in Devonshire, she was sent, when a young girl, to attend a riding school. Thus, her father was really to blame for all that followed, since Miss Josephine soon excelled every other pupil in the art of horsemanship, and what was of more fatal importance, she acquired what she later called "my present extravagant *fondness* for those *noble* animals."

There you have it. She could not help herself. If she so much as looked at a horse, especially a very good horse, she simply had to jump on him and ride away. Sometimes she had to look around for a saddle,—and, of course, for a side-saddle, since, thank Heaven, she understood propriety. Once, she had to hunt for nearly twenty-four hours, but she found the right saddle, and then came back, by night, and got the horse.

A parallel character in literature is Mr. Toad, in *The Wind in the Willows*. He had a passion for motor-cars, and when he saw a fine one, standing in an inn-yard, wondered if it *started* easily. In another moment he was at the wheel, and in another, humming down the highway. But with no notion of *stealing* a car, mind you.

The clumsy criminologists of Miss Perkins' day did not understand that she had what is now known as the *Centaur fixation*, the *equus complex*. It makes you steal horses,—but only horses. A cow was perfectly safe with Josephine Perkins. The sheriffs and judges who were forever persecuting her do not seem to have noticed that significant fact. She analyzed her own psychic peculiarities with discernment, when she wrote:

"Ever since I discovered my natural and ungovernable attachment to animals of the horse kind, I never have been without my fears that the attachment would ultimately prove my overthrow."

IT cannot be too emphatically stated that horse-stealing was her only weakness. Aside from a few instances of burglary and sneak-thievery, one or two swindling episodes, and a long campaign of artistic falsehood and imposture (entered into for a very definite object, however) the character of Miss Perkins was, virtually, spotless.

At the age of seventeen, and while living with her father in Devonshire, she had the misfortune to meet a young man "of genteel appearance," who was a purser in the Navy. His courtship was not approved by her father, and an elopement was planned. Josephine was to possess herself of one of her father's fleetest and best horses; ride to Portsmouth; and join her lover on his ship, as it sailed for the North American Station. She was to go aboard "disguised as a male," and as a volunteer seaman.

It involved riding 117 miles in less than twenty-four hours, but to one of the Perkinses of Devonshire there was nothing in the thought to cause an instant's hesitation. She was pursued by her father and uncle, but they rode in vain. She had known which horse to select from her father's stable. At Portsmouth, however, grief awaited: her lover's ship had already sailed. She could not go back, and as resolution was never wanting to her character, she sold the horse, and embarked on another ship for St. John's, intending to proceed to Quebec.

The perils of the deep encompassed her

THE ARREST

Miss Perkins, after committing various illegal deeds, expressed her criminality by making an unlawful and outrageous attempt with a deadly blunderbuss upon the life of a representative of the law's majesty sent to apprehend her

about; the ship was wrecked and had to be abandoned, and at last Miss Perkins found herself in Wilmington, North Carolina. She was nearly destitute, and in great despair for a few days. Then, near the village of Washington, in the same state, she happened upon a fine horse, in a pasture. She marked down his stable, and at night rode him away. She did not know the country, however, and the horse knew it too well; he took her in a circle, and at morning brought her back to Washington, and face to face with the owner. She convinced the magistrate, in this case, that the ride was taken merely "to gratify a whimsical notion"—so her discharge was immediate.

In South Carolina, her luck was hardly better. Here she turned over a stolen horse to a jockey, who sold him for $57, giving her two-thirds of the proceeds. Miss Perkins was nevertheless captured and brought to trial, but enthusiastically acquitted on the grounds of insanity. She resolved to leave the Carolinas, and go to Kentucky, of which she had heard the most favourable accounts.

The state of Kentucky fascinated her. The countryside, the trees, the flowers were all beyond compare. Especially celestial in the sight of the young lady was the Kentuckians' "noble breed of fleet and well-fed *horses*."

So she settled down, and under the name of Sarah Steward, tried to earn a tame and honest livelihood. But the old *equus complex* was overpowering our young heroine, and in a very short time she found herself in Court, trying to explain how she became possessed of a horse to which another person had a prior claim—and a claim, as Miss Perkins admits, which was good in the eyes of the law.

She was now actually doomed to spend two years in the prison of Madison County. From this dungeon, in May 1839, she addressed the world, in a manifesto called *The Female Prisoner*. In it she gives a brief history of her life (she was only twenty-one), but devotes more pages to the description of her repentance; her overwhelming regrets for her great transgressions; and her firm adherence to many excellent principles of morality.

Among other precepts which she seeks to inculcate are that it is better to be poor than to be dishonest; that children should obey their parents; that poverty is no disgrace; that virtue is preferable to riches; and that, generally speaking, young girls should avoid horse-stealing, and resist every temptation in that direction—even if the object of their desire is a Kentucky thoroughbred.

With this sound advice, Miss Josephine Perkins disappears from the sight of the antiquarian for about three years. Then, in 1842, she comes once more before the public, and, harrow and alas, this time in a pamphlet called *A Demon in Female Apparel: Josephine Amelia Perkins, the notorious female horse thief; again in prison—and for life.*

NOW, her repentance is sincere. She maintains that the early part of her narrative was correct—although her vicissitudes have led her into a slight mistake of memory, for in reviewing her escapade in England it is now Liverpool, rather than Portsmouth, to which she fled to join the amorous purser. Nor was there much to correct in her story of her adventures up to the moment she entered Madison County jail. After that, as she sadly admits, hers was a tale of deception, a pretense of reform for the purpose of hoaxing the good ladies, and others, who visited her in her cell.

The ladies had been profoundly distressed that one so bowed down with shame at her faults, one so plainly conscious of sin, should be left to languish in a prison with common felons. So they circulated a petition, and soon had the joy of effecting the release of Josephine Amelia. That lassie had been free but a few days, when the old urge came upon her, and soon she was off again, on the broad highway, and on the best horse she could find.

Moreover, she strayed into conduct which was, at best, unladylike. By means of an old

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(Above)
OUT FRONT
This is what the singer sees during rehearsal. Flanked by footlights are the prompter, with a score of the opera, and the chief electrician. Behind them stands the conductor, *M.* Hasselmans, with his orchestra grouped about him

STRIKE
The word of command for the changing of a scene is *Strike!* Here, the outskirts of Paris as they are seen in the third act of *La Bohème*, are disappearing into the upper regions, while the stage crew takes charge of the moving

Behind the Scenes at the Metropolitan

Revealing a Few of the Backstage Secrets Which Concern the Opening of the Opera Season

HISTORIC yellow brocade curtains swing slowly back on a crisp autumn evening; a conductor lifts his baton; the occupants of the diamond horseshoe make glittering although somewhat belated entrances; and another season of opera has begun at the Metropolitan. But it can be no surprise to New York audiences, thoroughly inured to the trials of life back-stage as depicted in recent plays, and in a multitude of sentimental motion pictures, that there is a reverse side to the bright medal that is seen across the footlights from the front of the house. For example, there are weeks of gruelling rehearsals for soloists and chorus, accompanied by the pianos that are scattered all over the opera house. At the same time, the orchestra is at work on a small, acoustically perfect, roof stage. Finally the ingredients are put together and still work is only just begun. The stage is thronged with electricians, assistant conductors, stage managers, chorus men and women, and principals who stand and work, hour after hour. In the orchestra pit, shirt sleeves are *de rigueur* and four languages are spoken alternately. And until the curtains fall for the last time on a Saturday evening in Spring, the schedule of rehearsals and the constant vigilance is unabated

(Above)

NORMA

Rosa Ponselle is singing the *Casta Diva* under an oak whose top branches have not been set up for the rehearsal that is in progress. To the right is the basso, Ezio Pinza, looking startlingly youthful without the long white beard of his rôle, and on the other side of the stage is *Signor* Setti, the chorus master

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CARLO EDWARDS

THE CONTROL BOARD

The electricians, who are the makers of night and day in any theatre, draw from a series of business-like switches, a procession of climatic and temporal effects which shroud the scene in mystery and glamour. They receive their cues from a colleague stationed in a box, next to the prompter's, on the stage

OFFSTAGE DURING TURANDOT

Music is heard in the distance, writes the composer, and the stage band takes up its stand far from public view. It is led by an assistant conductor who risks his life during each performance, clinging to a ladder with one hand, directing with the other, and watching *Maestro* Serafin through a hidden peep-hole for the *tempi*

THROUGH THE MICROPHONE

Modern operas present difficult problems, as in Křenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf* when the heroine is heard singing over the radio. *Mme.* Florence Easton is seen here standing in front of a microphone, accompanied by a small section of the orchestra, which is placed in a corridor adjacent to but out of earshot of the stage

The New Salvation

If We Discover How to Create Our Own Destinies, Will We Know Then How to Be Saved?

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

"WHAT shall we do to be saved?" The question is still a burning one, though it burns only metaphorically and not with the old infernal fires. For when the modern man asks it, he is not thinking of his own individual soul and its posthumous prospects in another world; he is thinking (that is, if he really is modern) of human society and its future prospects here on earth.

The most eminent and eloquent exponent of what I may call the New Salvationism, the General Booth of the movement is Mr. H. G. Wells. "What shall we do to be saved?" The question disturbed him—as well in the contemporary circumstances, it may. But happily he knows the answer. He is never tired of dinning it into our ears.

Well, what *shall* we do to be saved? Take charge of our own destiny, replies General Wells; leave nothing to chance, but deliberately and consciously manufacture our own fate. Natural selection was all very well so long as men lived in circumstances not too extravagantly remote from the natural. But the modern world is unnatural to the highest degree. Human societies are unnaturally populous, unnaturally well-organized, unnaturally interdependent. The good old rule, the simple plan won't work any more. Nature has ceased to be a good adviser; we must take her place and be our own counsellors. We must have a goal—the highest conceivable—and rational means to attain it and an unwavering determination to use those rational means.

THERE is nothing in all this with which any man could, in principle or in theory, disagree. How admirable if the human race could become the master of its own destinies; if politics were always rational; if the ideally desirable goal were fixed and progress towards it were steady, continuous and uniform in every sphere of human activity. How admirable if peace could be established for ever; drudgery and poverty rooted out of the world, happiness and health made universal! How admirable, in a word, if life could become something quite different from what it is at present! And it might become quite different, the New Salvationists assure us, if men would but consent to apply reason to politics. We can be saved, says General Wells, if we will but seek salvation scientifically.

I should like, for my own peace of mind, to be able to believe that the New Salvationists are right. But I find it hard to believe. For Clio, the Muse of History, is a divinity with a curiously ironic sense of humour. Man earnestly and passionately proposes but it is the enigmatically smiling Clio who disposes, and the pattern in which she arranges events is often fantastically and absurdly unlike that which men had meant to impose on them. The New Salvationists have had their forerunners. History is full of the names of men who have tried, in the most diverse ways, to save Humanity from the most diverse fates. Clio has had her little joke with them all; and the little joke has in some cases been so enormous that it has assumed the proportions of a first-class tragedy.

But perhaps the Muse is now at last a reformed character; perhaps she has outgrown the frolicsome habits of her youth; perhaps she will be awed by the dignified aspect, the world wide reputation, the high intentions of General Wells into behaving, for once, in a properly serious respectable and respectful manner. But I venture to doubt it. Clio, I suspect, is wholly incorrigible; and though our General's intellectual and moral qualifications are high, they are no higher than those of several of his predecessors on whom she has played the most outrageous tricks.

There was Aristotle, for example. He wanted men to think scientifically. But Clio decreed that he should be, for the best part of two thousand years, an immovable obstacle in the way of scientific progress. She made him an Authority whom it was impious to question.

THERE was Plotinus, whose ambition was to give an explanation in intellectual terms of the mystical experience. Clio turned this austere metaphysician into the high-priest of a vulgar sect of wizards and conjurors.

There were the Early Christians, who set out to prepare their fellows for a momently anticipated Second Coming and whose kingdom was not of this world. Clio prospered their efforts, but in so very unexpected a fashion that they became the founders of one of the toughest, the longest-lived, the most worldly-wise, the most successfully conservative of all institutions, the Catholic Church.

There was St. Francis of Assisi who laboured to restore the Church to its Early Christian purity. Little more than a century after his death Chaucer could say of the Franciscan friar (the instrument by means of which the Saint had hoped to accomplish his evangelical ends), "there is none other incubus but her." Francis's incubi were the most effective artisans of the Great Schism which came so near to bringing the Church to total ruin. Clio had to have her little joke.

There were the Protestant Reformers. Their aim was to purify the Church and improve the spiritual quality of every Christian's life. What ironic Clio actually caused them to accomplish has been recorded by Max Weber, Tawney and other recent historians. By insisting on the Bible as the source of all religious revelation they infected protestant Europe with the anti-aesthetic, materialistic philosophy of the ancient Hebrews. They denied the efficacy of Works and insisted that Grace was as likely to come to the merchant in his shop as to the contemplative in his cell, the scholar in his library, the disinterested practitioner of a liberal art. Thus the mediaeval hierarchy was overthrown, the old scale of value was reversed. The reformers laboured for an increase of spirituality; but all that their labours have resulted in is the apotheosis of the respectable business man (the Pharisee of the Gospel), the sanctification of wealth and the disparagement of all the human activities which all past civilizations have agreed to consider the best. The mediaeval civilization, like those of classical times, was (in Ferrero's phrase) a qualitative civilization. Our modern civilization is quantitative. For this dismal change the high-minded Reformers are to a great extent responsible. Clio is an ironist.

Her irony comes out once more in her dealings with the men who made the French Revolution. It was in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity that the French and, later, the other peoples of Europe revolted against the old régime. Clio stepped in, and when the smoke of the Napoleonic wars had cleared away, men discovered that the sole result of all their revolutionary efforts had been to replace the aristocracy by the bourgeoisie, the privileges of birth and office by those of wealth. They had fought for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity and they had won them, but in a rather special and limited form—Liberty for industrialists and financiers to do what they liked, Equality of the plutocrat with the aristocrat, Fraternity between the capitalists in every country of the earth.

Clio's treatment of the Russian revolutionaries has been as humourous as her treatment of their French predecessors. Lenin set out to achieve in Russia what Babœuf was executed for attempting to realize in France—the real, economic equality of all men in a state of communism. Today, twelve years after the Revolution, Russia is a country of peasant proprietors ferociously attached to the land, of a few badly paid factory workers employed in not very flourishing industries, and a ruling bourgeoisie of officials and NEP-men.

THESE examples suffice to show how difficult it is for even the most intelligent Saviours to foresee what are going to be the results of their Salvationism. It is almost possible in the very nature of things, for any policy to achieve precisely these ends it was meant to achieve. . . For every policy has its means as well as its ends. The employment of these means creates a set of new circumstances, which may be wholly unlike the circumstances in which the original end seemed desirable or possible. In these circumstances the original may come to be not only unattainable, but undesirable. Put any policy into practice, and you provoke an incalculable number of unforseeable reactions, some of which may be so important, that the aim of the policy will have, deliberately or unconsciously, to be changed. In other and less boringly abstract words, Clio is a joker and a *fantaisiste*.

This is why I disbelieve in the programme of General Wells and the New Salvationists. In theory I am all for man living scientifically, creating his own destiny and so forth. But in practice I doubt whether he can. I doubt whether any great scheme of human regenera-

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STEICHEN—HOLLYWOOD

From Mexico to Acadia—Dolores Del Rio

The Mexican Actress Is Playing the Longfellow Heroine in a Film Version of "Evangeline"

TO the children of another generation, *Evangeline* was the idealization of the Nordic heroine, the fair flower of Puritanism. To the children of today *Evangeline* will mean not the classic, if somewhat sentimental, Longfellow muse, but Dolores Del Rio, classic in her beauty, certainly, but as far from Nordic as Salem is from Mexico City. One of the few film actresses whose romantic story happens to be true, Dolores Del Rio began her career, not as Cinderella, but as the Princess. Socially prominent, with her beauty guarded by the proverbial duenna, she was discovered by Edwin Carewe, the director, on a visit to Mexico and persuaded to enter the films. Her début in the motion picture version of *What Price Glory?* established her immediately as one of the most glamorous figures on the screen. Subsequently in *Resurrection* she proved that she was also an actress of tragic intensity. Now she is embarking on a very different rôle—and a hazardous one—for *Evangeline* is an American tradition, but one which *Señora* Del Rio's undoubted talent should make her understand

Self-Portrait—By Marie Laurencin

A Lithograph by the Frenchwoman Who Has Perfected Her Own Unique and Purely Feminine Art

MARIE LAURENCIN'S art, trivial as are its themes and for all its semblance of the rococo and the merely decorative, ends with surprising indirection in saying something quite pure and satisfying and complete. It is as though *Mlle.* Laurencin had deliberately eliminated everything from her palette but black, blue, green and rose and elected to draw only unlikely looking ladies with morbid complexions and improbable masked eyes, set among doves, snakes, flowers, dogs, children, guitars, pianos and does. She has thus devised an idiom that is peculiarly the expression of her own transcendently feminine taste and temperament and is susceptible to infinite variation. The lithograph reproduced on this page shows but a single head, yet it is unmistakably a Laurencin. Her pictures have the quality of dream-pictures, selected always from the same dream, varying only in emphasis and detail. *Mlle.* Laurencin has illustrated books by Gide and Schikelé, designed scenery for a comedy by Musset and a Russian Ballet, and designed costumes and materials used by Paul Poiret

"The Art of Life"

Paradoxical but Unquestionably Practical Solutions to Two Delicate Problems in Ethics

By FERENC MOLNÁR

I HAVE already written in *Vanity Fair* about the late Ödön Salamon, that regally haughty Bohemian. He was wise and noble, and those who knew him know that there are many occasions when, speaking of wisdom and nobility of character, one may safely refer to him. I shall write of him now because, some time ago, anent something or other, I was once more reminded of the simple economic fact that money is worth, not as much or as little as it has written or printed on it, but as much or as little as it can purchase. It is not a joke that a millionaire's twenty dollars are worth more than a poor man's—and it doesn't matter what the proverbs say.

We were living on St. Margit's Island, a little colony of writers and journalists, some twenty-five years ago. We called Ödön Salamon *the king* because he was the most distinguished character among us. He never had any money. If, by a lucky coincidence, he had five *kronen* in his pocket, he considered himself a millionaire. Nevertheless, he always dressed as superbly as the late *Prince* de Sagan, and those who saw him for the first time would never have thought that they beheld a poor newspaper man and not a rich land owner on his way to Paris for the Autumn races. But he seemed precisely the same when he had only twenty *fillér* in his pocket—and this occurred very frequently.

ONE day, none of us had any money for dinner. Such things happened quite often, as a matter of fact. At such times we, the inexperienced youngsters ate our dinner and signed the check—according to the time-honoured, ancient custom.

"No," said *the king*, "you shouldn't do that. One is not respected in restaurants to whose owners one is indebted. And it is extremely important that one should always be respected."

We gazed at him.

"But we have no money!"

"Well, then don't eat."

"Have you any?" some one asked him.

"No," he replied with noble simplicity. "Or rather, I have a little. I have exactly eighty *fillér*."

"That is to say, you will either not eat any dinner at all, or you will go to some filthy little place where you can get a dinner for eighty *fillér*."

"Not I! Gentlemen eat only in good restaurants. But, in case you are interested, come with me and learn how to eat in a restaurant, where the cheapest dish is one *kronen* sixty, on eighty *fillér* so that no one will look down upon you. Everybody will respect me and no one will believe that I have only eighty *fillér* in my pocket."

We went with him. I recommend this tale to all those who seek useful knowledge. It teaches more than dozens of thick volumes of philosophy.

This is what happened.

"Waiter," said Salamon in a tone of ennui, "What is good to-day?"

The waiter handed him the *carte du jour*. With a bored look, Salamon quickly glanced through it, then cast it aside.

"There's no sense in ordering any of your ready dishes—they are all stale, tasteless things. Make something to order for me. Something filling because I'm very hungry to-day."

We stared at him.

The king continued: "Order me chopped beefsteak—but not beef. Make it veal, tender, young veal. Broil it gently. I like it crisp. And bring some good vegetables with it. Shall we say, green peas? But, a lot."

WE just gazed and gazed and waited for the end. Twenty minutes later the waiter brought in the dish. It was a beautiful, nicely broiled, crisp, chopped beefsteak but, despite its name, it was not made of beef. And the green peas were enticing. He put it down on the table.

"But my dear boy," said Salamon, "aren't you people ashamed of yourself?"

"Why, sir?" stuttered the waiter.

"Do you call *this* meat?"

"Yes, sir."

"*This?* Why, this is burnt, this is seared! You must have prepared this in a fiery furnace, it's so hard. . . I said, broil it a bit! But I didn't ask you to char it!"

"But, sir—," the waiter began.

"Don't talk back!" said Salamon in a tone which implied that the Penal Code prescribed ten years in the penitentiary as an adequate punishment for talking back.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter meekly. "I'll take it back to the kitchen."

"And you think I'll wait here for another half an hour until you ruin another steak for me. Or do you want me to take something from that frightful bill of fare of yours? No, my friend, my stomach can't tolerate those things. I consider myself a man of some refinement, I can't touch them."

The waiter did not know what to do.

"Take the meat back to the kitchen," said Salamon in a more peaceful voice. "Tell them that I cannot eat it; that I shall never step inside this restaurant again."

The waiter reached for the dish.

"Leave the peas here," said *the king*. "After all, I can't starve."

The waiter left the peas and took the meat away. Salamon ate the vegetable, ate a piece of bread, then called the timid waiter.

"Bring me a dozen ripe figs."

The waiter did not say a word. But his features reflected utter embarrassment.

"A dozen ripe figs," *the king* repeated.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered, "we have no ripe figs."

"What a restaurant! All one can do here is get angry. Send me the head-waiter with my check. I assure you, you won't ever see me here again."

The head-waiter appeared instantaneously and bowed deeply.

"Look here," Salamon turned to him, "it seems I shall have to stop coming here. I ordered an *entrée*, the kitchen ruined it. Then I ordered ripe figs, a whole dozen of them, because I wanted to offer some to my friends, and you haven't any. All I intend to pay is a side-dish of green peas. Shame on you."

"Forty *fillér*," said the head-waiter.

Salamon paid him the forty *fillér*. He gave a twenty *fillér* tip to him, twenty *filler* to the waiter, then rose, and started to leave. At this moment, the proprietor appeared on the scene.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Salamon," he said, "may I trouble you for one second."

"Well, what is it?" Salamon said in the most dignified tone in the world.

"Mr. Salamon, I only wished to beg your pardon because I understand you haven't had a good dinner here. I promise you this will never happen again. Please, don't be angry with us and honour us with your visits in the future."

Salamon did not even deign to answer. He merely nodded and then, between two rows of bowing waiters, left the restaurant. The restaurateur accompanied him to the door, bowing at every step.

"You see, boys," — *the king* turned to us—"this is the way to eat in a dignified manner on eighty *fillér*. But I must add a warning. You can do this sort of thing only once in any given restaurant. And I promise you that the next time I have twenty *kronen*, I shall spend all of it here."

This is, in miniature and in caricature, what they call "the art of living". This is what every man ought to apply, throughout his life, to all of his affairs. "Ought to," I say, because I have not succeeded in applying it. But this is, to be sure, what conserves one, gives one contours, and lends one colour and character.

IT is not an important problem, but it belongs to the science of life, because, as far as the majority is concerned, life is composed of appearances, and because there are not two people out of every hundred who can live their lives for themselves only, alone, smilingly, with heads erect, loftily, who do not need this basically false art of swindling. Consequently, this art is a useful art because life, after all, belongs to the swindlers—although I must declare most emphatically that I do not think of Salamon now, not even as an instance. He, poor soul, was driven to the use of this system in order to hide a noble, pure, and proud poverty from the gaping crowd. But I do think of all the million people who grow up, get grey, and fight through life without learning the fact that they must live for themselves and not for the world or they must laugh in a different way, pay in a different way, eat, come, go, work and live in a different way, and not the way they would like to.

A captain of Hussars is the hero of this story which took place many, many years before the Great War. He was six foot seven

(Continued on page 124)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

Since the film *What Price Glory?*, where he personified the regular army, Victor McLaglen has played a dozen hard-boiled Americans from the wide open spaces, to the delight of audiences whose only concern was once a profile

GEORGE BANCROFT

As the direct descendant of the Neanderthal man, hirsute and brawny, George Bancroft has impersonated a long list of heroes of the underworld, criminals with a heart of gold and the powerful right arm which is the current cinema substitute for the melting eye

NOAH BEERY

A well-practiced squint and a diabolical moustache are undoubted factors in the popularity which came to Noah Beery, when a fickle public substituted villainy for handsomeness as its primary qualification for actors who would achieve real stardom in the films

LON CHANEY

A supreme master of the art of make-up, Lon Chaney might, if he chose, make himself a new Apollonic face, but it would probably lose him the public which worships the artistic scars and adjustable legs which are his stock in trade

LOUIS WOLHEIM

Because he broke his nose in a college football match and acquired a threatening swagger for the rôle of *Captain Flagg* in *What Price Glory?*, Mr. Wolheim has won success which his undoubted acting ability might never have found for him

WALLACE BEERY

With a less debonair, but equally malevolent, manner than his brother Noah, Wallace Beery has joined the ranks of the bold, bad men, who were once labelled character actors and are now the masculine mainstay of the motion pictures

Where Are the Beaux of Yesteryear?

A Collection of Character Actors Who Have Supplanted the Handsome Heroes of the Screen

The Manufacture of Good Little Boys

How Modern Men Become Enslaved by the Pernicious Dictates of the Schoolmarms

By D. H. LAWRENCE

THE one thing men have not learned to do is to stick up for their own instinctive feelings, against the things they are taught. The trouble is, we are all caught young. Little boys are trundled off to school at the age of five, and immediately the game begins, the game of enslaving the small chap. He is delivered over into the hands of schoolmistresses, young maids, middle-aged maids, and old maids, and they pounce on him, and with absolute confidence in their own powers, their own *rightness*, and their own superiority, they begin to "form" the poor little devil. Nobody questions for a moment the powers of these women to mould the life of a young man. The Jesuits say: Give me a child till he is seven, and I will answer for him for the rest of his life. Well, schoolmistresses are not as clever as Jesuits, and certainly not as clear as to what they are about. They make the little boy into an incipient man, the man of today.

Now I ask you, do you really think that schoolmistresses are qualified to form the foundations of a *man?* They are almost all excellent women, and filled with the best of motives. And they have all passed some little exam or other. But what, in the name of heaven, qualifies them to be the makers of men? They are all maids: young maids, middling maids, or old maids. They none of them know anything about men: that is to say, they are not *supposed* to know anything about men. What knowledge they have must be surreptitious. They certainly know nothing about manhood. Men, in the pleasant opinions of schoolmistresses, are mostly grown-up babies.

WELL, it may be so! It may be that men nowadays are all grown-up babies. But if they are, it is because they were delivered over in their tenderest years, poor little devils, to absolute petticoat rule: mothers first, then schoolmistresses. But the mother very quickly yields to the schoolmistress. It is amazing what reverence ordinary women have for the excellent old-maid mistress of the infants' school. What the mistress says is gospel. Kings are no more kings by divine right, but queens are queens and mistresses mistresses straight from God. It is amazing. It is fetish-worship. And the fetish is goodness.

"Oh, but Miss Teacher is so *good*, she's awfully *good*," say the approving mothers, in luscious voices. "Now, Johnny, you must mind what Miss Teacher says, she knows what is best for you. You must always listen to her!"

Johnny, poor little devil! On the very first day, it is: "Now, Johnny dear, you must sit like a good little boy, like all the other good little boys." And when he can't stand it, it is: "Oh, Johnny dear, I wouldn't cry if I were you. Look at all the other good little boys, they don't cry, do they, dear? Be a good little boy, and teacher will give you a teddy-bear to play with. Would Johnny like a teddy-bear to play with? There, don't cry! Look at all the other good little boys. They are learning to write—to write! Wouldn't Johnny like to be a good little boy, and learn to write?"

As a matter of fact, Johnny wouldn't. At the bottom of his heart, he doesn't in the least want to be a good little boy and learn to write. But she comes it over him. Dear Teacher, she starts him off in the way he must go, poor little slave. And once started, he goes on wheels, being a good little boy like all the other good little boys. School is a very elaborate railway-system where good little boys are taught to run upon tracks till they are finally shunted off into life. And by then the running-on-tracks habit is absolutely fixed. The good big boy merely turns from one set of rails on to another. And it is so easy, running on rails.

NOW the funny thing is that nobody, not even the most conscientious father, ever questions the absolute rightness of these schoolmarms. But to be a good little boy like all the other good little boys is to be at last a slave, or at least an automaton, running on wheels. It means that dear little Johnny is going to have all his own individual manhood nipped out of him, carefully plucked out, every time it shows a little trace. Nothing is more insidiously clever than an old maid at training a growing boy into that neutral object, a good little boy. Good boys are very nice to mothers and schoolmistresses. But as men, they make a wishy-washy nation.

Of course, nobody wants Johnny to be a bad little boy. One would like him to be just a boy, with no adjective at all. But that is impossible. At the very best schools, where there is most "freedom", the subtle, silent *compulsion* towards goodness is perhaps strongest. Children are all silently, steadily, relentlessly bullied into being good. They grow up good. And then they are no good.

For what does goodness mean? It means, in the end, being like everybody else, and not having a soul to call your own. Certainly you mustn't have a feeling to call your own. You must be good, and feel exactly what is expected of you, which is just what other people feel. Which means that in the end you feel nothing at all, all your feeling has been killed out of you. And all that is left is the artificial stock emotion which comes out with the morning papers.

I think I belong to the first generation of Englishmen that was really broken in. My father's generation, at least among the miners where I was brought up, was still wild. But then my father had never been to anything more serious than a dame's school, and the dame, Miss Hight, had never succeeded in making him a good little boy. She had barely succeeded in making him able to write his name. As for his feelings, they had escaped her clutches entirely, as they escaped the clutches of his mother. The country was still open. He fled away from the woman and rackapelted with his own gang. And to the end of his days, his idea of life was to escape over the fringe of virtue and drink beer and perhaps poach an occasional rabbit.

But the boys of my generation were caught in time. We were sent at the ripe age of five to Board-schools, British schools, National schools, and though there was far less of the Johnny dear! business, and no teddy-bear, we were forced to knuckle under. We were forced on to the rails. I went to the Board-school. Most of us, practically all, were miners' sons. The bulk were going to be miners themselves. And we all hated school.

I shall never forget the anguish with which I wept, the first day. I was captured. I was roped in. The other boys felt the same. They hated school because they felt captives there. They hated the masters because they felt them as jailers. They hated even learning to read and write. The endless refrain was: "When I go down pit you'll see what—sums I'll do." To escape into the wild warrens of the pit, to get off the narrow lines of school was what they waited for.

The schoolmaster was an excellent, irascible old man with a white beard. My mother had the greatest respect for him. I remember he flew into a rage with me because I did not want to admit my first name, which is David. "David! David!" he raved. "David is the name of a great and good man. You don't like the name of David? You don't like the name of David!" He was purple with indignation. But I had an unreasonable dislike of the name David, and still have, and he couldn't force me into liking it. But he wanted to.

AND there it was. David was the name of a great and good man, so I was to be *forced* to like it. If my first name had been Ananias or Ahab, I should have been excused. But David! no! My father, luckily, didn't know the difference between David and Davy of the safety-lamp.

But the old schoolmaster gradually got us under. There were occasional violent thrashings. But what really did the trick was not the thrashing, but the steady, persistent pressure of: Honest, decent lads behave my way, and no other.—And he got the lads under. Because he was so absolutely sure he was right, and because mothers and fathers all agreed he was right, he managed pretty well to tame the uncouth colliery lads during the six or seven years he was responsible for them. They were the first generation to be really tamed.

With what result? They went down pit, but even pit was no more the happy subterranean warren it used to be. Down pit everything was made to run on tracks, too, new tracks, up-to-date tracks; and the men became ever less men, more mere instruments. They married, and they made what the women of my mother's generation always prayed for, good husbands. But as soon as the men were good husbands, the women were a tiresome, difficult, unsatisfied lot of wives. For wives, schoolmasters, and employers of labour it is perhaps very nice to have men well broken in. But for a nation, it is a disaster.

Her Husband

Further Evidence Pointing to the Fact That Women's Ways Are Dark and Incomprehensible

By HENRI DUVERNOIS

SHE was a charming little woman who had style without knowing it and seemed not to be aware of her charm. Attracting people was as natural to her as breathing. She did so ingenuously so that even women did not hold it against her, and one knew that she hurried away, with an annoyed pout, when she was followed in the street.

On this dull family beach, however, where she now was, she found herself subject to importunate attentions, for other reasons. At the sea-side she did not linger among those dangerous reflections from which one emerges with a heart heavy with vain hopes and confused regrets. She would take from a large bag a dignified piece of work—not some useless trifle, but a pillow case or a napkin, which she would embroider in red or white.

And Gaston Fidonneau observed these details as attentively as if this were his only object in life. A woman's whim had exiled him to this dreary little beach, which happened to adjoin a luxurious and fashionable watering place. He lived there in seclusion. Occasionally a telephone call bade him to stay in his room in which, very soon, a pretty woman would appear, like a perfumed tempest.

"Do you love me? How bored you must be here, poor darling! So much the better, though—when one is bored one does get some rest. Oh, be still—he didn't want me to go! I think he suspects something. He said to me, so oddly: 'I win as I please at baccarat!' No—I don't dance—or only a very little—nothing but waltzes. What time have I, do you suppose? Still, it has its advantages; one doesn't have to be always powdering one's nose. I've only an hour for you. You haven't told me yet if you love me. What? Hush? Are you going to insinuate again that I can't talk in a whisper? When I think that to come here I had to take a wretched tram, an abominable train and a dirty road all littered up with rubbish!"

AFTER having delivered this monologue the young lady took account of the more tender duties that did, after all, devolve upon her. She tried to explain it all.

"I get dressed when I get up. Good. Then I get undressed again to go in bathing, and, dress again, and I never stop dressing and undressing! To say nothing of the days when I come here!"

Gaston Fidonneau agreed. He asked himself how he could bear waiting, sometimes a whole week, for a pleasure so transient and so dubious.

But soon he stopped asking himself that question, for he knew that it was because of the other woman—the unknown one—that he stayed, the wise and mysterious one. He chose a table next to hers, and, in order to make himself conspicuous, since he knew that he was a personable young man but too much like all other personable young men, he placed a dark red carnation in his buttonhole every day. This caused much gossip among the worthy families in the hotel.

"Must he wear one, indeed? A carnation! not particularly suitable at the sea-shore!"

Gaston soon learned that his neighbour was a *Madame* Jules Paqueret, and that she came from Paris. By way of opening his attack, one morning, he put a red carnation like the ones he was accustomed to wear in his buttonhole, in each of the little white slippers he found outside *Mme.* Paqueret's door.

She did not wear the carnations the next day at luncheon—but he had not quite hoped for that. She appeared, impassive, and went to the beach, as usual, as soon as she had finished her dessert. That evening he made his great gesture.

"*Madame,*" he said to her, "I think the cream has turned a little sour. I take the liberty of warning you. . . ."

"Thank you, *Monsieur.*"

"That might be disagreeable, don't you think?"

"No doubt, *Monsieur.*"

"In this stormy weather, no one is to blame."

"No, *Monsieur.*"

AT nine o'clock they were talking earnestly together, on the terrace. *Mme.* Jules Paqueret referred frequently to her husband.

"Important business keeps him in Paris. He is in the leather goods business. It's frightful, the way he works, and even during his fortnight's vacation, mind you, his mind is never at rest. But he's promised me absolutely to come on Saturday."

Gaston felt that from Thursday to Saturday scarcely gave him time to make much progress. He was about to give up when a vague hope led him to persist. He might be able to ingratiate himself with this business man. On Friday *Mme.* Paqueret told him that her husband was a very handsome man, who understood all games without playing them and all the arts without having studied them, that he was courageous, intelligent, and witty. . . .

"You'll see him, my Jules. He's arriving to-morrow at ten minutes to four. He's just telegraphed to let me know. I shall meet him at the station, of course. Excuse me, *Monsieur*—if the question is not too indiscreet—I'd like to know where you get the lovely carnations."

"Oh, at the florist's, *Madame*—a place called Painfroid's, in the *rue des Bains,*" Gaston answered, paling a little.

The next day, at half-past-twelve, his new friend arrived breathless, dressed all in white; she was happy and very lively.

"I want my luncheon served quickly!" she exclaimed. "I don't want to be late. Tell me, waiter, is the three-fifty train on time today?"

Just then the porter brought her a telegram, which she read. She sighed.

"He isn't coming!"

"*Monsieur,* your husband—?"Gaston asked.

"No, he isn't coming. An appointment. He'll come next Saturday."

Three times in that same fashion, *M.* Jules Paqueret sent telegrams countermanding his plans, and three times, uselessly, his wife put on her pretty white dress. She seemed terribly upset, the prey of intolerable suspicions. . . .

Gaston Fidonneau was no better than most people, as need hardly be explained. He was an idler who had made love his avocation, since love is the one career in which idleness is well rewarded. But he could not bear to see a woman unhappy. So he said nothing, but thought inwardly: "I must do something for this little one!"

What he did was a really heroic feat. He wrote an anonymous letter, a thing he had never imagined he would do in his life. He addressed it to *M.* Jules Paqueret, whose address he had obtained from the hotel clerk. This is what he wrote:

"Poor dolt,

A woman who takes an interest in you warns you, out of charity, that while you are amusing yourself in Paris your wife is being besieged by attentions to which she will eventually succumb if you persist in staying away from her.

An Unknown Friend."

This letter brought the result he had hoped for. Forty-eight hours later, with no warning of his coming, *M.* Paqueret arrived quite beside himself, flushed, panting, his clothes unpressed, a *M.* Paqueret who brandished an inoffensive satchel like a weapon, and who, half bear, half frog, bore no resemblance at all to the portrait of him drawn by his wife. Moreover, she was dumb with amazement, as if she could not recognize him. He had to repeat, again and again:

"It's I! Go up to your room. I want to talk to you. It's I! I want to talk to you! Go up to your room! Go up to your room. I tell you! It's I. I want to talk to you!"

"STEADY!" thought Gaston. "This man is going to annoy me. Oh, well! I've done a good deed. Just the same, he looks like a terrible bounder, this husband of hers! And she's in love with him! How can one understand such things?"

The next day, his bags packed, Gaston was paying his bill in the lobby when *Madame* Paqueret passed through. It was eight o'clock. The fat little man was obviously still in his room. Seeing Gaston, she was startled; then:

"You're going away, *Monsieur?*" she asked.

He smiled, sadly.

"Oh, well—there's nothing to keep me here now."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"I understand," she said. "My husband must have seemed very coarse to you. Alas! I was so peaceful! Some mischief maker—I can't imagine who it could have been!—sent him a ridiculous letter. And now—here he is, jealous, if you please! He insists on my going home with him . . ."

And, as he tried to discern, in her clear eyes, the secret of the insoluble mystery of the feminine soul, she threw him, by way of good bye, as she might have tossed him a rose:

"What a pity that our romance should have ended so soon!"

THE COURT-ROOM SCENE

Defending her honour keeps Lily just as busy as a bee. She is now resting, between shots, in the witness-stand while the judge reflects on the rigours of life for one who is, after all, just a little bit of driftwood. It is one of those scenes that takes everything out of an actress

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS

For the happy retort, rely on Angelica Turning in the big drawing-room scene. When disaster overtakes the entire cast, it is Angie who explains life by murmuring, over the muffins: "Let us by all means be artificial . . . it is the only natural instinct left to us"

By ALAN ODLE

THE PROBLEM PLAY

Here we have the Marquis of Droop arriving at a slow boiling point all along of Lady Betty and her hauteur. She is like wine in his veins. "Droop," inquires the lady wearily, "is life, to all you men, just nothing but sex, sex, sex all the day long?" But aristocracy rises to its full height and replies "Do you call this the day, dear?"

THE SHAKESPEAREAN RACKET

Scratch an actress and you will find a Lady Macbeth. And small wonder that the siren slayer of Dunsinane is the goal of every tragédienne; for if she has the eyebrows for it, the *basso profundo voice* will come with practice and there is always a whiskey tenor

"AND I, SIR, WAS THAT LITTLE CHILD"

This is the one about the millionaire's son stolen in infancy and brought up, all unsuspecting, to be a mohair salesman. The treacherous nurse, however, is revealed in Act Three as having all the time been William S. Hart—and only playing at being Little Buttercup

Surprise! Surprise! for Playgoers

A Slightly Acid Prediction of What Is in Store for This Year's Audiences, If They Don't Watch Out

Bronze Head—By Ivan Meštrović

An Example of the Latest Work From the Hand of the Famous Jugoslav Sculptor

AS Ivan Meštrović continues forward in the sequence of his work, he stands more clearly in the public eye in the impressive stature of his importance. In a generation not lavish with its giants, he fulfils all the measurements of a giant. The sculpture reproduced on this page presents him at his best. The inexplicably naïve beauty of this informal study ranks it as one of the masterpieces of the Jugoslav sculptor, with its typical employment of primitive simplifications and its feminist mysticism. The year nineteen twenty-eight was a notable one for Meštrović who, born a humble shepherd lad in the Dalmatian mountains, today stands as one of the foremost plastic geniuses of modern times. The unveiling of his heroic equestrian statues in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the dedication of his noble war memorial shaft in Belgrade may be considered landmarks in the artist's career. The bronze shown above is now in an American collection

Les Grands Boulevards

How Modern Life Has Turned the Frenchman Away from His Beloved Thoroughfares

By PAUL MORAND

ONLY foreigners and provincials stroll up and down the *Grands Boulevards*; Parisians hurry across them. As a matter of fact, the Parisian of 1929 is appalled by the *Grands Boulevards*. They contain almost nothing that makes him feel at home, for these Swiss hotels, these offices of Argentine and Chilean newspapers, these Jewish music halls, Chinese chiropodists, American shoe shops, and Canadian banks could hardly be called Paris. The real Paris is a city of narrow streets, cheap bars, *concierges* in felt slippers, push-cart women, news-stands, cobblers, and mysterious little shops which display nothing but a few newspapers, candy by the piece, and half a dozen spools of thread, but which still remain the soul and essence of their own neighbourhoods.

Paris is not what is new, but what is imperfect or repaired; it is not what is evident, but what is hidden and complex; it is not publicity, but reserve, modesty, discretion; it is a city that changes continually without ever becoming modern. Paris is not "peacocks' tongues in aspic," as Hollywood likes to think, nor "*ragoût* of coxcombs," as Moscow would have us believe; it is the home of fried gudgeons and *entrecôte-Bercy*.

Paris c'est une blonde
Qui plaît à tout le monde

says an old song, but the old song is mistaken; instead of being a flirtatious blonde, Paris resembles an industrious old man. It is a city of small trades, a monastery that shelters an ascetic, cloistered, and very ancient brotherhood of workers. It is not inhabited by naked women, headwaiters, and after-theatre parties; the real symbol of Paris is the cash-girl. At the races, it is not the fashionable people of the *pesage;* it is the common flock of "railbirds." In the world of newspapers, it is not the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, but the *Intransigeant*. It is not "excursions by night," or "European travel," or "beauty salons"; it is not Monte Carlo. Paris does not travel; it knows nothing, reads nothing. Paris tests; Paris criticizes; Paris offers luxury and scepticism to those who have not spontaneously received these gifts from heaven.

AFTER having said that nothing is less Parisian than the *Grands Boulevards*, let me add that they contain eight or ten spots which still deserve this title of nobility —Parisian embassies, as it were, in a territory which is rapidly becoming international. Thanks to these places, the *Boulevards* are not yet Broadway. "*Ça c'est Paris!*" was once the refrain of a very popular song. Let us go strolling eastward toward the *Place de la Bastille*, and see just how often we can repeat "So this is Paris!"

We shall start from the *Place de la Madeleine*, now transformed into a sort of union station for tourists. The pavement is cluttered with sight-seeing busses; the sidewalks blossom with megaphones and official caps. None of the travellers crowded into their busses bother to notice the Flower Market with its huge, red-faced women clattering about in sabots; yet here is the smell of Paris, the murmur of Paris. Farther on, near the *Théâtre des Capucines*, we pass the *Carnaval de Venise*, where one can still purchase the immense and out-of-date cravats, the veritable breast-plates of silk, that were worn by Marcel Proust. This old theatre and this famous shop are almost all that remains of a section which once was Clubland. To-day the Jockey has disappeared from the *Boulevards*, but the Union still exists, under the ghostly wings of Talleyrand. At the corner of the *Rue Caumartin* (Williams—Sporting Goods) are two charming ivory-tinted buildings with curved balconies; they date from 1836 and suggest Regent Street as it was before the War.

Next the *Grand Hôtel*, that splendid caravansery of the seventies. Paris was spellbound when it first opened. "Every known luxury! Bathrooms on every floor! Dumbwaiters! Speaking tubes!" Just across the street is the Opera—or, as my grandfather used to call it, "the new Opera." Beside us is the *Café de la Paix*, where the sidewalk still retains something of its old character, even though it has been appropriated by Armenian guides and Portuguese dope-peddlers.

LET us cross the street. It is six in the evening. The newsboys calling *l'Intran* and *Paris-Sport*, the hole that leads to the *Métro*, the crowds homeward bound—all these are Paris. Near by is *Boissier's*, a famous confectionery that specializes in fine traditions and candied fruits. The great incurved beak of the *Pavillon de Hanovre* faces the *Théâtre du Vaudeville* (now transformed into a Paramount film house) and Rossini's workroom. In this district, the most famous cafés once clustered: *Tortoni*, the *Café de Paris*, and the *Café Anglais* with its midnight suppers which were haunted by Cora Pearl ("I am Keeyoupid!"), the dandies, and the demi-mondaines. To-day the *boulevardier* exists only in the imagination of Rumanian tourists. The *Café Napolitain* still survives, but it scarcely succeeds in upholding its literary and journalistic traditions.

We are by now approaching the new *Boulevard Haussmann*, a pretentious tributary to the *Grands Boulevards*, and one which every true Parisian will detest for two thousand years before reversing his judgment. Here we might be in Rio, Havana, or Stuttgart; there is nothing to remind us of Paris. . . . Suddenly we smell printers' ink, for we are near the homes of the great dailies. A black, anonymous crowd has gathered before the windows of *Le Matin* to read the latest newsbulletins. Here, eighty years ago, the "lions" who figured in Balzac's novels used to stroll leisurely past, with their yellow gloves, their long hair falling to their shoulders, their cuffs turned back over the sleeves, and their "mediaeval" beards.

The *Théâtre des Variétés*, looming on our right, has remained almost unchanged since its reopening in 1807. During the Exposition of 1867, it was the centre of the world. The Khedive of Egypt used to wait every night at the corner of the *Passage des Panoramas* until Hortense Schneider emerged from the theatre. The *Café Brabant*, once patronized by Paul de Kock, stands near by, as does the *Café de Madrid*, which was a favourite haunt of Gambetta, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Barbey d'Aurevilly, as well as of Baudelaire, who once remarked that he was revolted by the mere sight of water.

AT this point the *Boulevards* begin to rise, to heave themselves up from the soil of Paris. . . . The *Théâtre Robert Houdin*, home of magic and legerdemain, has disappeared, but we can still visit the sinister *Musée Grévin* with its criminals shown in wax. The *Passage des Panoramas*, like all the passages in this vicinity, is a maze perfumed with the odours of the street angels. The adjoining streets are occupied by "the people," the real *plebs*, the descendants of those who fought the revolutions of the Nineteenth Century. The trees have changed in the course of our ramble. Near the *Madeleine*, they were tall and luxuriant, like the trees that shade the streets of a summer resort; here they are scrawny but not ridiculous, battered but unyielding—true hangman's trees which are protected, moreover, by cast-iron grills that make excellent projectiles when broken into pieces by a mob. . . . We are passing the *Théâtre du Gymnase*, where plays have been performed since 1820. Now comes the *Porte St. Denis* with its triumphal arch. The street lamps tempt us to sing *à la lanterne*—"String up the aristocrats"!—the old Revolutionary refrain. In this vicinity the *Boulevards*, with their slopes and undulations, seem to follow the contours of the old market gardens which they replaced in the Seventeenth Century. The street itself sinks beneath the surface level, while the raised sidewalks, which are very much like stages, remind us of the many old theatres which crowded this section of Paris: the *Délassements Comiques*, the *Ambigu*, the *Folies-Dramatiques*, the *Funambules*. The whole district reeks of poverty and riots. The offices and employment bureaus of the labour unions are near at hand. Should we turn aside into the *Rue de la Lune*, which offers sleeping quarters by day to those who unload vegetables at night in the markets, we should come face to face with destitution. Life in this quarter is an epic by Eugène Suë. Here nobody receives emoluments, honorariums, or even salaries; here nobody speaks of settlements, advances, or partial liquidations. And yet, if you meet, question, investigate the people of this neighbourhood, you will find Paris in its truth and flesh. "The only parent they acknowledge is the thousand-franc note," said Balzac. Victories, panics, disasters; pork butchers, street girls, *javas*. Each passer-by is a liqueur distilled and redistilled from this ancient soil, a sort of Parisian alcohol produced drop by drop like intoxicating tears.

(Continued on page 108)

STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

Alias Mary Nolan

The Former Imogene Wilson, After an Apprenticeship in Germany, Is Now a Star of the Films

ANOTHER Cinderella of the films, with a fantastic career behind her and a glamorous one ahead of her, Mary Nolan has rapidly achieved success in the films. A famous model for the popular artists, she, who was then called Imogene Wilson, was discovered, so the story goes, weeping discreetly in a Broadway street car, by Arthur William Brown. She posed for him and for James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson, Childe Hassam—until her face was on almost every magazine cover in the land. This was a triumph for a little girl who had been left at an orphanage in a small Missouri town. At seven she was an orphan without prospects. At seventeen, she was already launched on a Broadway career. She entered the theatre under the aegis of Arthur Hammerstein and became known as a dancer in New York, London and Berlin. From then on her progress was kaleidoscopic—as Imogene Wilson, as Imogene Robertson, finally as Mary Nolan of the films. Her attack on the cinema came from the European front, where as Imogene Robertson she played the finally triumphant blonde in fourteen Ufa films. Her American films include *West of Zanzibar* with Lon Chaney and *Desert Nights* with John Gilbert. Her next picture is *Mlle. Cayenne*

Carnival

In Which a Young American Painter Achieves Two Unexpected Conquests, and in the Same Family

By CLAUDE ANET

HE knew no one at Nice, but as the Blue Train smartly disposed of him on the station platform, there was no loneliness in his heart. He was young, single, and American. What did it matter that he was alone? For the streets before him were avenues of delight, and in the perfect sky, small white clouds moved slowly, as if to dim and lovely music, a secret melody that sang in the first deep breaths that he drew of the glittering air, and pulled his feet dancing down the pathways of adventure. What did it matter that he knew no one? For it was Carnival time, with friends at the end of every confetti-ribbon, and a lovely promise behind each mask.

He left his luggage at the hotel, and signed the register. The reception-clerk, with eyebrows and hands, produced those gestures of rapturous welcome by means of which, frequently applied, hotel-clerks become hotel-managers. "*M. Martin Joyce . . . mais oui, monsieur. . . .*" Martin lifted his handsome nose happily as he went out again into the smiling streets. It was improbable that this man had heard of him in Paris as a portrait-painter . . . but it was possible. Yes, it was possible. The faint music of the sky and clouds, the song of Carnival, trembled and swelled in loveliness about him as he turned toward the *Promenade des Anglais*. The air was swift, and coloured with gaiety. A woman laughed from a passing car, a small, ridiculous dog wagged his tail at him. Every step brought him nearer to . . . what? He didn't know, but to some far enchantment, some promise of happiness, of something tremendous that, here in this magic place, was going to happen to him.

IT was very pleasant to be Martin Joyce, with a studio in Paris, his heart in the heavens and his footsteps quick and eager in the paths of Carnival. It was pleasant to be alone—although that, his companions at the *Dôme* had insisted with wide gestures, was carrying eccentricity to a formidable extent. There were so many amiable and lovely ladies of his acquaintance, they pointed out . . . ladies whose amiability, upon hearing of his proposed journey, had alarmingly crystallized into a passionate resolve to go with him. But Martin had laughed and waved his hand—and gone alone. And now he wanted to drift in the coloured waters of Carnival, he wanted to blow up balloons, lemon and scarlet and sea-green, until they burst, he wanted to laugh and kiss a thousand charming women, he wanted to dance. . . .

He turned, at length, into one of the palaces along the *Promenade*, and, sitting at a little table, ordered a *menthe à l'eau*. The room was long and dim, filled with a curious liquid light in which the dancing couples moving upon the floor swayed and were held in a slow translucence, like people under water. A negro jazz-band in a pink alcove disposed themselves in attitudes of frenzy, wooing from the hearts of wood and brass a mad, minor melody that closed, like a hand, around the curving bodies of the dancers.

Saint Lo-oie wo-oman
Wid her di-iamon' rings. . . .

Champagne bottles dreamed gilded dreams upon beds of crystal ice, cocktails sparkled, amber and pink, in white, sensitive fingers. Martin wanted to dance. He felt, now, a little lonely as he brushed from his coat an absurd shred of green confetti. Absurd it had been, but now it proved itself a shred of confetti whimsical to the point of madness, for instead of drifting unseen to the floor, it whirled in a freakish spiral and came to rest in a *coupe aux marrons* on the next table.

MARTIN blushed a little, for he was a not unconventional young man although an artist, and said "*Pardon, madame,*" rather hastily. But he smiled too, for it was such a perfect thing to happen at Carnival time. Where there were hearts in the clouds, Martin felt, there should be confetti in the *marrons*. And, raising his eyes to the occupants of the table, he was delighted to find that they, too, were smiling. They were two women, alone, and evidently mother and daughter, for one was already, the other still, charming. Martin noticed their hands—slender, quiet hands—and their gowns, whose crisp, gracious outlines spelled expensive but experienced tastes. Who were they? They appeared to know no one . . . and they were smiling, not at him, which would have been banal, and not at each other. But each wore a little secret air of delight, so that the song of Carnival rose high in his heart and drew his feet to their table. He bowed, introduced himself, and said, to the younger:

"Will you dance?"

Her name, she told him in a charmingly foreign kind of English, was Daisy, and he told her that she danced like a flower in a green field.

"I love," said Daisy in the clear, flat voice of extreme youth, "flowers and green fields." She raised her candid eyes to his, and, instantly, it was as though the walls of the cabaret were shattered for Martin, dissolved into aisles of enchantment where he would walk with Daisy. He held her closely, tenderly, and when the dance ended, took her back to the table where they had cocktails—*Martini sec* for Madame Vernet—that, he learned, was her name—and himself; a grenadine for Daisy who was greedy and had two, her face rising clear and happy as a bubble above each succeeding glass.

Madame Vernet spoke no English, so they talked in French, Daisy with a great many words and happy flutterings of her young hands, Martin with that enthusiasm with which the feeling of French words, high in his throat, invariably filled him. Madame Vernet scarcely spoke, but there was a tranquillity, a pure beauty in her silence that impelled him to turn to her again and again, to watch in delight the grey thoughtfulness of her eyes, the fine line of her shoulder, slim in black *marocain*, the quiet wisdom of her mouth as she smiled. The negroes, exhausted, swooned again in conclusion upon their instruments and were plaintively relieved by an Argentine orchestra whose slow, well-bred music drifted like raised eyebrows upon the scented air.

"*Madame*, will you dance this with me?" he said. Madame Vernet danced thoughtfully, beautifully, moving with a hesitant grace through the exquisite languors of the tango. . . . Older than Daisy—yes, and older than himself; but the magic that lifted his heart when he held her in his arms was older than the world, was the glamour and the beauty without which there could be no youth. His head whirled . . . he murmured, "You are divine!"

Alas, it was time to go. Would the ladies dine with him? Would they be so cruel as to leave him alone? The ladies, to their regret, were not free that evening. To-morrow? Yes, to-morrow they would be delighted to dine at a cabaret where there was dancing.

DURING the day that followed, Martin realized that he was in love. Ecstasy bound his heart in colours as bright as the ribbons of confetti that filled the streets. He loved . . . but whom? Was it Daisy? Was it Daisy's mother? To-night, perhaps, he would know. . . .

Dinner was at the *Perroquet*, at nine o'clock. All three sat on the same bench, Martin in the middle, with Madame Vernet, quiet and lovely in white satin, on his right; Daisy, joyous and golden in a frock the colour of primroses, on his left. When he talked to the daughter, it was as though he dipped his fingers in the swift, bright waters of a laughing brook; when he turned to the mother he was captured, drowned in the slow, compelling tides of the sea. With one, he forgot the other. He was enchanted with both.

He ate, he drank, watching the champagne dissolve in splinters of crystal light against the thin glass; he laughed, talked sometimes in English, sometimes in French, and, as the music wove itself into the first suave notes of a tango, he took Madame Vernet in his arms. They danced, moving slowly, perfectly, in the clouded light of the room. Her eyes were half-closed, her body as eager, as restrained, as utterly harmonious as a faint chord of the music itself. The last note, long and trembling, held them in a moment of stillness; her face was like a flower in the dimness, her mouth smiling and close to his. "Beloved . . ." he whispered. But she smiled again, and led him back to the table as the orchestra renewed itself in a burst of jazz. The moment was gone. But its echo still sang in his heart, so that he frowned absently when a voice beside him said: "This is my dance."

(Continued on page 118)

H. M. S. Bookstore

An Innocuous Operetta Suggesting a Possible Happy Ending for the Current Book-Club War

By JOHN RIDDELL *(Musical Score by Sir Arthur Sullivan)*

INASMUCH as this whole thing is an allegory, and allegories are never very easy to understand at best, it may help matters slightly if we explain right at the outset that this little playlet is an entirely innocent comment on the current War between the Book Clubs and the Book Sellers, and that its action revolves about the career of a recent deep-sea autobiography which has played a conspicuous part in that controversy. The allegory is given here exactly as presented last Saturday before the Kensico Dam at the big outdoor Strawberry Festival of the White Plains Thursday Ladies Bicycle and Whist Club, in a pouring rain.*

The plot of this allegory (call this thing an allegory once more, and we won't have anybody *reading it) is as follows: The* Five Judges *of the Literary Clubs are approached by* Little Publisher *and* June Triplett, *the Captain's Daughter. After* June *has confessed her ambition to see* Salt Water Taffy, *her autobiography, become a best seller, she and the* Judges *agree to elope from her father's ship,* H.M.S. *Bookstore. Their plot is overheard by* Dick Deadeye Colcord, *however, and he reports it to the* Captain. June's *elopement is interrupted, the* Captain *disowns his daughter as an illegitimate child, and the* Five Judges *threaten battle; but in the nick of time* Little Publisher *tactfully smoothes matters over again, and the play ends happily, especially for the audience.*

Now, have you got that right? Five Judges, June *tries to elope, interrupted by* Father, Little Publisher *smoothes things over, finale. All ready for those lights, Joe.*

SCENE: *The quarter-deck of* H.M.S. *Bookstore. Crew is busy splicing infinitives, polishing sentences, working at galleys, etc. In the centre of the deck the* FIVE JUDGES *are inspecting the work carefully.*

SONG: THE FIVE JUDGES

(Air: "I am the Captain of the Pinafore")

JUDGES: We are the Judges of the Literary Clubs!
CREW: And right good Judges, too!
JUDGES: We're really very good, but be it understood
We command a revenue!
CREW: They're really very good, but be it understood
They command a revenue!
JUDGES: Though busy filling shelves
With stuff we write ourselves
We never grudge the time that it takes
For at least a little look
Ere we pass upon a book—
And we never never make mistakes!
CREW: What, never?
JUDGES: No, never!
CREW: What, *never?*
JUDGES: Well, *hardly* ever!
CREW: They hardly ever make mistakes!
So give three cheers, and make them loud.
For the busy Judges of the Book Club crowd.
And give three cheers, and ring a little bell
For the Judges of the Guild as well.

*It was current when I wrote this, anyway.

JUDGES: But stay! *(Three members of the audience blush and return sheepishly to their seats.)* Who approaches us now with a large basket of books upon her arm?

(Enter LITTLE PUBLISHER, *with a large basket of books containing* JUNE TRIPLETT. *This might be a little difficult to explain, except for the fact that this whole thing is an allegory. Anything can happen in an allegory.)*

SONG: LITTLE PUBLISHER

(Air: "Little Buttercup")

I'm called Little Publisher, dear Little Publisher,
Though I could never tell why.
But still I'm called Publisher, poor Little Publisher,
Sweet Little Publisher, I.
I've poems, biography, foreign pornography,
Stories and plays by the score.
I've travel books, fiction (a strange contradiction),
And mystery novels galore.
I've Game Books, anthologies, Cook-Books, biologies,
Studies in Sex, and the rest.
I boost each new racket with blurbs on the jacket
And hail every book as the best.
Then buy of your Publisher, poor Little Publisher—
Dealers should never ask why.
So buy of your Publisher—wise Little Publisher—
Come, of your Publisher buy!

JUDGES: Hail, Little Publisher! Who is this lovely maiden, clad in oil-skins and sou'wester, who is clambering out of your basket and approaching us?

PUBLISHER: 'Tis June Triplett—the Captain's Daughter!

JUDGES: And what is the gay book which is under her arm?

JUNE *(demurely): Salt Water Taffy*—my autobiography!

PUBL. *(exiting with hand over face)*: Ah, that word—remorse, remorse!

JUDGES: Pray tell us, June, the origin of this interesting volume.

JUNE *(who, as a matter of fact, has already received her song cue on the piano)*: Aye!

SONG: JUNE TRIPLETT

(Air: "When I was a Lad")

When I was a girl, I stole a ride
On a Lackawanna ferry to the Jersey side.
I mingled with the crew, and I spit and I swore,
And I learned all the facts before I went ashore.
I polished those facts so carefully
That I wrote a little autobiogra-phee.

With the ferry-boat crew I made such a mark
That they took me for a row in Central Park.
I wouldn't do the nautical things they said
So they made me swim back home instead.
I swam the whole distance so easily
That I wrote a little autobiogra-phee.

The lure of the sea it called so hard
That I drifted down to Brooklyn to the Navy Yard;
I hung around the waterfront, just for a lark,
And learned about existence from a female shark.
I threw the bulwarks fast and free
So I wrote a little autobiogra-phee.

Of deep-sea knowledge I acquired such a grip
That I formed a literary partnership.
And that literary partnership, I ween,
Was the only kind of ship I ever had seen.
But I signed my name so they all could see
That it really was an autobiogra-phee.

The Book Clubs swallowed my story whole,
And I knocked all the critics for a well-known goal;
And Hollywood offered me a big advance,
And I had a dandy dinner on the *Ile de France.*
I swore at that dinner so convincingly
That they all believed my autobiogra-phee.

Now, writers all, whoever you may be,
If you plan to do a salty yarn like me;
If you've only seen the ocean from a rocking-chair
And even riding backwards gives you *mal de mer*—
Just stick to your desk, and never go to sea,
And *you* can write an autobiogra-phee.

JUDGES: My poor lass, why are you downhearted?

JUNE: Alas, I am but a poor, helpless little girl, and I love beyond my station! For my ambition lies not here, but among the ranks of the best-sellers.

JUDGES *(aside)*: I believe what she says. *(Aloud)* Come with us, my lass, and we can help you. Under our cloak we shall smuggle you into the very front ranks of the best-sellers, and there you shall find the public that you crave.

JUNE: Kind sirs, how can I ever thank you?

JUDGES: Don't mention it.

(As they exeunt happily together, DICK DEADEYE COLCORD *steps out from behind a column of print, and nods significantly to himself.)*

DICK DEADEYE COLCORD: Ah, the minx! She cannot fool me! I have overheard the facts, and I shall convey them at once to her father. But stay! The Captain himself is even now approaching.

(Enter the Captain.)

DICK: Sir!

CAPT.: What would you with me?

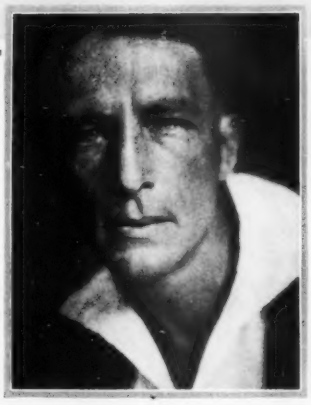
DICK *(mysteriously)*: I've come to give you warning concerning June Triplett and her reputed autobiography. Listen:

DUET: DICK DEADEYE COLCORD AND CAPTAIN

(Air: "Kind Captain, I've Important Information")

DICK: Kind Captain, I've important information.
Sing hey! This canny critic's on her tracks!
I've found some bad mistakes in navigation!
Sing hey! the careless maiden and her facts!
The careless careless maiden! The careless careless maiden!
Sing hey! the careless maiden and her facts!
CAPTAIN: Good fellow, you've my everlasting gratitude!
Sing hey! the press is hot upon her tracks!

(Continued on page 118)



COLMAN

JOSEPH MARCH

With a technique distinctively his own this young author of *The Wild Party* and *The Set-Up* has achieved in his exciting pictures of the American scene a staccato tempo and blatant colour that have made him the poetic spokesman for the youth of America

HART CRANE

As aspiring and as clear-cut as the skyscrapers of which he writes are the verses of Hart Crane whose intellectuality and sensibility, as evidenced in *White Buildings*, his last volume, have made him an acknowledged leader among the younger Americans

ROBINSON JEFFERS

The doomed nobility of Greek tragedy is powerfully reflected in the passion and terror of Robinson Jeffers' modern narratives in verse. *Roan Stallion, The Woman at Point Sur*, and *Cawdor* have identified him as one of the outstanding figures in American letters

(Left)
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

While holding a Guggenheim Fellowship this member of a literary family known as a novelist wrote the epic *John Brown's Body*, thus winning at one stroke not only selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club, but also the Pulitzer prize for poetry

(Right)
McKNIGHT BLACK

This young poet celebrates the might of America's plunging pistons, the gleam of steel, the song of turbines and dynamos. In his recent volume, *Machinery*, he has attempted to transpose the power of modern industry into the idiom of genuine poetry

FEIST

Singers of the New Age

A Group of Distinguished Young Poets Who Have Found Fresh Material in the American Scene

MACHINERY and skyscrapers, wild parties and prize fights, psychoanalysis and the Civil War and classic legend—variegated is the pattern which these outstanding young American poets weave. They have found a fertile inspiration in the kaleidoscopic vagaries of contemporary American life and a new height from which to survey the tradition and values of the past. With greater freedom in choice of subjects than the poets of old and with new theories as to manner and technique they are boldly attacking the problems, metaphysical and material, of the current American age. On this page are shown five of the truly gifted men whose verses, breaking away from the accepted pattern in both form and content, have recently won them the especial notice of the American critics and public

LEVICK

Robert T. Jones, Jr.—A Nine Time Champion

A Golfer Who Has Now Equalled, in Amateur and Open Championships, the Record of the World

AT twenty-seven, Bobby Jones has won the United States Amateur golf championship four times, the American Open three times and the British Open twice. In seven of the last eight years he has either won or been second in the American Open Championship. In the last five years, he has won the amateur four times, and was runner-up to George Von Elm in the fifth. He has won twenty-four of the last twenty-five matches in which he has taken part in this event. In the ten United States Opens in which he has played, he is thirty-nine strokes ahead of his nearest rivals, a list that includes Hagen, Sarazen, Farrell and Diegel

The Psychology of Golf in Championship Matches

Nerves and the Mental Attitude Are Strong Factors in Winning or Losing a National Championship

By ROBERT T. JONES, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article, by the National Amateur and Open Champion is published by permission of the Bell Syndicate Inc.

SUCCESS, in any important golf championship, depends a great deal upon nerves and psychology.

In order fully to appreciate what one sees from the gallery at an important championship one must try to gain an idea of what is going on in the players' minds as they are compiling their varying scores. It is difficult to guess the players' nervous and emotional upheavals which, in every tournament, really determine the result of championships. How a successful golfer, with apparent command of every shot, can suddenly break from a stride of perfect golf into a gait that just keeps step with the ladies' bogey for the course, is a wholly inexplicable matter to the onlookers.

How, for example, can anyone who has not played in an open championship find a satisfactory explanation of what happened to me at Olympia Fields, or, still worse, to Roland Hancock in the same championship? I had scored 73-71-73 for the first three rounds and was leading the field by three strokes. Beginning the last round, I had made the first five holes in one stroke under par. The course at Olympia is difficult at the start and at the finish, but fairly simple in between. So, when I holed a birdie three on the fifth green I was in a particularly happy frame of mind, for I considered my troubles were over—or at least until the fourteenth hole. But, suddenly, everything which had been going so smoothly began to go quite the other way. A five on the par three sixth hole was followed, at the seventh, by a badly hooked drive which came to rest immediately behind an evil looking tree. I am sure no one in the crowd could to any extent appreciate my feelings as I looked at that ball. To those who had played enough golf to understand the possibilities of the situation it must have appeared that I had only a chip to safety, an iron to the green and two putts for a five. That, with the five on the preceding hole, would wipe out the lead which I had held at the beginning of the round; but, unless some other player became inspired, there was still no chance of my being worse than even with my closest pursuer.

BUT one loses all sense of proportion in these golf tournaments. For the moment the whole world seems to hold together only upon the hope of winning the championship. I saw, instead of the five which should have been quite attainable, all the terrible things which might happen to me. I felt as though the bottom had dropped out of everything and that there was no need to struggle on. As a result of that attitude of mind, my prospective five turned into a six and, at each of the next three holes I tossed away another stroke before I could recover any semblance of balance.

Senseless though it may be, this panic or despondency plays a most important part in tournament golf. No player ever collapses because he forgets—all of a sudden—how to use his clubs. Sometimes the untoward incident which kindles the fire is trivial enough, but, when aided by a vivid imagination, it quickly gains sufficient proportions to stampede the already overwrought nerves. To crack under the stress of such a situation is always humiliating.

So, any man who aspires to win a golf championship (when confronted by competition as keen as it is today) must look to it that he has the ability to play under heavy tension. There are few strains in sport so wearing as the three day grind of an open golf championship—it proved a four day event this year at Winged Foot—and he who would win one must make up his mind that he must take many jolts and suffer many bitter disappointments without losing his heart or his head.

ALL of which leads up to this: What is the ingredient that makes one man succeed in championships, where another, apparently as well equipped, must fail? Walter Hagen's tremendous competitive success has been generally attributed to an ability to remain perfectly relaxed in situations which rend the nerves of others. I believe that to be true in Hagen's case, but Hagen is a wholly unique player. In the first place he is a whole lot better shot maker than persons of the outside believe him to be. Some people would have you believe that he habitually plays all over the golf course, saving himself, in the end, by a brilliant recovery shot or a long putt. They have heard so much about this kind of thing that they think it is all that the man does. But any of the pros, or the amateurs who have played with him, will tell you a totally different story. They will tell you that there are few men who understand the golf stroke so well, or who can so exactly appraise the possibilities—and the dangers—of a particular shot. In other words he can not only play the shots but he can keep a marvelously level head while playing them. He is the kind of man who can play the game thoughtfully and carefully and at the same time play it with spirit. He can afford to be perfectly relaxed where others cannot.

But, Hagen to the contrary, by far the greater number of the competitors in a championship will be found to be nervous rather than phlegmatic individuals. The difference between those that succeed and those that fail is only in the manner in which their nervousness affects them. The question is, is it the nervousness which keys one up to the pitch of inspiration, or is it the shattering kind known as "buck ague"? In either case the man with the sounder swing, well-grooved by habit, has a tremendous advantage. If his nerves happen to key him up, his concentration improves to such an extent that he can play golf quite beyond what is apparently his ability. But the fellow with the fast backswing or other radically wrong idiosyncrasy had best look out, for his is a method which wants constant watching. For him there is always danger, when the nerves are tense, for a slight relaxation of vigilance may be all that is needed to precipitate disaster.

I have noted an odd thing about my own tournament game which has been particularly noticeable during the past several years. When I first began to play tournament golf it didn't bother me, for then I didn't think very much about how I played the various shots. In the manner of youth I simply hit the ball and hoped for the best. But, of late years, like so many other golfers, I have been continually tinkering with my game during the off season. Each week, or month, or year, I think I have discovered just why my irons or my pitches or my whatnots have been going so badly. And usually, in practice, I find that the new idea works fairly well. But in championships, as soon as the going becomes hard, and when I am a stroke or two behind, I forget my new found theories and go right back into my old and long tried method.

I seem unable to perform the new trick so well that it takes the place of the old habit.

When issues become important, there appears nothing so safe as a well tried horse.

A championship of any kind is about as uncertain a thing as any mortal event can be, but the most startling phase of tournament play is certainly the match play side of it.

A MEDAL play competition is not quite so bad, for there the few favorites are rarely upset by an outsider. But at match play anything can happen—and usually does. On one particular day, for one particular round, there are dozens of men in any field capable of upsetting the best man in the lot. Once any good player is put "on the run" the chances are that he will not be able to recover before it is too late.

There is an old saying that the man two down with three to play always wins the match. That "always" is the only catch to the adage, for in many matches, the man who is three down with three to play also wins the match. Roland MacKenzie at Merion in 1924 (eight down with fourteen to play) was an historic figure when he overcame a lead of just that much against George Von Elm.

That contest has always stood out in my mind as a notable illustration of what can happen in a golf match. Von Elm, in that tournament, was playing the best golf he had shown up to that time and he started off as though he would eat MacKenzie alive. Roland was very young then and not as well known as he is today. So, when the match passed the twenty-second hole with Von Elm eight up, no one could be blamed for counting MacKenzie definitely out of it. But something happened about that time that built a fire under Roland and George came perilously close to being singed. Holes began to slip away from George a good bit faster than he

(Continued on page 120)

Mother Volstead's Chickens

A Sympathetic Inquiry Into Why Drinking Americans Broach the Synthetic Vintages of 1929

By DAVID CORT

ANY defense of that grotesque nightmare, the drinking manners and habits of America today, must rest its case on the elemental and known fact of what Americans drink. Why they drink it, is another matter. But the contents of the American wassail bowl are all too easily ascertainable. It is true that an amount, impressive in round numbers, of good champagne, Scotch, liqueurs and brandies comes annually into the United States from foreign countries, but most of it goes to that negligible minority of the rich and old who can afford to cultivate a fastidious palate. The remainder goes into the American liquor factories where it is used to flavour the native synthetic products, to add an aroma of courtliness to their bodies of grain alcohol.

In the vast generality these syntheses are contrived of an alcohol that is not necessarily harmful to the human system, that is, ethyl or grain, as opposed to the deadly methyl or wood alcohol.

But it is probably safe to say that of all these genuine and quasi-genuine masterpieces hardly one half so much goes down the collective American gullet as of that one great national beverage, synthetic bootleg gin: 40 per cent alcohol, 60 per cent pure water, three drops of essence of juniper. The several million young men and the million or two young women, by whom the new American tradition of drinking is now being birthed, have found the solution of their problem, which is, very simply, gin.

IN gin we come to the beginning and end of American drinking. Gin has become a formidable institution, like democracy and the hot-dog stand, that everybody can understand. Gin rarely betrays the simple faith that is reposed in it. Everybody knows how it is made, can make it himself. The bootlegger doesn't want to kill off his customers and attract official attention, so he might just as well make it non-poisonous and use grain alcohol instead of wood. With gin you can see the machinery. Gin is the symbol. Or, more properly stated, since no one drinks for the sake of the 60 per cent of water or the three drops of essence of juniper, grain alcohol, the essential ingredient, is the symbol. Now you know. That is what the young American drinks and it's not a question of its killing him. He proposes to grow fat on it for an indefinite time to come.

It is not a matter of the grape, the hop, the Irish potato, or the essential virtue of any sunripened fruit or vegetable or any potable distilled derivative of fruit or vegetable. It is a matter of the essential virtue of grain alcohol among whose properties is that of paralyzing the frontal lobes of the human brain with neatness and despatch when taken internally.

Thus the American people has shown again its power to strike down through pretentious illusions to basic principles, for the fact does remain that the oldest and best bottle of Bourbon whisky, if re-distilled a given number of times, would finally yield a liquor that would be nothing but grain alcohol. Everything that gave it its pomp and glory might have been distilled out of it, but at its heart there would remain pure grain alcohol. One must give it its due. But if it is drunk largely and regularly enough, it deposits ulcers in the subject's stomach and actually physically frays the ends of his nerves.

Gentlemen, I give you grain alcohol.

One is unable to say what earlier generations and other lands asked of their liquor, but the young American sits down to drink in one of a given range of moods. The routine of his life is not ordinarily ornamented by the amenities that obtain in wine-drinking countries, the escape of whiskey-drinking countries, or the neighbourliness of beer-and-ale drinking countries. He is not old enough to have submitted as yet to the religion of solid comfort, of property and the solaces of respectability. For vague psychological reasons that have been variously attributed to post-war neuroses, the machine-age, the airplane, the radio and the uneasiness that goes with the knowledge that there is now a fourth dimension (reasons, however, that are not at all clear to him), the young man has come to expect of life some excitement. Well, in the unaided course of events he doesn't get it. He is not a unit in a really cultivated society; the joys of art, literature, music and the formal social amenities mean little or nothing to him. He wants to get his hands on the throat of some Ultimate Good that gives more tangible satisfaction than any of these.

FURTHERMORE, he lives in the Twentieth Century, in the United States of America, and probably in a city, and all three of these are institutions of an impersonal and irritable cast. In the city he has no way of discharging in excessive physical exercise the mental and nervous poisons that cities stimulate in their citizens. And a city is normally honeycombed with loneliness, secret motives, intimations of sudden, sidelong force and guile, not conducive to the serene and balanced flowering of unattached young citizens. And the Twentieth Century in the United States has for its chief intellectual benefaction to the young, the Eighteenth Amendment and Prohibition. The very conception of Prohibition represents a violence of absolute denial that is spiritually absolute, but its application has raised an industry—the bootlegging industry—that finds its chief field of operations in the cities and that is itself the apotheosis of violence.

That is the world the young American now lives in and he observes of what ungraciousness this society is made up. He does not consciously analyze it, he does not consciously become aware of any organized campaign of suppression beyond the simple *Noli tangere* of the Volstead Act. But he feels the beginnings of a sense of impotence, of anger, of reciprocal violence. By whatever mysterious operations of vague forces of suggestion and the indefinable mood of the era in which he lives, he is prepared, at the drop of a hat, to go out and get drunk. His excuse for dropping the hat may consist of any rationalization or precipitating pretext whatsoever. He may say that he drinks because there isn't anything better to do. Or because a wedding or a football game or a pay-cheque or an unfortunate love-affair gives him a passable excuse for drinking. Or he drinks because there is someone to drink with, or merely because someone has spoken the magic *sesame* "Let's have a drink."

Anyway, the moment the idea is expressed, he is stimulated. He does not know quite what he expects, but at once the impossible and fabulous begin to seem potentially imminent. Perhaps he begins to feel the awakening of his own potentialities. All kinds of currents are started in him, anticipations, trains of suggestion, the recollections of the thousand preceding festivals on which he has engaged. Throughout the arrangements which he and his fellows initiate at once toward the end of diminishing the world's supply of grain alcohol, he is gay, the world is not absolutely a dud, and he suddenly has a lot to say.

The liquor he drinks is not necessarily unpalatable. American bootleggers, anyone, in fact, can now produce a synthetic gin whose rawness can be withheld from the palate by highball and cocktail combinations. And, despite the occasional epidemics of wood alcohol deaths, a comparatively small proportion of the liquor available is killing or maiming. But the young man usually obtains a passable beverage. And, as he raises it to his lips and as it passes down his throat, he is charged with a strange, indefinite excitement. He is relaxed but he has a sense of power. In one sudden convulsion he is on top, and life is underneath. "O, Business, where is thy sting," he cries, and drinks again.

THIS primary elation is of course gradually dispersed. If he is really a drinker of the new school he cannot prolong his drink and he cannot wait very long between drinks. Every glass becomes a conquest. He is going on, the race is to the guzzler. Where is the next obstacle? Meanwhile he is talking well, and vehemently. Perhaps the air of the gathering is one of sharp joviality. But it is more probable that there will be an undertone of suppressed irascibility; unaccountable veiled antipathies will form. As the frontal lobes of the brain become increasingly paralyzed through the operation of the alcohol, the intellectual gaming becomes heavier, the eyes of the subject half-close, the conversation centers on three or four basic subjects and consists very largely of oaths, wagers, and exaggerations. Sooner or later there is probably a fight. And by the time the drinkers rise from the board and venture out into

(Continued on page 128)

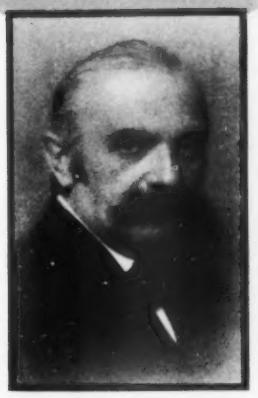
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

BECK & MACGREGOR

VIRGINIA WOOLF

Because she is the first woman of English letters; because despite the fact that her style is advanced and her subject matter recondite, she has become a popular novelist; because her hobby is printing and typography; because she has exerted a tremendous influence on her fellow writers, and finally because *Orlando* has made her a favourite with the public as well as with the intelligentsia

ELMAIN—DÜSSELDORF



JOSEF ROSENSTOCK

Because, although he is in his early thirties, he is one of the outstanding operatic conductors of Europe; because he has been *Generalmusikdirektor* at Wiesbaden and assistant at Dresden; because his style is dynamic and his personality Viennese, and finally because he comes to the Metropolitan Opera House next season as conductor of the German repertoire succeeding Artur Bodanzky

STEICHEN

(Above)

SIL-VARA

Because his play *Caprice*, this season provided the Lunts with a vehicle for their divers talents; because he began his career as London correspondent for the *Neue Freie Presse;* because in Austria he is regarded as the chief authority on England and the most prolific translator of English works; because he was once a diplomat, and finally because he recently paid a visit to America

(Centre)

DR. JULIUS TANDLER

Because he is the greatest anatomist in Central Europe and at the same time an influential political figure; because he instituted the public health and housing reforms in Vienna; because he was a member of the first post-Imperial cabinet; because he is a power in the Viennese government and a professor at the University, and finally because he has just visited America professionally

KING VIDOR

Because he is a moving picture director who is not afraid of revolutionary methods; because he began as a scenario writer and made his first film of the troops marching into Galveston; because if he is the first to start a film fashion he is also the first to drop it, and finally because since *The Big Parade* he has continued to experiment and to hold his place as one of the foremost of film directors

When Freak Meets Freak

An Inquiry Into Goulashes at Contract, and Their Mathematical and Psychological Significance

By SIDNEY S. LENZ

THE Goulash adjunct to Contract has ceased to be a wild scramble with high premiums to the best guessers. No need to guess when the student is able accurately to locate a goodly percentage of the cards before a single bid has been made. In the endeavour to obtain freakish and unusual hands, a deal at Contract that has been passed without a bid, is redealt as a Goulash. Each hand is arranged in suits and the cards placed for the redeal with the dealer's at the bottom, third-hand next, then second and first hands. The cards are not shuffled, but are cut by the player to the right and dealt five at a time for two rounds and three at a time for the last round.

It apparently never occurred to the rule-makers that certain mathematical minds would be able to figure out the location of the cards held on the original deal, or that the player who cut the cards could manage so that his partner received certain honour cards.

Let us say that you are seated to the right of the dealer and all hands pass. You hold a worthless hand, aside from the Ace and King of Spades which you quite naturally place uppermost on the heap, when the cards are stacked for the redeal.

It does not require a master-mind to know, that after the second and first hand is replaced the 27th and 28th cards from the top should be two very nice cards for the partner to get. Fortunately the onerous duty of cutting falls to you and, more or less by chance, you happen to cut just a bit above the center of the pack. Curiously enough, the first five cards dealt go to your partner and, lo and behold—he receives the self-same Ace and King of Spades that graced your hand on the original deal!

WHEN the expert is able to remember the entire thirteen cards he originally held, together with the order of their arrangement as replaced in the pack, then he is in a position to perform seeming miracles. About 91 percent of the times, the redeal will give him one or more of the cards held at first.

Receiving but one repeater, it must necessarily be the card that was either the top or bottom one of his previous hand.

Knowing the two of Clubs was my bottom card and recognizing it as my only friend to pay me a return visit, I am immediately aware that on my right will be found the five cards placed above the two, the next five cards will be with my partner and the Ace and King of Spades, the cards placed on top, will be with the dealer. Of course, some of the situations are much more complicated, but a little study will produce a formula that will simplify matters.

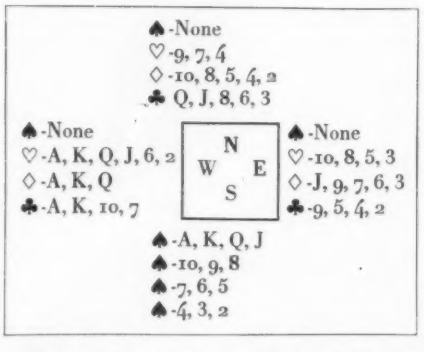
It might appear that on the few occasions when no repeaters are held, the statistical fiend is helpless, but not so. If the three-card allotments attack the specific hand, the original holder cannot be void. On the five-carders, fifteen cards may be dealt to the other players, which may include all the cards of the "counting" hand and thereby void it. In this situation, either three, four, or five of the top cards must be on the left and the balance in rotation. Of course, with dummy exposed, all thirteen cards are definitely marked.

To take advantage of this knowledge may seem unethical, or even dishonest—but is it? It requires considerable study, excellent memory and intense concentration to obtain practical results and in many instances a good card-player will receive repeaters in a Goulash deal, that he must remember holding on the original deal. If he can automatically place certain important cards in the other three hands, should he take advantage of it or ask for a new deal? At some clubs, Goulashes are now taboo, because of these untoward revelations and at others, the Goulash hands are arranged by an outside player at another table. The practice of exchanging four cards with the partner is also indulged in, but when a player holds almost a perfect hand it is like sacrilege to exchange good cards for bad. A remedy that would do away with practically all of the trouble, would be to have the Goulash cards cut by each player, with the last cut in three heaps, the original top portion being replaced in the middle of the deck.

THIS procedure would have no effect on freak distributions, but the earnest counter would be thrown for a loss. In addition, after the Goulash hand is dealt, each player, before looking at his cards, should be required to shuffle them. If a player can locate the cards after all this, he is assuredly entitled to the information he obtains.

Most Contract-players are agreed that Goulashes are far too good fun to cut them out entirely. Without this side-show, what chance has the ordinary mortal of getting into the "perfect-hand" class?

A Goulash "thirteener," that was messed up by thoughtless bidding, was recently dealt at a local Club.



West was the dealer and bid two Hearts. This Demand bid compelled the partner to keep the bidding alive and he responded with three Hearts, although two No Trumps is considered the conventional reply, to show a trickless hand. While East's hand apparently is pretty good in support of partner's Heart bid, its quick-trick value is nil. South, almost overcome, gasped seven Spades, and West shrewdly bid seven No Trumps. On the six of Clubs opening, the contract was made, although it would have been defeated one trick, if North had led the high Club. Of course, South left himself open to exactly what happened.

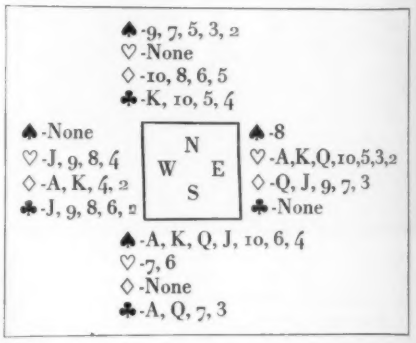
He acclaims to the world that he holds an invincible hand, which, after the adverse bidding must consist of all the Spades. North, not holding a Spade to lead, permits West to save a Grand Slam at a nominal loss, even if the worst happens, and a good chance of fulfilling his contract.

South's best bet would have been to bid six Spades. It is almost certain that he will either be doubled or the adversaries will bid seven Hearts. Then the seven Spade bid will appear like a gamble for one trick, but the error of redoubling the double should not be made.

AT any rate, with a missing Spade apparently out, an adverse No Trump bid would seem suicidal and Mr. South would have had the supreme thrill of playing a perfect hand, nicely doubled, and trumping the first trick with the Ace of Spades.

The swing that can be made on a single hand at Contract is almost incredible.

At a duplicate match played in the Contract Bridge Club of New York, the following deal was responsible for much gnashing of teeth.



As a Goulash deal, South preëmpted with four Spades, West and North passed, but East ventured five Hearts. The lure of the 150 honours was too much for South and he bid five Spades, West called six Hearts, North went six Spades and East bid seven Hearts. At this point South doubled, but North took out the double with seven Spades, which West, in turn, doubled. South, sensing that his partner was void of Hearts, redoubled and made his contract. If West had opened his least likely suit, the Club, it would have defeated the hand by East making his one trump.

At the second table, the bidding was similar except that East obtained the contract at seven Hearts, doubled. Of course, there was no way that the Heart contract could be defeated and the scores made by the respective partners, both sides vulnerable, was 3190 points by North-South at table one and 2620 by East-West at table two.

On this one deal the swing was the amazing total of 5810 points!

The Well-Dressed Woman Goes Hunting

Mornings at the Lodge Imply Activity and Clothes That Are Sturdily Smart

WEEK-ENDS at Constance's hunting lodge in North Carolina are invariably tumultuous affairs because of the great rivalry that exists to see who can stay up latest at night and get up at six the next morning with the clearest head for the hunt. It is now nine o'clock and Constance, in the doorway, and Marianne, behind her, have just returned from a wildly exciting and ultimately successful ride to hounds, looking, oddly enough, surprisingly fresh and still vigorous. Their appearance may be due in part to the utter smartness of their clothes, for Constance is wearing a dark grey Melton coat, canary Bedford cord breeches, smooth black boots, and the inevitable black bowler and white stock; habit from Alfred Nelson. Marianne, who exercises her divine right of femininity, would not venture near a horse in anything other than a side-saddle habit. This one, of country cloth, has the usual divided skirt and is accompanied by tan boots and a black bowler; from Nardi. Brigit, languidly smoking a cigarette, won last night's bridge game and arose only early enough to drive to the station and collect her young man (beside her) with the mail, in order that, later on, they might try a bit of shooting. She wears a smart suit of rough Scotch tweed—a double-breasted coat, a skirt with two heavy crêpe de-Chine-lined openings, and a thick woollen sweater, warm enough to keep out the dank chill of the forest; from Mary King

Aircraft for Land and Water Takeoffs

Large and Small Amphibions to Solve the Airport Problem for Sportsmen and Summer Commuters

THE amphibion, which according to the most modern spelling and dictionary definition is an airplane constructed to arise from and alight on either land or water, is finally beginning to receive the attention justified by its varied utility and high factors of safety. The ideal type of plane for the sportsman, and for many commercial operations as well, it is difficult to understand why its development, save in a few rare instances, has been so generally neglected.

Its range of safe operation is greater than that of either land plane or flying boat, for it is a combination of both. Every square mile of water is its airdrome, as is every inland airport. If you will consider the fact that almost all important American cities are immediately adjacent to navigable water, it becomes obvious that the amphibion offers a logical solution to the troublesome landing field problem.

You can, to give a single instance, go from New York to Boston by amphibion in two hours less time than by a landplane of equal speed, for the very simple reason that the Hudson River and Boston waterfront are a combined two hours nearer to the centres of these two cities than their most easily accessible airports. In addition, the amphibion can fly to and from hundreds of inland lakes and rivers in localities where landing fields are non-existent or practically impossible to build.

Naturally this sort of transportation offers tremendous possibilities to the vacationist, commuter or business man who is interested in conserving his time. By amphibion, New York is a mere two hours from Lake George; four hours from Bar Harbor; an hour from Southampton or Sag Harbor. From Chicago to Mackinaw is a three hour flight. Two hours will take you from Cleveland to Toronto. Three hours after leaving St. Paul you may land in Canada on Lake of the Woods—or any one of a hundred other lakes.

The choice of amphibions of proven performance and reliability is somewhat limited. By the end of the year there will be perhaps double the present number of models in production but at the moment the prospective owner must choose from not more than a dozen or fifteen available types.

Outstanding among dependable amphibions is the twin-motored creation of the astute Russian designer and builder, Mr. Igor Sikorsky. His very efficient ships are being widely adopted by sportsmen as well as many leading commercial lines, including Pan-American Airways and Western Air Express. The Navy has also endorsed their fine qualities by placing a large order for ships to be used for general transportation purposes.

The Sikorsky is a sesqui-plane type, which means that it has a large upper wing and a greatly reduced lower wing. The hull is a modified flying boat type, to which the rudder and elevator control surfaces are attached by uniquely devised outriggers and braces. The whole design, in fact, shows marked originality and freedom from orthodox practices.

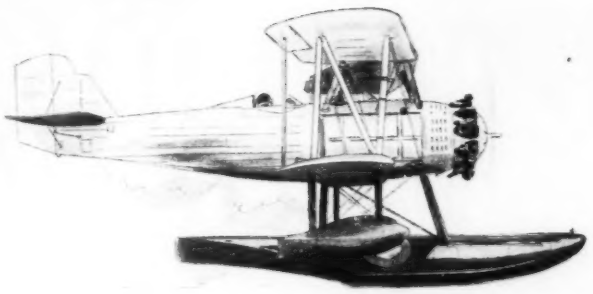
The plane is powered with two Pratt & Whitney 425 horsepower Wasp engines and tests have fully demonstrated its ability to fly successfully with only one motor in operation. Its high speed is 125 miles an hour and its service ceiling 20,000 feet, which enables it to cruise as easily from New York to San Francisco as from Miami to Havana. Eight passengers and a crew of two is normal capacity but two additional passengers may be readily accommodated. The cabin arrangements are most comfortable and in several planes delivered to private owners have been quite luxurious.

The list price of the Sikorsky is $56,800, with complete equipment including everything

(Continued on page 123)

IRELAND NEPTUNE

This Ireland Neptune, with a new Wright J-6 300 h.p. engine, will do 105 miles per hour. It is also designed for the Wasp motor. Four passengers and a pilot is its capacity and its ceiling is 12,000 feet. The price is approximately $27,000, depending on the motor



VOUGHT CORSAIR

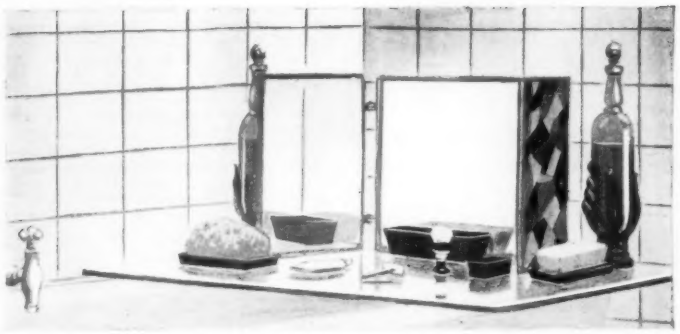
A Pratt & Whitney Wasp motor gives this Vought Corsair a speed of 147 miles per hour and a landing speed of 50 miles per hour. It is a two-seater with an open cockpit and is used in the Navy and Marine Corps as an observation plane. It will fly as high as 22,900 feet. The average price—$18,000

SIKORSKY AMPHIBION

Two Pratt & Whitney 425 h.p. engines give this Sikorsky amphibion a high speed of 125 miles per hour. It can fly on one of these. Sesqui-plane type—large upper wing and reduced lower wing—it will carry eight passengers and a crew of two. Its service ceiling is 20,000 feet. Completely equipped, this largest plane of its type is available for $56,800

SAVOIA-MARCHETTI

This little Savoia-Marchetti has a cruising speed of 90 miles per hour with a Kinner 90 h.p. radial motor. A three-seater, open cockpit type, light in weight, and with responsive controls, it is an excellent plane for training or sport flying. It has landed, without mishap, on the ground, directly on the keel of its hull —a remarkable feat attesting its sturdiness



FOR SHAVING

For the man who shaves while soaking in his tub, a plate-glass shelf can be placed over the end of the tub with the accessories on it

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

The Foundations of a Man's Wardrobe and the Luxuries That Are Really Necessities

MORE than half of everybody's budget today—men and women alike—is spent on things we rarely see, on the upkeep of the things that are the foundation of all luxury. Without this foundation, the modern well-dressed individual cannot possibly keep up with present standards of living. The dark blue suit of the smartly turned-out man in town is only one of many that hang in the cupboard, and the neat pair of well-polished shoes, likewise, comes from a large stock of the same type of things, all representing a considerable expenditure—yet we do not notice these until they have outlived their usefulness and the suits look shabby and the shoes worn and neglected. Clothes which do not "rest" between wearing, no matter how carefully cared for, take on a shabby look.

These are the clothes to wear outside one's particular sanctum, but what about the things on the inside that the world never sees—the personal accessories of the bath and dressing-room which, in this age of luxury, are a very important consideration? In fact, the real luxuries of life start with the bath and the dressing-room, such as pyjamas, robes of towelling, woolly dressing-gowns for cold weather, foulard dressing-gowns for travelling and summer wear, bedroom slippers and lounging slippers, travelling rugs that between journeys are thrown over the end of a sofa or a bed, and the countless personal toilet accessories.

The ideal things of this description are the practical things. Many a gaudy novelty in the way of a flowered silk dressing-gown is useless from the point of view of real comfort (and therefore real luxury), for the day of lounging about in an ornate silk robe is as out of tune with present-day life as the flowered silk waistcoat of our great-grandfathers. Instead, the well-dressed counterpart of the dandy of that day would probably be found wearing a dressing-gown of jersey in winter, and in summer one of *crêpe* silk or foulard, or, most practical of all, a robe of towelling in which he can sit about over the newspaper and morning coffee and also wear when shaving and making his toilet. In fact, this robe is the most practical accessory of the dressing-room. Of the better types of pyjamas, the two illustrated here are most practical, for they eliminate the necessity for buttons. One has the slip-on upper, which is extremely comfortable, and the other has a coat, without buttons, which wraps around, held by a sash.

BUTTONLESS

A coat-pyjama, without buttons, that is held together by a sash in the manner of a dressing-gown is shown here in the sketch above

DRESSING-GOWN

This dressing-gown is made of towelling and is most practical since it cannot be soiled seriously by toilet things and may be washed

PULL-OVER

The pull-over pyjama with a "V" neck and sash that ties at the waist has dark piping against a light ground as shown in the sketch above

JULIENNE

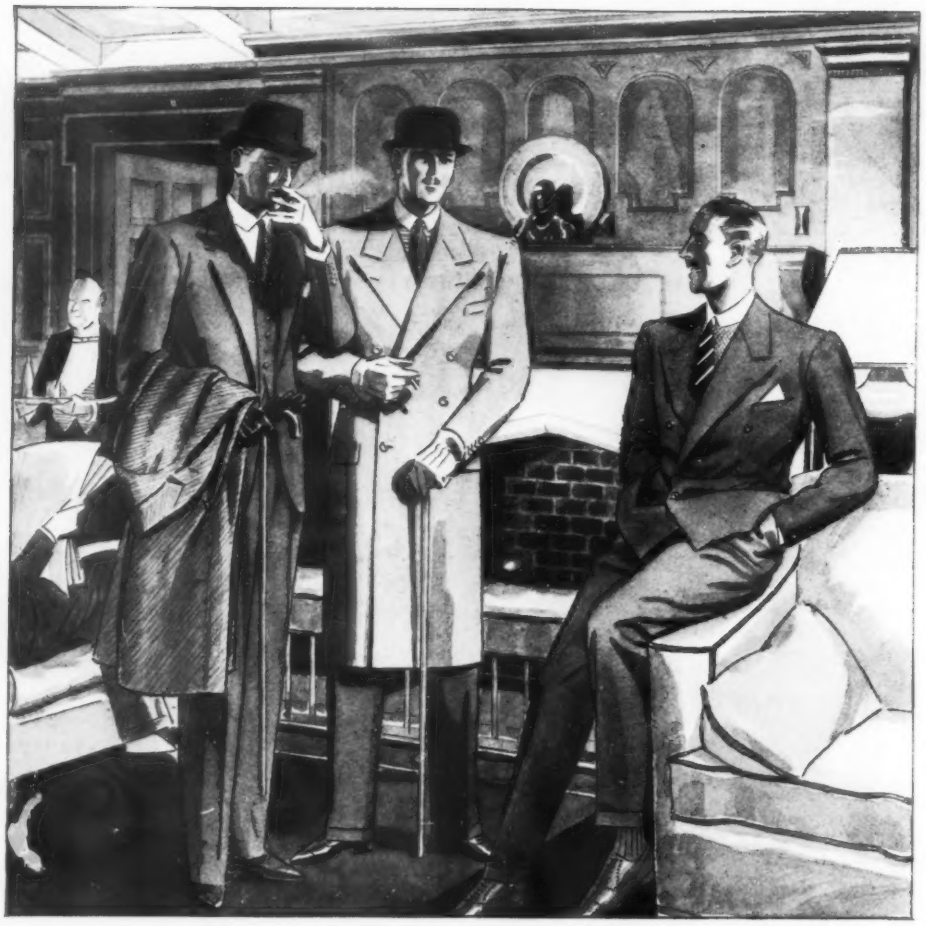
for the hostess who delights in the recherché!

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

by Campbell's famous chefs

Julienne is to be placed among those rare delights of the table that you instinctively associate with the menu of the connoisseur. A banquet soup of exquisite clarity and delicacy of flavor, Campbell's French chefs take a special pride in creating it to a true perfection. The broth of choicest beef is clarified to a beautiful amber. Blended with this are Chantenay carrots, white turnips, snow-white celery, Savoy cabbage and leek, all daintily shredded. Whole small peas, aromatic herbs, spices and seasoning lend their charm to eye and taste. Your grocer has it or will be glad to get it for you on request. 12 cents a can.

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY



FOR TOWN

Three figures showing the current fashions. At the left, a suit with a single-breasted jacket and the smart notched lapel. The centre figure wears a covert cloth topcoat. And at the right, a suit with a double-breasted jacket—dark blue-grey

For the Well-Dressed Man

New Fashions Take the Place of Old in the Autumn Wardrobe of Our Smartly Dressed Man

AUTUMN will soon be at hand and we must see that our town clothes are in order. Suits and topcoats that have become a bit shabby must give way to newer ones. The bright colours of summer sports things must be replaced by the more sombre things for autumn and winter in town. Trim waistcoats take the place of soft woollen sweaters, and easy-fitting tweed and flannel jackets are supplanted by worsteds tailored with greater formality.

There is always the temptation for a man to try to carry through into his strictly town clothes some of the brightness and informality of the things he wears in the country, but, except for one or two suits that are appropriate in either place, his town lounge suits should be distinctly different. The difference between the two types is almost as great as that between day and evening clothes.

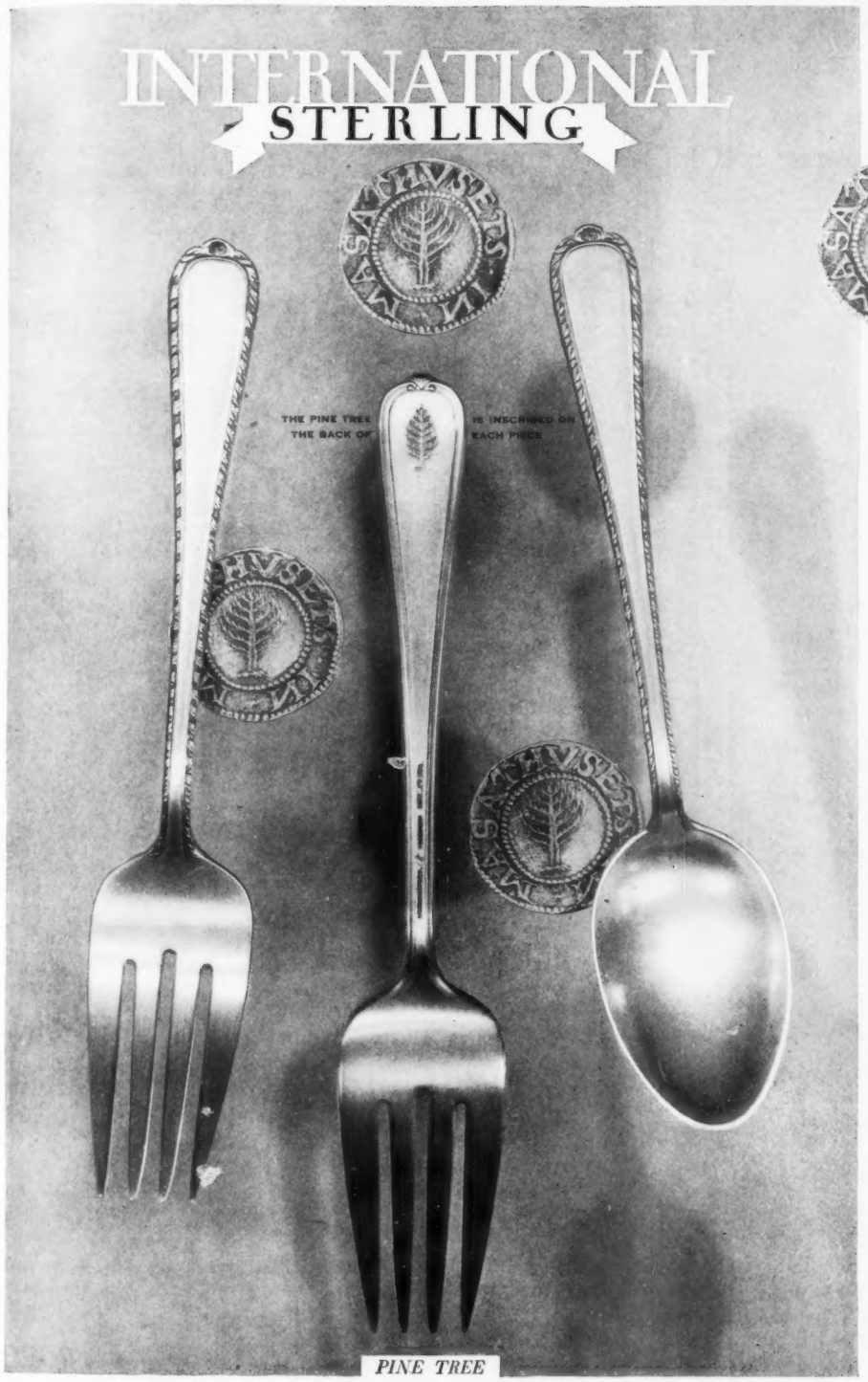
Colour should be used subtly in the one type, whereas it may be quite bold in the other. Nothing must be obvious, and with town clothes the silhouette, line, and small details are most important, since the colours are so dark and subdued. Shirts and cravats that contrast with suits are always preferable to matching colours, but they must be carefully combined and extremely unobstrusive. This season, off-shades of colour are smart, for example, rather flat tones of grayish-blues and greenish-blues. With suits of this sort, the cravat should have the same ground colour in a slightly darker or lighter shade, but with a neat, almost indefinable pattern in red, or white, or some other contrasting colour.

MODERN DESIGNS

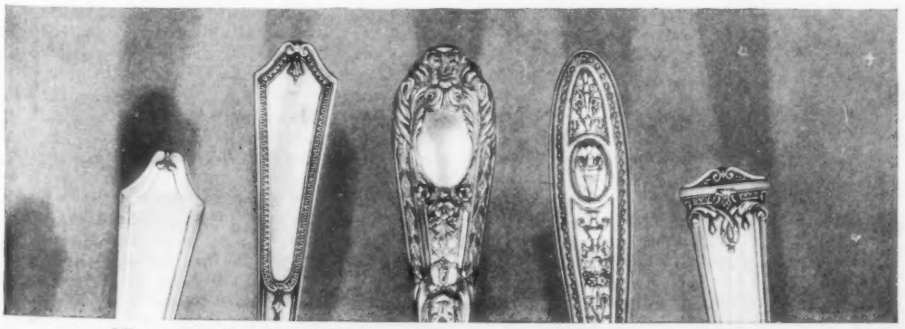
These sketches show some of the more striking designs in modern French jewelry; from Paul Brandt. Gaily coloured enamels are used in all of these and the cigarette case employs egg-shell enamel as well. The surfaces of the cuff-links, cigarette case and rings are perfectly flat, livened by the colours

Instead of the clear-faced materials that were fashionable last autumn, well-turned-out men will wear the softer cloths that drape more easily, and by their texture give what little colour they have a flat appearance. Plain colours are exceptionally smart, and pattern is confined to self-checks, diamond weaves, and the like, all of which are indistinct.

Suits with double-breasted jackets are particularly smart this season. The new line calls for broader lapels and a slight curve at the lapel edge. Single-breasted jackets will have notched lapels which have a small opening at the notch. This is effected by extending the collar piece rather than raising the line of the lapel. Longer jackets are coming into fashion, and with this greater length, a single vent or two vents at either side of the skirt are necessary for comfort.



PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND, THEN CHOOSE!



FINE ARTS DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

Once upon a time,

the primitive image of the pine tree marked America's first silver coin as sterling

How quaint . . . to find that the Pine Tree Shilling inspired today's most interesting design in solid silver!

And . . . linking the new with the old . . . on the back of each piece is a reproduction of the pine tree which appeared on that historic old coin . . . a symbol that still says, "Here is silver that is worthy—solid—genuine through and through."

"Once upon a time—" Any hostess who possesses Pine Tree will delight in relating its story to her guests.

6 teaspoons in this gracious pattern are but $11. Or twenty-six pieces—an excellent foundation set—cost but $73.35. Matching hollow-ware—tea and dinner service—is to be had in Pine Tree, and in other International Sterling patterns.

* * *

What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with pieces and prices on each. Modern table settings are charmingly pictured.

With it will come the PINE TREE booklet, giving PINE TREE's charming history. Send 30c—a fraction of their actual cost—for both.

V. F. 9-29

INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Meriden, Conn.

Enclosed is 30c, for which please send me "Correct Table Silver" and PINE TREE booklet.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Distinguished

SUMMER CLOTHES

FOR

Town and Resort Wear

THE *correct interpretation of styles worn at the American and continental summer social capitals are represented in our gentlemen's clothes, tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman*

Suits of flannel and tropical worsteds for town wear; light-weight suits of gabardine, shetlands, llamas; linen suits, sports coats and flannel trousers for country and resort wear; accessories for tennis and beach wear in complete assortments styled to meet the requirements of prominent sportsmen and university men

1929 GOLF BOOKLET IN COLOR
MAILED ON REQUEST

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

On Not Knowing America

(Continued from page 55)

be treated as man to man. "*Well, boys,*" . . . that's how I have got to begin. That was the way that Count Bernstorff always began. "Well, boys, here I am, and fire away." "Fire away," is it? or "Fire ahead"? The latter would be better, it is a mistake to begin being American at the start. I sit there, pondering on these things, being brisk with myself, avoiding all appearance in my rehearsal of that English drawl which so offends the impatient American brain. "Well boys, see here, I'm not what you might call . . ." Yes, that is much better. A tap at my cabin door. "*Vous ne descendez pas, Monsieur? Voici une demi-heure que nous sommes déjà atterrés.*" At that I collect my luggage and go ashore.

Quays are the same in any country. One descends upon them from an inclined plane. In America, however, the gangway is floored in India-rubber, —a pleasant pattern in green and white. The quay itself is carpeted in a pleasant shade of moss-green. There are palms and azaleas in tubs along the alley that leads to the custom shed. The custom shed itself is a fine building in green marble, an exact copy of the Propylæa at Athens. It is with great diffidence, in order to avoid the reporters, that I advance towards the shed. I am told ("Say Guy . . ." my name is not Guy but I like the intimacy of it all), I am told that I must draw lots for the man who is to inspect my luggage.

I am amused at this, feeling it a gay thing to embark when disembarking on an element of chance. There is a large roulette board at the entrance made of gold and ivory and it is by this method that one chooses the man who will pass one through. My lot falls to a nice old man in a black peaked cap, and as we walk together towards the luggage-counters he tells me how quickly they do things in America, and how his second daughter had just got a doctorate of nursing, and how much he liked the *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. From time to time I glance at my luggage. It is still there. My friend—he has been telling me how slowly we do things in England, has also noticed the things. He rushes panting towards them: drawing a platinum and sapphire pencil from his pocket, he signs his full name upon the labels which they bear. A nice man, and what is more, well-educated. When I emerge from the custom house, the lights are already beginning to twinkle and flash. I find a motor cab. Eluding the reporters, who were hiding, I presume, at the back of the building, I give the address of my hotel. My breath is taken from me while, for a good hundred yards, my taxi dashes along the road. He then stops—there is a red light hanging somewhat dolefully above us.

It is long past seven when, through streets at one moment immobile and at the next lashed to furious action, we reach my hotel. The swing doors gyrate to the white cotton gloves of coloured page boys; my bag, or I suppose it would be bags, disappear for the moment in the white cotton gloves of hotel porters; my hand is clasped in the warm hand of the Belgian who directs the hotel. A blast as of a furnace strikes me as I pass the rubber plants and palms of the outer hall, into the vast onyx cathedral of the inner vestibule. I proceed to the desk. I am ignored. I bleat a little remark: "Please," I say, "I think I engaged a . . ." I am ignored. Those friendly cotton gloves have gone. "Please . . ." I bleat again. I am ignored. Already a slight heat-rash is appearing on my flushed cheek. "Say, Guy . . ." I exclaim in a sudden voice, a very sudden voice. The man turns towards me and is very polite. After explaining how quickly, *etc., etc.*, he asks whether I want anything. I say I want a room and have engaged one. He shouts a number, and from the recesses of the furnace appear more white cotton gloves and I am rushed towards a machine. It makes a noise, and in fact behaves, like a pneumatic tube. "Ouf," it says, and I am at once on the fortieth floor, in a smaller furnace, enlivened with Rose Dubarry silk. Three telephones stand upon the table. A large glass jug of iced water stands beside the bed. There is a chute in the door through which I chute my shoes down forty flights into the basement. A door on the right hand leads to a tiled bath-room in case I want a bath; a door on the left hand leads to another tiled bath-room in case I want two baths. The floor-waiter appears and tells me with a strong Norwegian accent that it is difficult at first to understand how quickly, *etc., etc.*, and I ask for my luggage.

Forty minutes later my suit-case arrives. Poor battered, harassed little thing. The telephone rings. Damn these reporters! I answer it and am asked whether I am Alfred G. Morrow. I stand at the window watching the sky-signs. The telephone rings again. It is the *Daily News*.

"Well boy," I say quickly, "and what can I do for you?" "Is that Mr. G. B. Loedgman?" I reply that of course it isn't. "Sorry! ring off." I have a bath. Steam issues from the tap, and the cold tap is in itself a geyser. I sit and wait. The hot pipes sizzle softly, and as the over-head railway flounders past in the cañon below me, the ice in my jug tinkles softly against the glass. I am depressed and lonely. There is no doubt about it, I should welcome, I should warmly welcome, even a reporter. The telephone rings again. It is really me they want this time. It is Bill Struthers whom I have not met since Persia. He is delighted; I am delighted; he will come round and fetch me. We are all going somewhere that I can't catch. "Hurry up," he says, "none of your beastly British loitering." I hurry up. It is then seven-fifty and I shall easily be dressed by eight. At nine-thirty Bill bursts panting into my room. "Now hurry up you slacker, we haven't a moment to lose." The rest of my first evening in New York, the very pleasant time I thereafter spent in that large but comfortable city, is not yet recorded. Besides I don't care for late hours, and it is time that I allowed my frenzied picturing to subside. Cold grey stars, as I look out from my window, above a little circle of shivering pines.

SHOOTS a 76 . . . *but can't get in a club*

IT sounds incredible until you know the facts as they know them in San Francisco.

Aside from his deadly ability at golf, he possessed a natural charm that made him most engaging to both men and women. Yet no one was willing to propose him for club membership, for he had one fault that simply could not be excused. He, himself, didn't realize what it was—and no one had the courage to tell him.

Only those blind to facts assume they never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). Actually 1 out of 3 offends occasionally or habitually, surveys show. This is due to the fact that everyday conditions such as pyorrhea, defective teeth, fermenting food particles between teeth, and minor infections of the nose and throat cause it.

Why offend others, when you can keep your breath beyond suspicion by using full strength Listerine three times a day, as a mouth wash?

Being an active germicide,* it attacks the cause of odors and then, being a powerful deodorant, destroys the odors themselves. Keep a bottle handy wherever you are. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

***Though safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine kills the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds; also the Bacillus Typhosus germs—200,000,000 of them—within the same period.**

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

At Last a Really Fine Console at a Modest Price

Temple is all-electric, standard chassis—six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect in combination with the Temple Dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $189 (less tubes). Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

Itemize the four great radio benefits Temple gives you . . . There is *magnificent tone*, undistorted at either high or low frequencies. There is *selectivity*. With the clean precision of a surgeon's scalpel, Temple slices through a crowd of stations to the one station you want. There is Temple's *distance range* . . . like the range of the Lone Eagle himself. And there is *beauty and dignity in design* . . . Guild craftsmanship in every detail of cabinet-work. • • • • • • • • • •

Put two and two together at the Temple price . . . a price made possible only by operating economy worthy of a Vermont ex-President. You can't find in all the radio world a combination to equal this.

Housed in beauty, the Temple Dynamic is the only Speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

$39.00 *for the Dynamic Speaker*
$20.00 *for the Magnetic Speaker*

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

TEMPLE NIGHTS

Every Saturday Night at 9:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time—Over Columbia Network.

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TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE

Radio

TEMPLE CORPORATION · CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

PACKARD

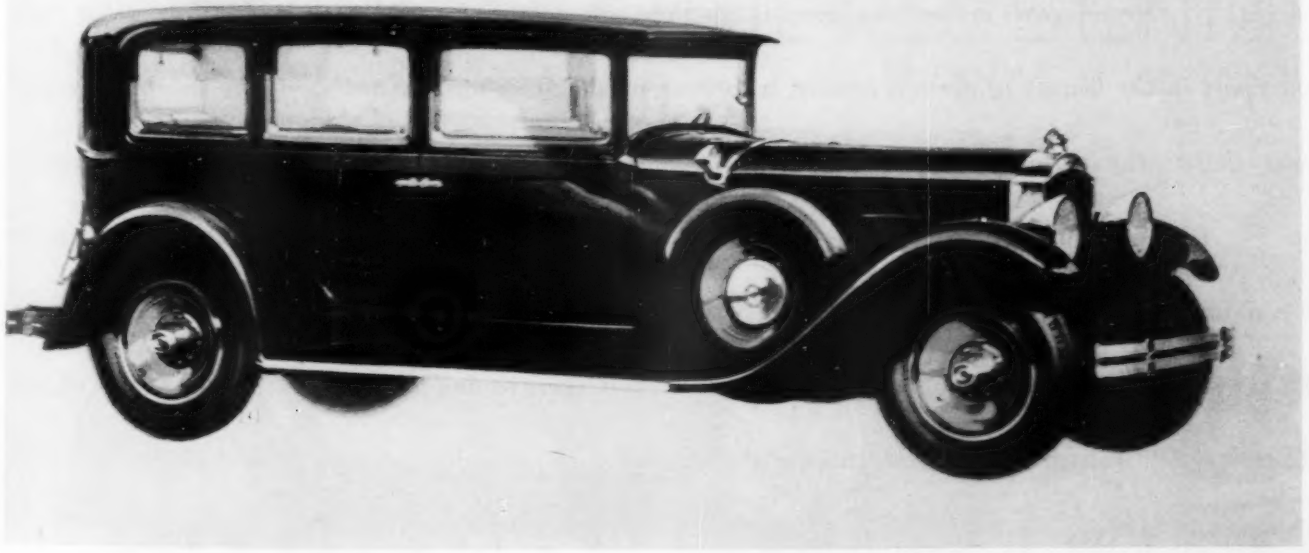
The Roman priestesses of Vesta were consecrated to the protection and continuance of the pagan temple's sacred flame

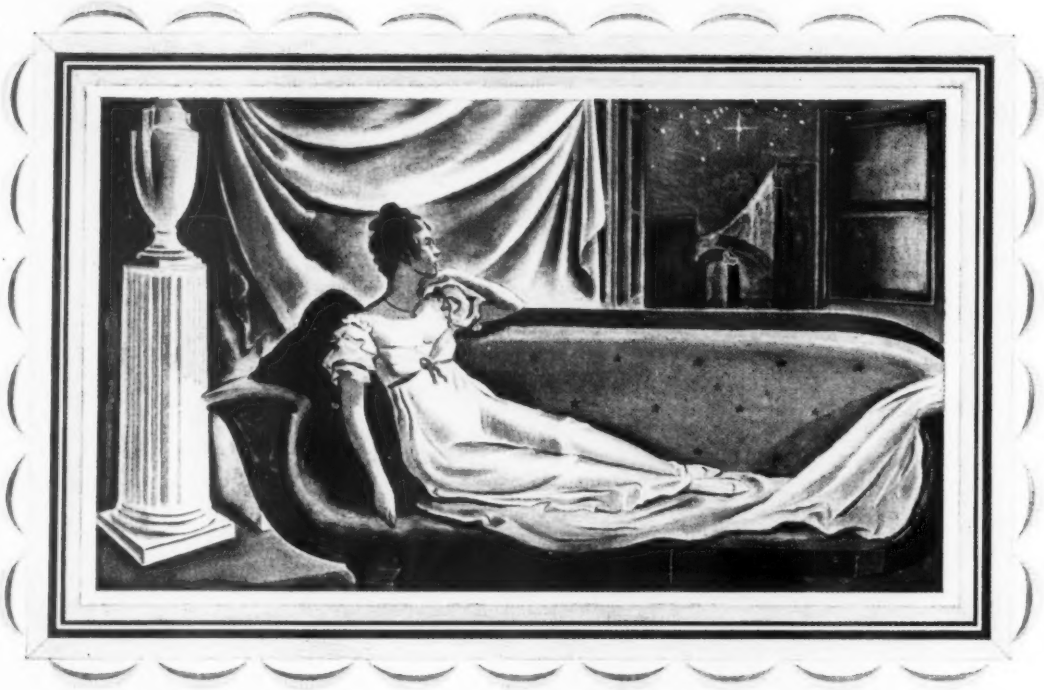
Reputation is the most treasured of all Packard assets. It is as jealously guarded, as carefully maintained, as was the undying flame of an ancient empire. For to Packard, reputation is not alone a reward, but a continuing responsibility.

Packard reputation is the result of thirty years of fixed intent—to build the finest of motor cars for a clientele which places quality before price. But the Packard management firmly believes that reputation is never completely earned — it is always being earned.

As a result Packard cars today are far in the forefront of the quality field—both in beauty and in engineering. And Packard holds its well-won reputation to be the strongest guarantee that that position of leadership will forever continue.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





NOCTURNE

STAR SAPPHIRE. . . . *It is like a cup of night blue, dazed with moonlight and soft shadows, and it bears a promise of the sky. For in its depths stir the six arcs of a veiled silver star . . . eager to fling their beauty to the night. Here in this mysterious jewel is caught a soft, elusive loveliness. . . . A loveliness that finds its counterpart in the beauty of certain women who have an intuitive understanding of the subtle secrets of personality that are the feminine heritage. A power that places them apart . . . envied by women . . . and admired by men. In the costumes of such women you will probably find an exquisitely turned brooch, a simple ring or pendant set with this fascinating stone. . . . And if it is a star sapphire that is singularly lovely, in a setting that speaks clearly of an artist's hand, you are more than likely to find associated with it the name of this establishment. A distinguished collection of star sapphires in exclusive settings, from* $15,000 *to* $250.

MARCUS & COMPANY • *JEWELERS*

WM. ELDER MARCUS, Jr. CHAPIN MARCUS

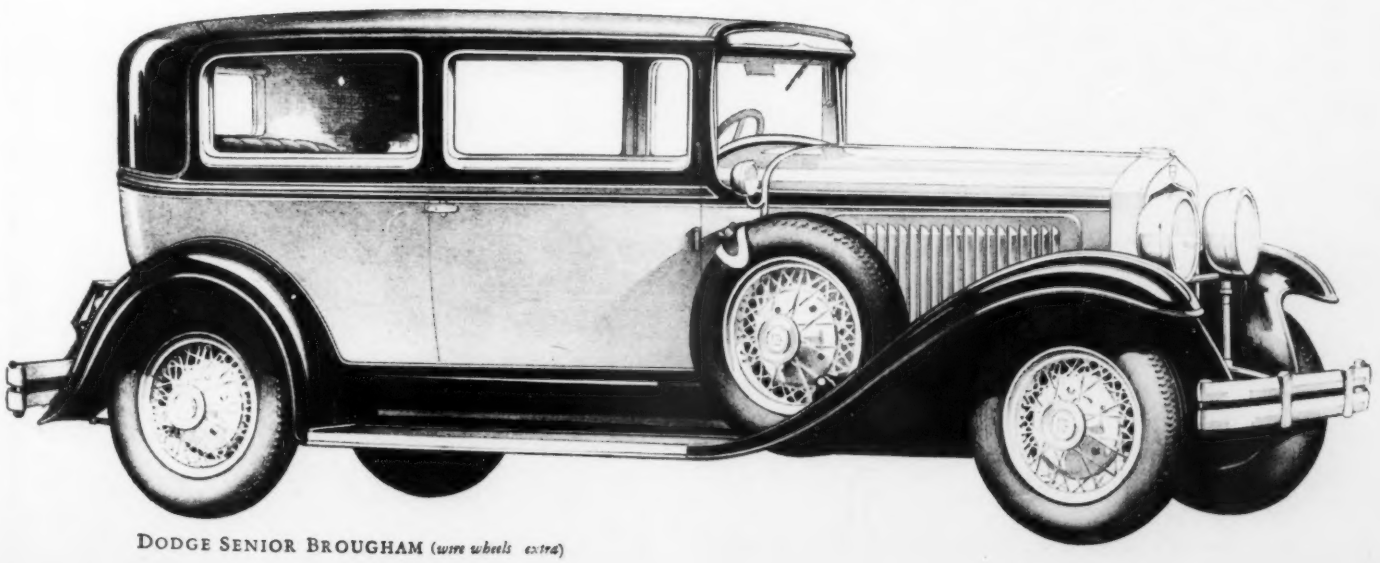
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK LONDON PARIS PALM BEACH BOMBAY

An outstanding triumph of a pre-eminent firm

JUDGING by its appearance, you would instantly classify the Dodge Senior as a car selling for well over $2,000. Careful inspection of its appointments sustains this first impression and behind the wheel its sparkling performance serves to strengthen the belief that no car selling for less than $2,000 could possibly offer so much in comfort, in luxurious motoring ease and road mastery. Yet the unique facilities of Dodge Brothers, fortified by the well-nigh unlimited resources of Chrysler Motors, make it possible to produce this marvelous car to sell in the $1,500 class. The Dodge Senior is undeniably one of the greatest manufacturing triumphs just as it is one of the most impressive values of all automotive history. Three or four-speed transmission. Convenient Terms.

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



DODGE SENIOR BROUGHAM (*wire wheels extra*)

DURO GLOSS GRAY DAY COATS FOR MEN

For Men Who Shy at Raincoats

...we suggest a "Gray Day" Coat of Duro Gloss

Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

With all the snug protection of a garment built for rain a coat of Duro Gloss has a smart fair weather look. Carefully tailored to meet the demands of masculine style, it becomes an important member of the well dressed wardrobe. • Duro Gloss for sports come in flaired and belted models, and Duro Gloss for formal wear in English box cut lines. Close cemented seams and rubber coated fabrics make them as snug against the wind as they are dry in rain. An ideal topcoat for all day motoring!

Duro Gloss

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONN.

The New Salvation

(Continued from page 76)

tion, of large-scale social Salvationism, can be carried through. No human being can possibly foresee all the consequences of an act, much less of a whole series of acts. Every great Salvationist's programme requires the performance of innumerable acts. The reaction of these acts is bound to create new circumstances in which the end and means of the original programme must be modified.

Let us consider a few specific cases. The invention and development of machinery, for example. The benefits which the machine would bestow were foreseen from an early date. They are known to everyone now. The machine increases production and, therefore, prosperity; and it saves labour. Yes; but it also, we have now discovered, saves creation, both in the hours of work and in those of leisure: and, in consequence of this creation-saving, it increases boredom and discontent to such a pitch that we are on the verge of mass-imbecility and violent mass-insanity. The machine makes men richer and more comfortable; but it also makes them less than men. It is one of the means, according to the New Salvationists, by which we are to realize super-manhood; but in the employment of the means, we are becoming sub-men.

The New Salvationists have a positively religious faith in the efficacy of education. In this they resemble those Eighteenth-Century humanitarians to whom we owe the preposterous theory of democracy. According to Helvitius, you can educate any shepherd-boy into a Newton, an Alexander, a Raphael—what you will. We have had universal education for about fifty years, the supply of Newtons, however, has not perceptibly increased. Everybody, it is true, can now read—with the result that newspapers of an unbelievable stupidity and baseness have circulations of millions. Everybody can read—so it pays rich men to print lies wholesale. Everybody can read—so men make fortunes by inventing specious reasons why people should buy things they don't really want. Everybody can read—so the old traditions have died, the local peculiarities which gave a savour to life are being ironed out, and every peasant is as shallow, as half-baked, as vulgar as the journalists who stir together the hog-wash in his daily paper.

One could go on with this list. But it is long enough to show that you can't get anything for nothing. All things have their price and it must be paid. There is no action without reactions; each step towards a goal is followed by incalculable reverberations—reverberations sometimes so considerable that they actually displace the goal. But the employment of the means, as we have seen, is creating new circumstances, in the light of which the ends originally proposed seem unattainable and the means themselves mischievous. There is not, it seems to me, the slightest prospect of any of the New Salvationists' programmes being realized. But this fact does not increase the real value which these programmes and the ideal, of which they are the expression, possess. For they are really, and only, valuable as instruments of change. In the attempt to realize these ideals, to carry out these programmes, new realities are created. These new realities demand new ideals to correct them, and the new ideals must be given a new set of means for their fulfilment in practice. The employment of the new means creates yet another set of new circumstances, and the cycle is recommenced—again, and again, until either the divine spectator gets bored with the performance, or the human player manages so stupidly and ineptly that he meets with some fatal accident. We seem at the moment to be not so very far removed from the second of these two alternatives.

The Onslaughts of Sincerity

(Continued from page 60)

via," (his wife), "'I don't like the hairs in your husband's nostrils. If I were married to him they would have gone long ago. Why don't you pull them out with a pair of tweezers?'"

He was apparently delighted with this reminiscence. I was moved to ask:

"What did your wife think of that?"

"I don't fancy she quite liked it, but I didn't mind. Why should I? She's" (the guest) "a clever woman and you know where you are with her."

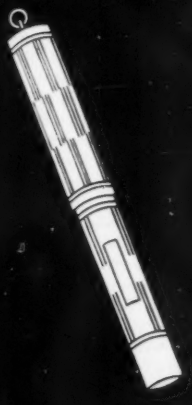
I suppose I prefer people when I don't know where I am with them. Are there any who agree with me, or am I all alone like the Pelican in the wilderness?

I have not space to enlarge upon modern sincerity in speech and print, about the mental and moral characteristics of the living. But the American reporter who, when Matthew Arnold first appeared upon an American platform as a lecturer, described him as coming on "like an elderly hen pecking at a trellis" is, I think, more than matched in our day by those who dissect in their memoirs the assumed character and morale of the elderly hen who happens at the moment to be *sur le tapis*.

But perhaps the elderly hen likes it?

Before sending this to the post I put that question to one who is often described as a "thorough man of the world". This was his answer.

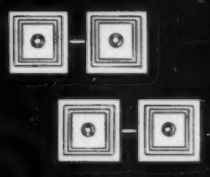
"Likes it? My boy, the elderly hen simply *eats* it! Anything for publicity these days!"



A MERGER . . . AND ITS ADVANTAGES

To give to New York its first really complete and modern jewelry and silversmith service, Black, Starr & Frost and The Gorham Company—two of the oldest and most famous Fifth Avenue houses—have combined. Associated with this organization is Spaulding-Gorham, Inc. of Chicago and Paris.

You will enjoy definite advantages from this combination. The increased buying power will result in a larger, more diversified stock of jewels and silverware : : : From the Paris branch and its connections with all the fashion centers of Europe will come new ideas and authentic style information which will assure you of designs and creations indicating the modern trend : : : In the fall the redesigned building of Black, Starr & Frost at 48th Street and Fifth Avenue will become the home of the merged New York houses. Spaulding-Gorham, Inc. will continue at Michigan Avenue, Chicago, and 23 Rue de la Paix, Paris.



BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM Inc.

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK
SOUTHAMPTON : : PALM BEACH

Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

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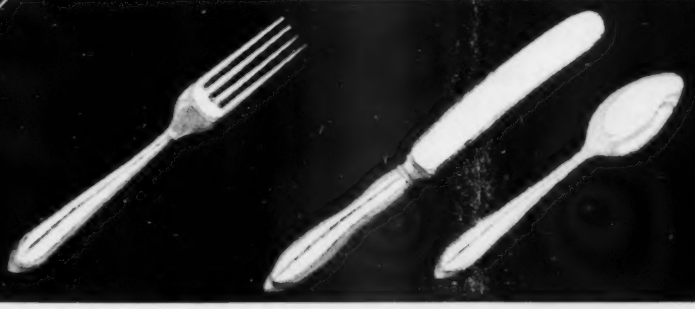
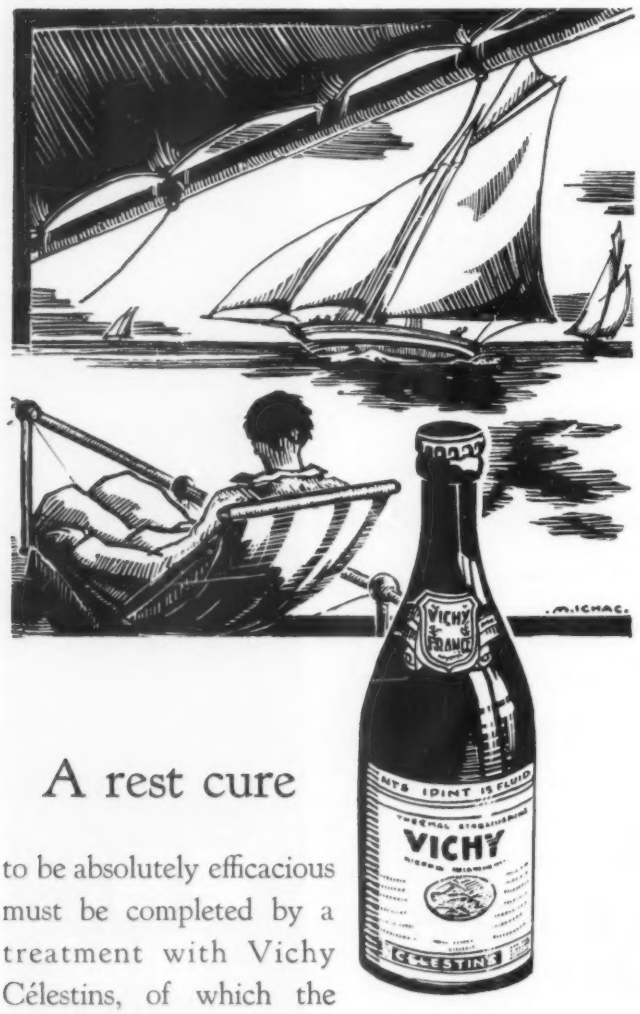


vichy célestins

french vichy



A rest cure

to be absolutely efficacious must be completed by a treatment with Vichy Célestins, of which the beneficial results have acquired universal renown.

This pleasant tasting natural alkaline mineral water possesses rare curative properties. Recommended by physicians for table use and toning up the digestive system. Served by clubs, hotels and restaurants. Sold by your druggist and grocer.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO.
27th Street and Hudson River, New York
General Distributors for the United States

The Discovery

(Continued from page 57)

work. He made no more experiments. The whole world of aviation was gravely disturbed. Finally the Aero Club decided to appoint a commission to visit the little dancer, in the hope of softening her heart. They begged her to yield . . . *au nom de la Patrie.*

Mme. Paqueret imagined all these dignified men surrounding the little dancer on their knees, with their arms outstretched in supplication. This picture amused her enormously. She leaned back in her chair, and her throat swelled with laughter until her pearl necklace left little red marks on her skin. . . . Suddenly the string broke.

She uttered a little cry and raised her hands to her throat. It was too late: the pearls had fallen to the floor.

Gendrillac, who was younger and more agile than the two fat bankers sitting on either side of *Mme.* Paqueret, crawled hastily under the table. "How many pearls should I look for?"

"Seventy," said the husband decisively, for the necklace had been his gift on his wife's last birthday.

Gendrillac had disappeared under the edge of the tablecloth. He announced that the pearls had scattered very little; the long nap of the carpet had kept them from rolling away. He could pick them up in a moment. . . . At first he worked in silence; then, toward the end, he began to count:

"Fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four. . . ."

Little by little, he was counting more slowly. Beyond sixty, he marked the intervals between the discoveries:

"Sixty-six . . . sixty-seven . . . sixty-eight. . . ."

The guests began to look more cheerful. Assuredly he would find the whole necklace. No pearls would be lost.

The voice continued: "Sixty-nine . . . seventy . . . seventy-one. . . ."

The consternation was general. The last number rang out in the midst of a mortal silence. All eyes were turned toward Paqueret, who was livid with surprise. He tried to collect his thoughts. What? Were there more than seventy pearls? Had his wife added others to the necklace? Where had she got them? He was generous, but scrupulously exact. He never refused her money, but he always knew how it was to be spent. She couldn't have bought these pearls herself.

The voice continued inexorably:

"Seventy-three . . . seventy-four. . . ."

No, she hadn't bought them. They must have been given to her. It was one of the little tricks they had been discussing a few moments before. She had calmly added these pearls to the necklace, knowing that nobody would think of counting them. And in this way, she could wear them among the others, next to her skin. . . .

The voice proclaimed:

"Seventy-seven . . . seventy-eight. . . ."

They had been given to her—by whom? Paqueret looked at his wife. Her eyes were black, dilated, empty; she seemed frozen to her chair. All the guests were embarrassed; their faces wore the mask of a nervous smile.

The voice finished counting, triumphantly: "Seventy-nine . . . eighty!"

And Gendrillac rose to his feet with a smile. But doubtless he was struck by the menacing rage that distorted Paqueret's features. For, without giving the husband time to speak, he breathlessly explained the little subterfuge by which he had attempted to punish his jealousy:

"But see here, Paqueret, old man, it was all a joke. . . . How could you have taken me seriously, even for a moment? I amused myself by counting beyond seventy. . . . But I didn't find a single pearl more than that!"

Les Grands Boulevards

(Continued from page 85)

The *Place de la République* ultimately terminates the *Grands Boulevards* like a final period at the end of a line. Unlike the *Place de la Madeleine*, which is a mere plain, a crossroads in the midst of the flat lands that border the river, it is one of the strategic centres of Paris; it commands the Seine, the Bastille, Ménilmontant, Montmartre. You can well believe that in every plan for a revolution, it is marked with a cross. And the barracks of the Republican Guard were not placed here by chance.

Finally we reach the *Place de la Bastille*, which is opposed to the *Madeleine* as the alpha is to the omega, or the moon to the sun. Here, moreover, we find an astronomer who vents his frank hatred on the day and offers to show us the moon through his telescope. We hear the shriek of klaxons, the iron rush of trucks and motorbusses. Where are the ghosts? . . . "Hi, cabby!" . . . We think of the hacks that used to clatter through the square, with the horses' hoofs ringing clear on the wet pavements. We remember the posters of Chéret and Toulouse-Lautrec. . . .

"The *Boulevard* during the Restoration," says J. Bertaut in a delightful book that deals with our present subject, "was a discreet and charming feature of the great village that was Paris. The *Boulevard* was a sort of mall where one rarely encountered a stranger." . . . And where are the Mardi-Gras floats of other years? Where is the fat ox that was paraded through the streets with a great festoon of paper round his neck? (Our family always hired a private room for the occasion, on the mezzanine floor of Durand's, overlooking the *Place de la Madeleine*, and we used to fling paper streamers from the windows.) Where are the curious wagers, the epigrams, the duels, the leading editorials, the newsboys, the German beer served in those Gothic taverns which had replaced Italian cafés? Where are the barricades of 1830? And the Cossacks of 1814? And Louis XVI passing by on his way to the scaffold? . . . The revolutions of the future will be fought at Javel or Puteaux, outside the old fortifications of Paris; the massacres and executions of the future will take place in Passy or the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the *Boulevards* will be ignorant of the whole affair. Distant *Boulevards*, neglected *Boulevards!* They will read about it in the morning papers, like people in the country.

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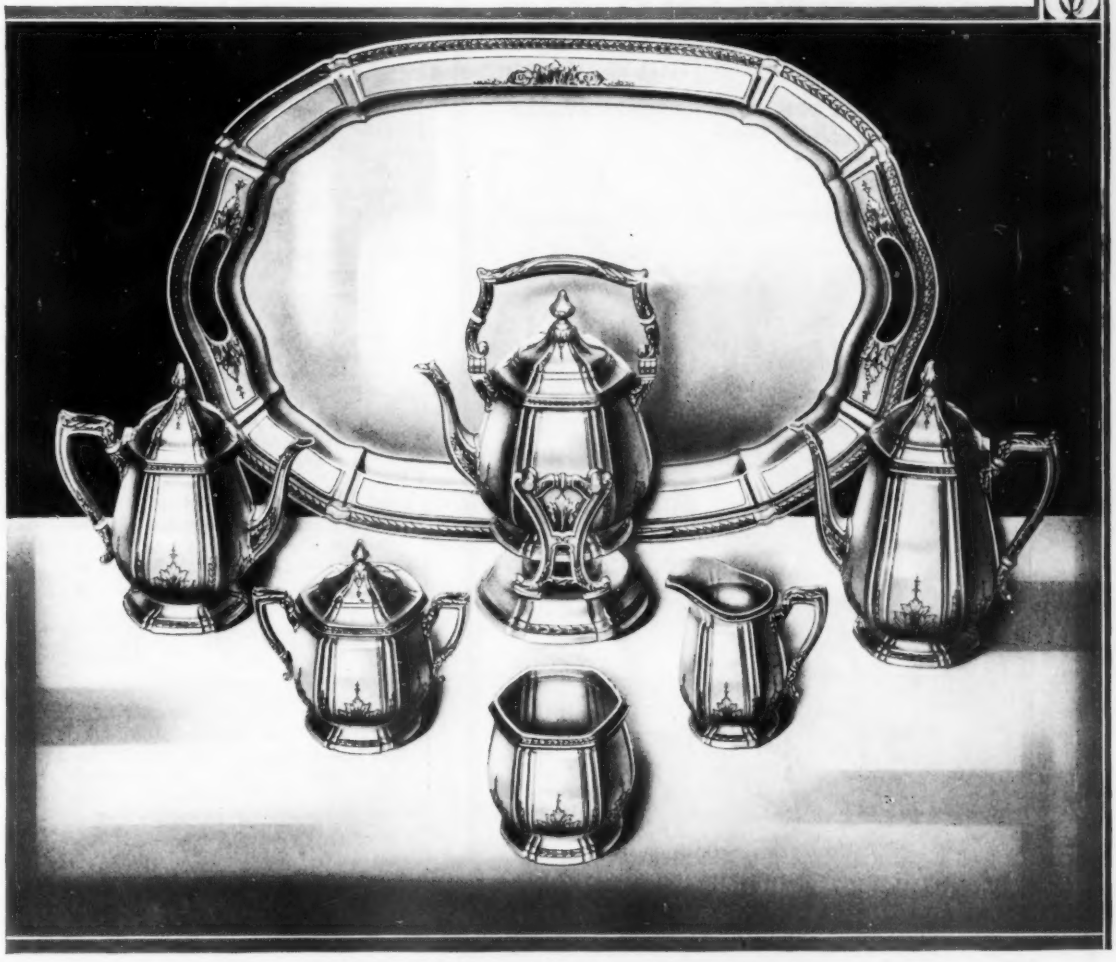

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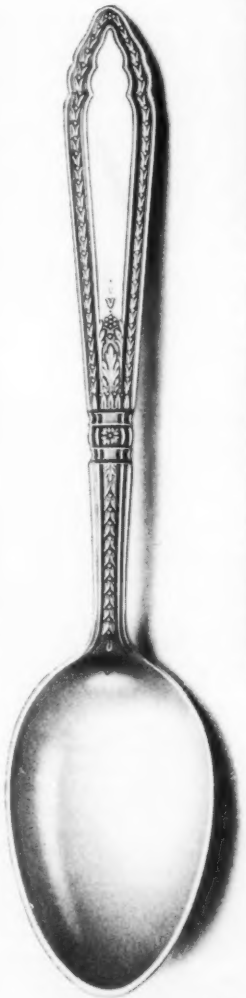

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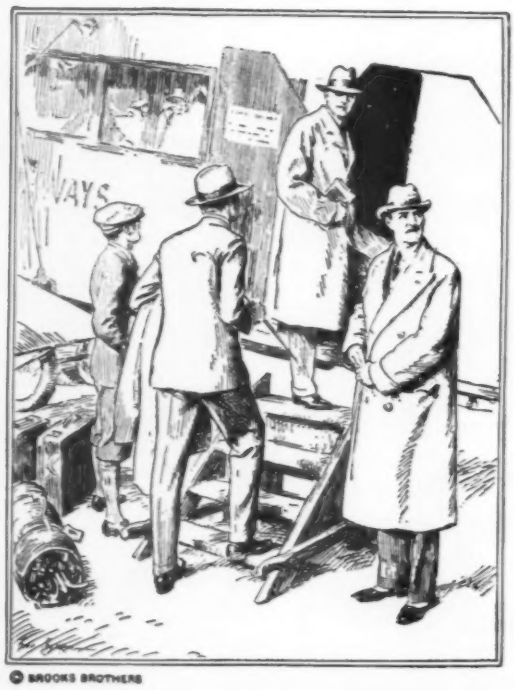

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BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
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Small Town Notes

(Continued from page 72)

The words are mis-spelled. We throw it into the fire. *Cherchez la femme.*

Some woman has been crossed in love. Even though I am not a woman it has happened to me. "There is no other way in this world I can make my living unless I beg or go to some coal mine or to a factory and I will not do that. I am an out-of-doors man. I would die in a factory," the mountain man says.

Often the men are betrayed, "lied", into jail. There is a provision in the prohibition law, by which, if you are taken with whiskey in your possession or are drunk, and will tell who sold you the stuff, you may get off lightly or may be lucky enough to go free. An opportunity is offered. There is a man, known to make the stuff, who cannot be caught. A man declares he is the man who sold the whiskey found in his pocket. The whiskey-maker may never have seen the man. There is, you see, a premium put on squealing.

Everything depends upon the jury. One jury will let almost every man go and the next will stick them all. Juries almost always follow a leader. On almost every jury there is a man with a strong will. It depends upon him.

It is wearisome business, this being locked closely, in a small jail room, for from one to twelve months. "I do not so much mind if it happens in the fall," a prisoner says. At least the jail is warm. The best time to make whiskey, in a mountain gully, is in the summer. Then the trees are all covered with leaves. The brush is thick. The little smoke that must be made, in building fires under the stills, cannot be seen in summer. In the winter a little smoke can be seen a long ways.

"I was lied into jail by a man to whom I had never sold a drop. I would not sell to him, and so, when he got caught, he got even with me. Just wait, I'll be even with him."

In our jail the great moment is when a new man comes in. No matter how much enmity there may have been between men outside here all are friends. "Keep your grudge. It can wait." That is the rule. "We are all men who have had tough luck. We have been caught."

The prisoners in the jails have their own organization. There is a judge, a prosecuting attorney, an attorney for the defense, a sheriff. Last winter there was a man in our jail who took the rôle of preacher. He was a man who had shot another in a brawl and was in one of the cages. He preached a sermon every evening. Did he do it with his tongue in his cheek? I could not decide. He kicked with his heels against the bars of his cell and there was a sharp ringing sound. "Listen," he cried, "don't you boys hear that? Come on boys, get down on your knees. The church bells are ringing."

As each new man is brought into the jail he must go through the ordeal of the Kangaroo Court. He is charged with the hideous crime of breaking into the jail. Obviously he is guilty. There he is. It is a question as to whether or not there are mitigating circumstances. The peace and dignity of the life in the jail has been dis-

(Continued on page 114)

Dead Pan

(Continued from page 70)

chin ball, an irregular lip line, perhaps a droop to one side of the lower lip, full nose and distended nostril . . . what are these signs but the face-marks of Irritability? And when the corners of the mouth and the inner corners of the flanges of the nostrils are all drawn down with a dark red colouring to the whole nose, what but Ill-Temper?

Shall we go into the sad cases of Resentment, Vindictiveness, Jealousy, Bitterness, Pessimism, Intolerance—into those deductions which the facial scientist must draw from flabby skin and heavy chin, from parched lips, from high nape line and sunken optics and the yellow tinge that eyeballs wear when the bile boils over? Skepticism, Cynicism, Belligerency, Egotism and Cunning . . . they are too painful a set of stocks-in-trade to be sought on this occasion. If they are all component parts of the make-up of the perfect critic, let's pretend we can't discover them. Let's overlook the backward brow, the strained eye, the repressed mouth, the top back apex of the head, the tell-tale wrinkles and the sunken temple of the ideally dead pan.

Better and kinder, in short, to rely on the professor's own explication of Criticism, *ipse*. He leaves you in no doubt of the looks of a Critic. Thus:

"Criticism is a quality that results in a tendency to raise a question in relation to every action, word or thing with which one is brought in contact. Criticism is the result of having a mind not deep enough to analyse or at least not caring to, but with an irritable urge toward fault-finding. It bespeaks one who is egotistical in that he thinks he knows better about things than others and that he has the judgment to criticise. Criticism is the quickly spoken word, without any deliberation or thought. Criticism as a general rule tends to be destructive rather than constructive.

"The structures indicating this quality are usually the rather full upper forehead and perceptives that are either relaxed or only mildly compressed; light muscle structures, with a tendency toward many wrinkes between the brows, indicating the thin skinned condition; eyes that are reasonably prominent; brows not compressed on the outer corners, a development of bagginess in the outer corners of the lids; full blooded condition and a full development of the assimilative and secretory systems indicated by full flesh growth. It is always found in one of an emotional nature, and the structures for emotionalism should be considered, as well as the structures for emotional irritability, as irritability is at the bottom of criticism."

And there you have it. And probably with the Professor's most sincere compliments to his book reviewers.

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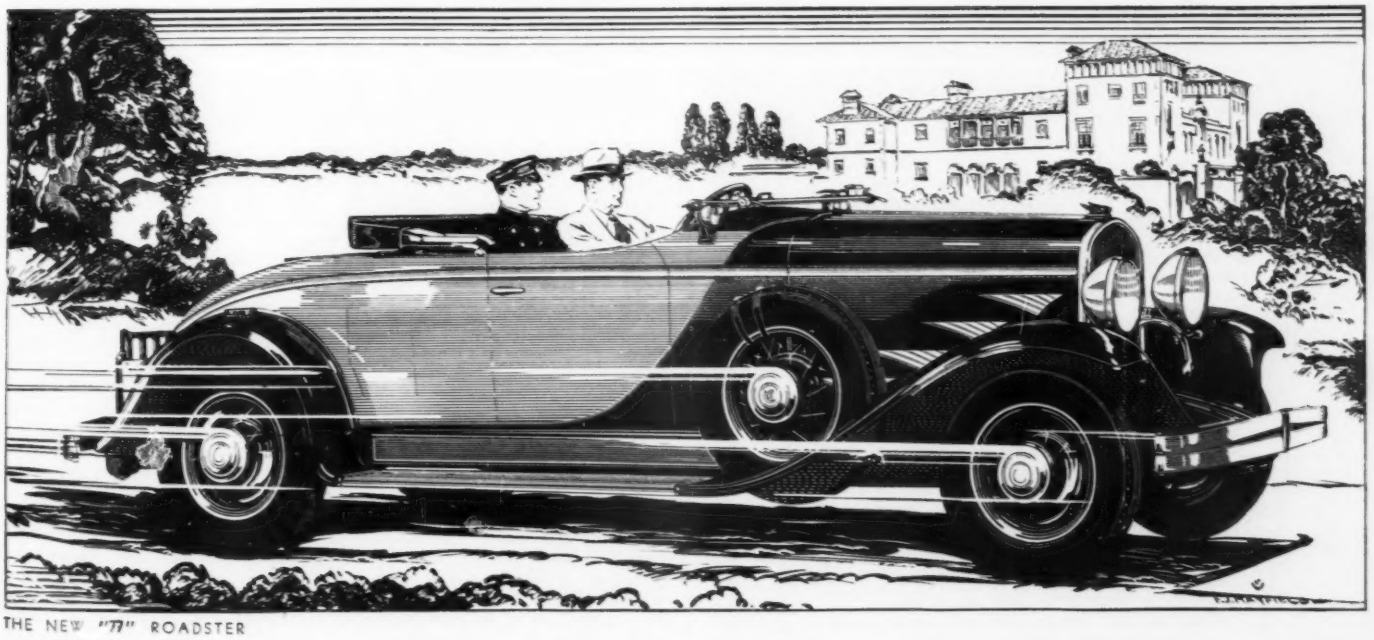

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Broadway Ringmasters

(Continued from page 58)

Mr. Ziegfeld the superintendent of its girls and garments. Mr. Urban should be its scene-painter and Morris Gest its master of promotion. Its music should be composed by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and, as a compromise, Irving Berlin with occasional interpolations by the chaps who wrote *Lover, Come Back to Me* and *Hallelujah!* Mr. Rogers should be its star and the mentor of its authors, contributing whacks at our weaknesses, along with Ring Lardner, Bill McGeehan, Marc Connelly, George Kaufman, Professor Erskine, Walter Winchell, O. O. McIntyre, H. I. Phillips, Edward Hope, F. P. A., Walter Lippmann, Arthur Kober, Jake Falstaff, and Sidney Skolsky. Its lyrics must be written by Edgar Guest, Gene Buck, Cole Porter, Buddy de Sylva and Grantland Rice. As its comedians Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Phil Baker, Bert Lahr, Julius Tannen, Ted Healy and the cast of *The Little Show* are necessary, with Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor in subsidiary rôles. It will be no trouble to find baritones and tenors. The distaff duties of the performance could be entrusted to any of a million talented ladies, for there is no such thing as a bad actress, from Miss Texas Guinan to Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. To insure discipline and to prevent dissonance in the concerto of temperaments Mr. Frank Gillmore, the gentle Mussolini of the Actors' Equity might exercise a steadying influence, and he should be armed with a ferule to crack the knuckles of any performer who springs an odorous wheeze.

Meantime we shall have to be content with what might be jaunty expositions if they were better bred. They seem to have all the resources of intelligent pranks except the quality nicknamed "class". Just as you are beginning to enjoy their antics they slip into gutter ways and embarrass you with remarks and actions more suitable to what Miss Dorothy Parker calls "the boys in the back room", than to the drama-loving élite. It is not the nude hips that perturb you but the nude hoorays. White elbows, shoulder blades and knee caps when bare are often to be looked at with impunity; but a black joke is usually hideous. Perhaps if the thrifty revuers were to fine themselves two-bits for each infraction of the moral code they would be more careful about their conduct in public. At any rate, steps should be taken, or in other words, measures should be adopted, to cleanse the revue-boards of their present impurities.

Mr. Ziegfeld might have done it had he not forsaken the *Follies* and eloped with musical comedy. The producers of *The Little Show* have the right idea, but their scheme contemplates no catering to the multitude of beauty-worshippers. We are therefore left to the ministrations of Messrs. Shubert, Carroll and White. One can understand their temptation to be unruly, for it must be admitted that their audience is gratified whenever they misbehave. They strive to please us in our more disorderly moods. That they succeed is proved by the fact that no matter how untamed their exhibitions all of those present stay until the end, with the possible exception of the train-catchers. In all my veteran experience as a theatre-goer I have never known any drama lover to walk out in indignation at an insult from the stage. No play is worse than its patrons. I, for one, shall continue to blush at the extravaganza libretti, trusting that they will wash up and sin in a sanitary fashion.

Wimpole's Woe

(Continued from page 66)

stumbled over somebody's stick. A hundred pairs of eyes concentrated upon him once more. The chairman touched the bell. Wimpole relapsed upon his chair. His heart tolled a muffled dirge within him. Mr. Chasuble returned to the Large Black Pig.

"The great weight to which the Large Black Pig was bred formerly has now given way to greater quality, and at an early age it yields a long, deepsided carcass of 160 lb. to 190 lb. dead weight, light in the shoulder, jowl, and offal . . ."

"They can't stop me," thought Wimpole, "slinking away when it's all over. God help me!"

But the lecture drew to an end and questions followed, and votes of thanks followed those, and the farmers ambled out of the hall. But little Wimpole still sat upon this chair like one hypnotized, his pale grey eyes staring from his head.

"Now's your chance to escape!" said Wimpole to himself. But his limbs would not obey him. A palsy, a terror had descended upon him. He was aware that Eustace V. Chasuble came striding like a tree over to him. Chasuble opened his mouth and spoke.

"If it's some more advice about the Large Black Pig you're wanting, sir . . ."

Then suddenly Wimpole found words, or words found Wimpole. He must now and forever deliver himself from this phantom, even though the phantom had taken to itself so strange and terrible a shape.

"Your book of poems," he cried, "called *Gangrene and Lilies*. It was me. I wrote the review. My name's Wimpole! Sir, I assure you . . ."

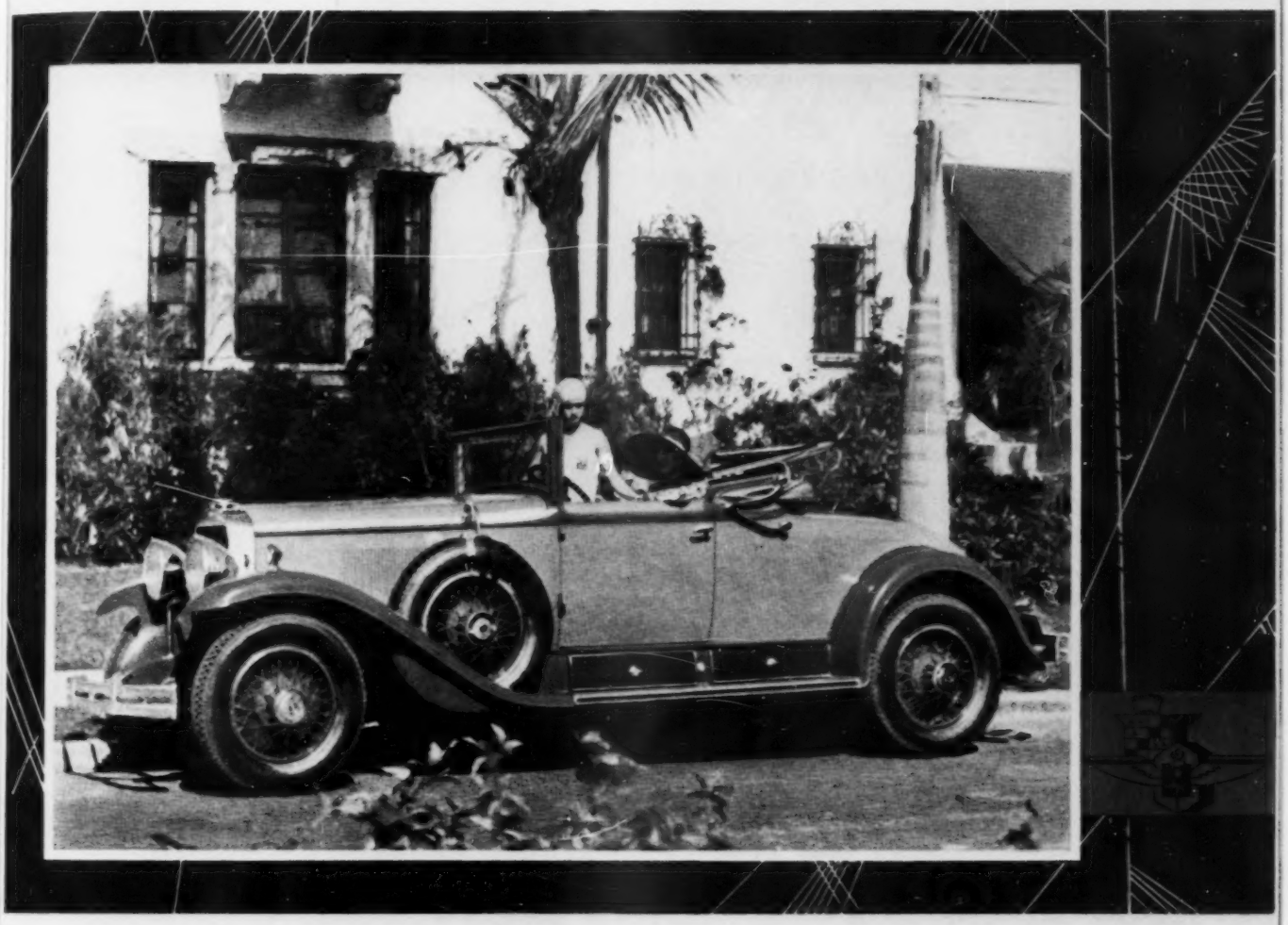
"You!" exclaimed the other. "So you're Wimpole!"

Wimpole saw his vast arm shoot through the air towards him like Jove's thunderbolt. He ducked. He found his tiny fingers crushed in a gigantic hand.

"I've been wanting to meet you for years, Mr. Wimpole!" the vast voice boomed. "The only critic who took any notice of my book. Thank you, Mr. Wimpole, thank you! I can't say how grateful I am! Come round to my room in the hotel and let me try and tell you! No, Mr. Wimpole, no! I'll take no refusals!"

Mr. Wimpole blinked. A tear stood in Mr. Wimpole's eye. Pigs, pigs . . . gangrene and lilies . . .

THIS IS A REALLY SIGNIFICANT THING



CADILLAC
LA SALLE
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It is safe to say that motor car discussions are going on somewhere in America every working, waking hour of every day in the year. They are nearly always lively discussions charged with the electricity of intense interest and personal preference . . . ¶ The tang and freshness of the subject has not waned one iota in twenty-five years. It has not been lessened a particle by the advent of any or all of the inventive triumphs such as radio and aviation recorded in the same period. Interest has simply intensified and spread as ownership has widened out into larger and larger circles. Amiable and good-natured differences of opinion assert themselves whenever a motor car group gets together—amiable and good-natured differences of opinion concerning most cars but *unqualified, unanimous, universal agreement concerning one car* . . . ¶ Separated from all other facts, and studied even for a few moments, this is the one great outstanding fact in all motor car discussion—no one questions or quibbles or quarrels about the all-inclusive superiority of Cadillac and La Salle.

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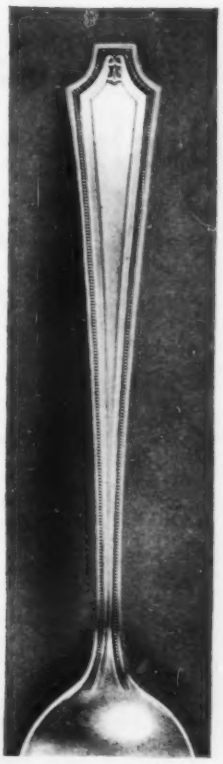

Six teaspoons in this graceful King Albert pattern of Mrs. Hering's choice may be had for $9.50.

Mrs. John Hering in her wedding gown of ivory satin, with veil of tulle and a cap of Alençon lace. Mrs. Hering's wedding in Trinity Episcopal Church was a brilliant event of the year.

Engraved goblets of rock crystal . . . a cloth of golden damask . . . and flat silver in the aristocratic King Albert pattern of Gorham Sterling! The silver Mrs. Hering has chosen is the perfect complement to such exquisite things as these.

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Why not try it? Take any dish—a common one like pot roast will do. Prepare it with Guasti Cooking Sherry, and you will marvel at the difference.

To prepare Pot Roast a la Guasti—take 3 or 4 lbs. rump, round chuck or brisket of beef, wipe with a damp cloth and roll in flour. Heat 3 tablespoons fat in a deep kettle. Put in meat and brown on all sides; cover tightly and simmer slowly for about 4 hours, turning frequently. After 3 hours, add ½ cup each sliced carrots, turnips, onions and celery and 1 cup GUASTI COOKING SHERRY. *Baste meat frequently with sherry. When roast is tender remove it and vegetables to hot serving platter. Make gravy by adding 1 or 2 tablespoons of flour mixed with cold water for each cup of liquor left in the pan, or new liquid added. Serves six.*

Then you'll want to try other dishes, and there are many of them, both simple and elaborate, fully described in "Treasured Flavors"—a recipe book edited for you by well-known cooking authorities. It is decidedly worth having, and we will send it free for the asking.

But in preparing your dishes, remember the name—Guasti—Guasti Cooking Sherry. It is the same fine sherry that has made the Guasti name famous for years. Merely salt has been added to take it out of the beverage class—yet, *just enough* to season food to suit the average taste.

Then, there are the new *Guasti Wine Jellies*: Port, Sherry, Tokay Burgundy, Sauterne, and Muscatel. An ideal service with roast or game; delicious, too, as a spread.

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The Bother at Drinsey Nook

(Continued from page 56)

the next November 4 they found the hasps torn out of the wall, and no stake. It was recovered, as before, from the field at Drinsey Nook. This landlord, feeling, in his turn, that it was no ordinary hedge-stake, passed it to the Peewit Inn, and its new owner engaged a blacksmith of Saxilby, the blacksmith who had made the gibbet irons for the body of the murderer, to make three cast-iron staples to secure it. On the night of the next November 3 both stake and staples were missing. The stake was recovered, and again clamped to the wall with six clamps. There it remained until the next November 3, when a party of villagers agreed to stay the night in the inn and sit up with the landlord and watch it. But they had to sit in the dark and in silence, and only trained watchers can do that. One by one the party went to sleep, and when they awoke in the morning the stake was gone.

But that was the last of its outings. The story got about, and created unrest and superstitious fears, and rumours of these matters began to trouble the halls of authority. It was decided that something must be done to allay the superstitious fears of the peasantry—anything that we don't experience ourselves is superstition—so by order of the Bishop of Lincoln, the stake was removed from the inn, and one night, with a lofty scorn of vulgar errors, it was solemnly and superstitiously burnt under the walls of the cathedral. Thereafter there was an end to vulgar gossip, and there was peace for John Dunkerly.

For the secret of the stake's outings lay with him, and if he had died suddenly it would have remained with him. But during his last illness he had the frequent ministrations of a pastor, and to him he told the story. In nearly these words:

"It was the very night of the murder, exactly a twelve-month afterwards, that I felt doley-like, so I went to bed about dusk-hours, and what I'm going to tell you is as true as I'm a dying man. I couldn't nohow sleep, and while I was like that, all of a sudden Tom Otter stood in front of me in his chains and says—'It's time. Come along.' And I had to go with him. And he says—'Fetch it—make haste.' And I broke into the Sun Inn at Saxilby and fetched the hedge-stake that he murdered her with from off the nail where it was hanging up, and when I got outside the door they were both waiting for me, and we all three went over Saxilby draw-bridge together. She was walking behind and carrying a paper box in one hand and a pair of pettens in the other. She was wearing the light blue gown that she had on that very night the year before. He had the same light velveteen jacket and breeches that he had on when he came through the hedge and tore up the stake that I was carrying then. It was a kind of mist we seemed to be walking in. We turned down Drinsey Nook lane, and reached the same spot we reached before, and he used the very same words, and said—'Sit down, you can rest here.' And she sat down with her head drooping on her breast, like before, and he come to me with his eyes more fiery than they was before-time, and says—'Now then, quick!' And somehow I threw up the hedge-stake with both hands and murdered her just the way he murdered her a twelve-month before. I give her one clout when she was sitting down, and another when she'd fallen over. And every third of November for years, no matter where I might be, the same low, doley feeling come over me, and Tom Otter'd come to me in his chains and say—'Now then, it's time'—and I had to go fetch the hedge-stake from wherever it might be, and do the same murdering over again, and twice when it was fastened up with staples he come and help me pull and said—'You could pull hard enough when you helped to gibbet me!' And for years this went on, and the hedge-stake was always found in the stubble field next morning where I'd thrown it like he did, and when I'd find myself walking back home I'd be all wet with sweat. And I hadn't no peace till the stake was burnt in the Minster Yard, for after that was done they never come to fetch me to go with 'em to murder her no more."

Small Town Notes

(Continued from page 110)

turbed. "God save the commonwealth," cries the sheriff of Kangaroo.

The mock court is sitting. The judge is sitting on his bench at the edge of an iron cot and is hearing the case. The sheriff holds the prisoner. He may be a tall mountain man with a long drooping mustache.

And now the prosecuting attorney begins pleading the case for the prosecution and the attorney for the defense is heard. Everyone keeps silent. Sometimes the speeches are surprisingly eloquent. A jury has been sworn in and the men sit listening.

They are a hard-mouthed jury. Always, in all jails, the prisoner is found guilty. It is a convention. He will be sentenced to receive such and such a number of blows. He is charged with breaking into jail. If he is not guilty how did he get in? Apparently he did not crawl in through a window. It is too difficult to crawl out.

He must receive such and such a number of blows and across a very tender part. The prisoner is held—if he will not lie quietly face downward across an iron cot—and the blows are from the flat hand of the sheriff.

He takes the blows, laughing a little self-consciously, although they hurt. The sheriff is not gentle. And now he is admitted into the jail life. If he is a strong man and a natural leader he will himself in turn be elected sheriff or judge. If he becomes the Kangaroo sheriff he will have a chance at some other man who has also committed the offense of having been caught.

The Place Where the Season Starts

THEY come here—the men who shoot—a few days before the calendar officially opens the season.

You may see them in the Gun Room talking dogs, birds and guns as if they were in their own Club. There is an eagerness, an anticipation in their eyes that the promise of a most successful business deal could never bring.

They are sportsmen bred, born or made by an instinct older than civilization . . .

From their shoes to their hats, their baggage, their guns, ammunition and all accessories, they choose everything as part of the sport itself—not to be considered lightly. For they know that a major part of the pleasure in shooting is being adequately and correctly prepared.

That is why their rendezvous at this time is at the shop "where the blazed trail crosses the boulevard."

Send for Gun Catalog

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

A&F Co.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Among these six

STERLING

Rich with the beauty of Spanish-Colonial design, GRANADO Table Silver lives on terms of intimacy with dining rooms done in the Spanish or Mediterranean manner. With long slender handles, straight lines, simple clean-cut surfaces, it conforms gracefully to the present-day ideal of modern beauty. There's an exquisite brochure, "The GRANADO—Heritage of El Dorado", that tells about this charming, new pattern, which will be gladly sent upon receipt of your request and twenty cents.

"Treasure" Solid Silver

STERLING 925/1000 FINE

lovely PATTERNS . . .

is one that will blend precisely with the decorative style you have chosen for your home . . . . . .

The William and Mary Style and The Mary II

In dining rooms where the early English styles have been adopted, either of these patterns is smartly correct.

THE increasing vogue of "TREASURE" Solid Silver among discerning hostesses, young matrons and brides-to-be—notable as it is—is nevertheless to be expected. For good taste not only calls for lovely *Sterling* on the dining table, but that the design of the table silver be in keeping with the decorative spirit of the room as a whole.

Modern decoration demands of each room a complete, harmonious picture. Not in the sense that each piece of furniture, each accessory, must be of one particular period of design, but that the pieces assembled should be of related design and fitted to their surroundings.

And so in the most charming dining rooms to-day we note a predominating decorative spirit—perhaps quaint Early American, gorgeous Georgian, simple Spanish or Mediterranean, or Early English—rooms with a pervading atmosphere of restfulness, of graceful living . . . altogether delightful.

In such homes "TREASURE" Solid Silver, designed in the best accepted decorative styles, lends fresh interest and charm. For here is lovely *Sterling* of supreme artistry and museum-like authenticity, carrying out in its beautiful design the very decorative spirit of the dining room.

There is a "TREASURE" pattern that will fit in with the decorative scheme of *your* dining room, and add a wealth of beauty and character to its setting. Silver, that a hundred years from now will prove a tangible sign of your good taste and your love for worthwhile possessions, even to your great-great grandchildren.

Most good jewelers are prepared to show you "TREASURE" Solid Silver in its various styles, but should you desire to write us direct, telling us something of your choice of home decoration, we will gladly send you catalogues.

Lovely sets of "Treasure" Solid Silver may now be purchased out of income through the Sterling Silversmiths Guild Purchase Plan. Leading Jewelers will gladly explain.

The Adam Style

For stately Georgian dining rooms, wherever the elegance and dignity of the late Colonial period finds expression.

The Early American Style
PLAIN OR ENGRAVED

For the dining room which expresses the friendly and delightful spirit of early American days—the Early American Pattern.

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Creators of Distinctive Tableware GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Member of the Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America

An original Creation

IMITATED? Widely! But the imitations are *only* imitations. An artist whose forte is confections, created Almond Roca—and the creation *is still his.* It is neither cream candy, hard candy nor chocolate. It is as individualistic as the Charmed Land from whence it comes—and as thoroughly captivating. We invite you to make its acquaintance with this understanding: If you know another confection its equal we will return your money. ◆ ◆ ◆ Should you not readily locate an Almond Roca dealer address us direct, including a dollar and a half for a prepaid package. Also include your dealer's name that we might offer him our Almond Roca proposition. ◆ ◆ ◆ Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect,* Tacoma, Wn.

Almond Roca

AMERICA'S FINEST CONFECTION

H. M. S. Bookstore

(Continued from page 88)

I'll calculate her literary latitude—
Then hey! the careless maiden gets the axe!
The careless careless maiden! the careless careless maiden!
Sing hey! the careless maiden and the axe!

CAPTAIN: Dick Colcord, I thank you for your timely warning. I shall at once take steps to arrest their progress. This controversy will afford me ample opportunity. So! *(He wraps himself up in the controversy.)*

DICK *(hiding in turn behind the Post):* Ha! ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled.

(Enter Judges *of the Book Clubs on tiptoe, escorting* June Triplett. *The* Captain *watches them unnoticed.)*

ENSEMBLE

(Air: "Carefully on Tiptoe Stealing")
Carefully on tiptoe stealing
Business from the retail store;
Our subscription list revealing
We are each day stealing more!

(There is a loud chord on the piano)

ALL: Goodness me!
What *was* that, pray?
DICK: Silent be,
It was Macrae!
ALL: It was—it was Macrae!
CAPT.: They're right—it was Macrae!

Advertise, in fashion steady
Readers will defray the fare.
For the public knows already
That's the only thing we care!

(There is another loud chord)

ALL: Goodness me!
That same piano!
DICK: Silent be!
It's just Brentano!
ALL: It was—it was Brentano!
CAPT.: They're right—it was Brentano!
(The CAPTAIN *steps out and raises his hand)*

CAPT.: Hold! Hold! Unhand that girl! You cannot steal my Daughter!

JUDGES: She is ours from now forever more, to have or to hold—with the privilege, of course, of returning her at any time if not satisfied.

CAPT.: Then I shall denounce her to the world as an unfaithful and illegitimate child.

LITTLE PUBLISHER: Stay! This quarrel has already gone too far! Why can't you both join hands together with me in peace and happiness; and let us all three—Publisher and Bookseller and Book Club—work together with one great common purpose: TO SELL THE PUBLIC.

(They all join hands and commence to dance around and around merrily, singing the final chorus.)

FINAL CHORUS

(Air: "I Am the Monarch of the Sea")
This little story of the sea
We are ready to guarantee;
And we hope that you will realize our only want
Is to satisfy the public and his cousins and his aunt,
Is to satisfy the public and his cousins and his aunt,
The public and his cousins and his aunt.

But if trouble starts to brew
And our story proves untrue,
We will snap our fingers at the critics' taunt
And to hell with the public and his cousins and his aunt.
To hell with the public and his cousins and his aunt,
Who hear about the de-bate
And attempt to get a rebate—
And they can't!

(And as the BOOK CLUB JUDGES, *and* LITTLE PUBLISHER, *and the* BOOKSELLERS *all join hands happily and dance around in a circle, the curtain falls slowly and the allegory comes to an end. Two minutes later, of course, they are all fighting again.)*

Carnival

(Continued from page 87)

It was Daisy, flushed, happy, wanting to dance. How could he have forgotten her? They danced, in a quick pattern of excellent jazz, and he thought how lovely she was . . . as straight as an arrow, as swift as a breeze, as beautiful as flowers in a sunlit meadow. Dear Daisy! She raised her eyes to his, the clear, appealing eyes of seventeen. "Darling, darling, darling!" he hummed in time to the music. Then, suddenly he wanted to protect her, never to leave her, to have her beside him, laughing and eager, forever.

The "blues" of the negroes dissolved themselves into a throbbing silence, and once more they were seated on the bench, behind the table. In Martin Joyce there was no more struggle, no more worry. If he turned to the right, he received a smile that made him lose his head . . . if to the left, a look that penetrated his being to its depths. He thought of nothing, listening to the song in his heart, the song of Carnival. What, after all, had happened to him? He didn't know. What was going to happen? He knew that less. But wasn't that, perhaps, what the song had meant . . . wasn't the promise sweeter unfulfilled in its pledge of delights to come?

He leaned back. Then he put his right hand on his knee, under the table, his left hand on his other knee. He was happy, he was at peace. And now, at the right, a hand below the cloth was slipping toward his hand, taking it, pressing it gently. What happiness was in that handclasp! And, at the same moment, from the left, another hand just as tiny but the least bit less adroit, reached his, opened it, and lost itself in it. Both hands seemed to say, "I have found you . . . I am yours."

With a generous heart Martin accepted them both. Must he choose . . . should he? No! He felt himself carried away, elevated to the company of those heroes whom nothing can embarrass, not even a double conquest. And what a conquest—mother and daughter! He smiled at himself in a distant mirror, which gave him back his own image and that of these two lovely ladies.

To-morrow. . . . But what of to-morrow? To-day was enough . . . and it was Carnival!

When Autumn Comes

Our New Shirtings, Neckwear Silks, and other Distinctive Requisites are arriving in Great Abundance for the coming Season. We are prepared to show the most Exclusive and Handsome Merchandise Europe produces.

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HAND SEWED GOODYEAR WELT STYLE 1 PIECE VAMP FOREPART

The Outstanding Golf Shoe of the Day

Super-Fitting and Built-In-Quality. In Martin's Imported Black Scotch Grain with White Elk Top. Web Grip Rubber Sole & Heel. Also in Imported Tan Zug and Tan Scotch Grain Top. Brown Rubber Teacup Sole and Heel.

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Write for name of nearest dealer

THE Thompson SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ESTABLISHED 1880

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"Decidedly Thompson"

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ESTABLISHED 1886

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Authoritative styles for every occasion in the finest of hats for gentlemen's wear

DUKE STREET

A model of national popularity in a new brown shade for country use

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Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

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EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATIVES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men

and the correct hats for the season

THE warmer days bring a reaction from the rigid formality of winter headwear. The better-dressed men enthusiastically favor the ever-popular *Piccadilly Circus* for informal wear, or for week-ends in the country. Its small, saucy, raw-edge brim imparts an air of jaunty insouciance that so befits the smart seashore or country-resorts. A companion hat to the *Piccadilly Circus* is the *Piccadilly Piper*. Its only difference is its narrow binding around the brim. The new shades for the season are as varied and beautiful as nature itself.

CAMEL'S HAIR

The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

FRENCH WEIGHT

Feathery and frolicsome, combining comfort and smartness is the *French Weight Flanul Felt*. It is as light as a whiff of Spring air and every bit as refreshing.

The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

KENT

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur —a pliable soft construction. $7.50 to $20. The Hodshon Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. *Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.* Unit of Cavanagh-Dobbs.

Flanul Felts

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and exclusive shops throughout the country

Psychology of Golf in Championships

(Continued from page 91)

had accumulated them and he was certainly a very worried young man when I joined the match going to the fourteenth hole.

At that point Roland was only four down with five holes left. He was walking like a race horse and scarcely pausing in his stride when he played a shot. George was doing the best he could but it appeared that he was doomed to take an extra stroke on each hole. It didn't seem to matter what Roland did, he always holed out at least a stroke to the good.

The eighteenth hole was a fair sample of the match. George had contrived to halve one hole of the last four and so stand on the eighteenth tee one up. It is not hard to imagine how he felt after watching a lead of eight holes slip away from him. Roland drove first and he missed his drive almost completely, the ball barely scrambling across the quarry in front of the tee. George had a good drive down the centre of the fairway.

This left Roland in a fairly uncomfortable predicament. He was fully 300 yards from the green whereas George was no more than 150, and the hole, for Roland, had to be *won*. MacKenzie's second shot was, I think, the greatest effort I have ever seen. Played with a slight hook, the ball struck a slope twenty yards short of the green and rolled to the edge of the putting surface. Von Elm played onto the green. MacKenzie putted close and went down in four —and Von Elm took three putts. The match was square. That George Von Elm won the thirty-seventh hole after all that had happened to him was indeed remarkable. No one could have blamed him if he had lost it.

I have myself been "on the run" a good many times, and I can say quite frankly that there is no more uncomfortable feeling than that of seeing a big lead slip away, hole by hole. The horror of the thing is that it seems inevitable. You feel absolutely powerless to do anything about it. How helpful it would be, in golf, if one could call "time-out" as they do in football.

In 1926, George Von Elm beat me in the final of the amateur championship. The match ended on the thirty-fifth green and was fairly close all the way. There were many times when I had opportunities which I could not grasp—points which might have been considered as determining the match. But I have always looked upon that match as one which was mainly decided by the fact that, early in the game, through slack play, I surrendered a tremendous psychological advantage which I had undoubtedly held as we went to the first tee.

I had met George twice before in national championships and each time I had beaten him rather badly. As we greeted each other on the first tee at Baltusrol that day, I felt that George was remembering the past two matches and that all I had to do was to get an early lead. On the first hole he was a bit shaky and I won it with a four. That was exactly what I wanted and I began to feel that I was going to see a repetition of our last two meetings.

The second hole at Baltusrol is not a hard hole. Indeed it is a very easy one. Yet I have never been able to doubt that it cost me that match. After good drives and two shaky pitch shots, we were left with George on the edge of the green and my ball just short of it. And it was then that I made a weak chip, stopping six or eight feet short of the hole, and that George made an almost equally bad putt, running four or five feet past the hole. But he holed his putt after I had missed mine and my hopes of a big lead early in the game received a rude shock. That hole could do nothing but encourage him. From that point on we were playing on even terms and his play proved a little the better of the two.

In a medal-play championship it is almost impossible to measure the force with which the consciousness of a good score weighs down upon the performer. The nearer he approaches his goal the harder each shot becomes until the meanest obstacles appear almost insurmountable. There is really less nervous strain involved in overcoming the effects of a bad start than in maintaining the standard set by a well made beginning.

That very mental pressure is responsible, more than anything else, for the fact that the third round leader rarely finishes in front of an open championship field. The thing that presses him down is not the fear that he has "shot his bolt" as the saying is, for if the fourth round were a separate affair with everyone starting even, he could probably do as well as anyone. But the thought of the few strokes lead which he must protect makes him over-fearful and over-cautious. The man drawing up from the rear on the other hand, finds himself in an aggressive frame of mind with nothing to think about except playing golf. Very often he can play himself into a winning position before he has time to appreciate the import of what he is doing.

The shopworn admonition to forget the last shot and play the one in hand, was meant to apply as much to the good ones as to the bad. It is just as important to forget the threes as the sixes. I have never forgotten the comment made to me several years ago by a well-known professional. We had just heard, at the clubhouse, that Walter Hagen had run into a phenomenal string of sub-par holes. "You know, Bobby," said the pro, "the greatest thing about Hagen is that after he makes a few birdies, he thinks he can keep on doing it, while you and I begin to wonder if it isn't too good to be true. We begin to be suspicious and expect a six or a seven to jump out at us any minute."

One may say that it is easy to understand why there should be a considerable mental strain in a big tournament, but the same conditions do not bear upon a friendly Saturday afternoon of golf, at our own club, and yet the mental strain is still there. It is there in a different degree, of course, but every amateur golfer knows what it means to beat his best score over his home course. The putt

(Continued on page 122)

GAY in modern brilliancy of color, with a luxury of appointment rare in any motor boat, the Dodge 20-footer has donned its sporting togs — smart and new — but beneath it all, the same fundamental Dodge excellence . . . Soundness, dependability, value — these qualities are rooted deep in the Dodge tradition . . . The Sport Model, powered with a speedy six-cylinder motor and completely equipped, $2,100 . . . Other models in stock, from twenty feet up, open or closed, speeds 20 to 60 miles; prices start at $1,675.

DODGE BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT WORKS, INC., SALES OFFICES AND SALON, 3 EAST 52nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

TWO RIGHT SIDES • TWO BRIGHT SIDES

These fascinating Cannon Towels create a new, arresting Style

THIS YEAR departing from all tradition, Cannon presents reversible towels. Full, colorful patterns, running in many cases from one end of the towel to the other, show clearly on each side. *There is no "wrong" side.* The designs are modern in the best sense. Simple, well-suited to the purpose for which they are intended.

The colors are charming; many-toned effects graduating from deep shades to light tints. They were selected after a careful study of the trends in bathroom decoration and after consultations with manufacturers of bathroom fixtures, so that the new Cannon towels would continue to be in harmony with new bathroom furnishings. Cannon wash cloths and bath mats are made to match these towels, making an effective ensemble. *Complete* color blending is an essential in modern home decoration. All Cannon colors are absolutely fast.

It has always been the Cannon policy to make the cost of fine towels as reasonable as possible. These new reversible Cannon towels are now being featured by leading stores at moderate prices. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

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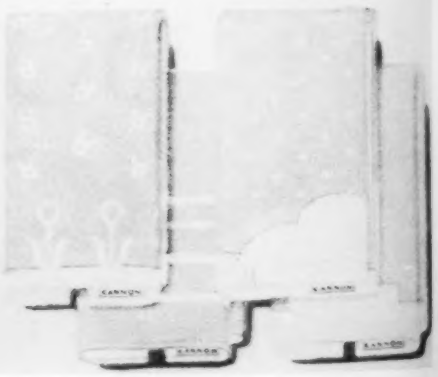
Six new colors in these new reversible towels, all guaranteed fast. Rose, turquoise, maize, peach, jade and orchid. Prices range from 35c to $1.50.

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON



Cannon sheets are available in three grades: Cannon Lavender Lawn, about $5 (average size in white); Cannon Lineen, about $1.75; and Cannon Fine Muslin, about $1.50. Plain and hemstitched, snowy-white, orchid, canary yellow, sea-shell pink, Nile green, azure blue and peach.

FIVE GOLF MISTAKES

and a sure way to improve your game

CUT down your score! Let leading professionals and champions show you how!

Playing good golf isn't entirely a matter of knowing *what* to do—it's just as important to know how NOT to do it . . . In golf, there are a dozen *wrong* ways for each one *right* way—and just a simple fault that could be corrected overnight may be the one thing that keeps your score obstinately hovering between 90 and 100, without getting any lower.

Right now—and each month—in The American Golfer you will find golfing advice that should open the eyes of almost any player . . . Our movie "stills" of experts in action are surprisingly helpful. Step by step they show you how to play all difficult and simple shots—exactly how to use your legs, arms, hands and body through each successive stage of the shot—and the tricky pitfalls to avoid.

Make up your mind *now* to start improving your game systematically. The coupon below will bring you The American Golfer at a reduced rate for two years. You pay for only 20 issues and get 4 extra without charge . . . In addition to the golf tips and lessons, each issue of the magazine contains 75 to 100 interesting photographs—snapshots of players and events at well-known clubs—articles by Grantland Rice, Bobby Jones and others—tournaments fully covered—in fact, everything a dyed-in-the-wool golfer wants to know about the game . . . The reduced price is in effect now. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today.

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

The picture at the right illustrates five common golf mistakes as follows:

1 Extreme type of duffer's grip—but characteristic in lesser degree of a fault many players have. Wrist action completely destroyed.

2 Head has been moved to the right, altering center of swing. Result will be loss of accuracy and distance.

3 Right elbow too high and too far away from body. Likely to hook as a result.

4 Player is swaying instead of pivoting. This way he cannot utilize force of body action.

5 Left heel turned out of line of play. Takes all the "punch" out of the stroke.

THE AMERICAN GOLFER

CONDÉ NAST, PUBLISHER

GRANTLAND RICE, EDITOR ROBERT T. JONES, JR., ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Many a golfer who thought the King a buy at $1 is rejoicing at this news!

And we take further pleasure in assuring these enthusiasts that the new price goes for the original King — the world's greatest distance ball — the world's outstanding quality ball — known and sold on six continents as "The King O' Them All."

With the King available at this new low price no man need deny himself the best in this year of 1929!

The Silvertown Company, London

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John Wanamaker

NEW YORK

Sole United States Distributors

The Shops of Vanity Fair

Psychology of Golf in Championships

The Shops of Vanity Fair

(Continued from page 120)

which betters his record seems fully as momentous as was Johnny Farrell's putt on the last hole at Olympia Fields.

In 1916 my "best score" at East Lake was 74; not in competition of course. And like any one else, every time I went out to play a round I tried to beat my record. I tried all that summer and all the next year without success. I remember at least four occasions when I stood on the seventeenth tee needing only two pars, (a four and a three) not merely to beat 74 but to beat seventy. Each time I arrived at that point I began to think of what I was about to do and each time I would use up just enough strokes to bring my total up to seventy-four. It was two full years before I could break through the barrier raised by that seventy-four. If I could have refrained from thinking about it I should have probably beaten it in a month.

So the average player's difficulty in breaking ninety, or eighty-five, is exactly of the same nature as the expert's difficulty when he is trying to win a championship. When I hear a man censured for collapsing in the last round of a competition, when he apparently had it won I always want to ask the critic if he has ever had three fives to beat his own best score, and still managed to get them. Whether the score be seventy or a hundred is a matter of little moment. It's all a question of what the nerves will do to us.

In match play, where the man beside you is the only one necessary to beat, the most difficult part of the game is the iron play—the second shots to the green, particularly if you are habitually hitting the longer tee shot. The temptation at all times to attempt to match the opponent, shot for shot, is a very hard thing to resist. No one can fail to be affected by the sight of the hostile ball reposing on the green in the neighborhood of the flag. The natural thing to do is to concentrate everything upon placing your ball closer to the hole than the ball you see on the green. And to think of anything except the actual execution of the stroke is a dangerous thing.

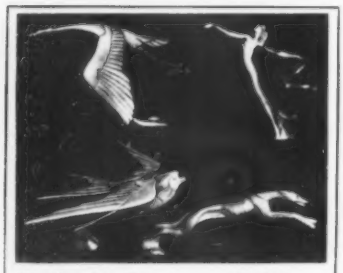
In stroke competition, although the man beside you may be one of your closest rivals, it is easy to go your way and permit him to go his. Both of you must play the full round of eighteen holes. Over a seventy-two hole stroke competition there is the feeling that the competition is by rounds rather than by holes. In that way there is little concern about losing this hole or that. The good has to be taken with the bad and when all is over it is usually found that a score close to par figures is not far behind the winner.

So you don't have to worry about your opponent's shots or about those of anyone else. When there is an iron shot to be played, it must be played, that is all, and played as well as possible. There is nothing but the shot to think about. If your immediate adversary seems likely to get a three, it is not hard to reflect that he might take five somewhere else.

The really hard part of medal play comes on, and around, the greens. It is there that the possibility of losing or gaining a stroke finally bears down upon the player's consciousness. With a long and difficult approach putt to lay dead or a tricky six-footer to hole, the situation for the first time appears serious. No one ever turns up his nose at par figures, and a second shot onto the green is good enough for that—unless there are going to be three putts. But the likelihood of taking three putts does not become a menace until at least one of the three has been made.

It is a fact that bad play around the hole gives the first indication that a man is losing his grip. True, the effect of a few important strokes lost in the putting may demoralize the competitor's entire game, but that is because he distrusts his putter and becomes too anxious to make his work with it less difficult. After taking an

(Continued on page 130)



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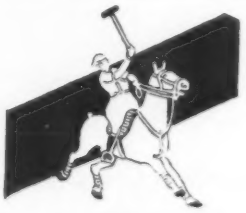
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(Continued from page 96)

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With the Sikorsky ranking as the largest of its type, the other extreme is represented by the Savoia-Marchetti Baby Amphibion, a tiny open cockpit three-seater equipped with the new Kinner 90 horsepower radial motor. The Savoia, a domestically built Italian design, is an ideal little craft for training or sport flying. It has a cruising speed of 90 miles an hour and its ceiling, while scarcely great enough for flights across high terrain, is sufficient for ordinary work. Its ease of operation, light weight, and lively response to controls have been amply demonstrated by several landings made on the ground without the use of the wheels, or directly on the keel of the hull. Only a light-weight and sturdily-built amphibion could undergo this severe test without incurring serious damage.

Another of the finest of the amphibions now available for private flying is the famous Vought Corsair, equipped with amphibion float gear, a combination of seaplane pontoon and retractable wheels. The Corsair has for the past year been one of the most popular observation planes in both the Navy and Marine Corps and has only lately been offered for civilian use.

It is distinguished for extremely high performance. A Wasp motor pulls it along at a top speed of 147 miles an hour and is capable of lifting it to a maximum height of 22,900 feet. Its landing speed, however, is comparatively low—50 miles an hour. As designed for service use, the Corsair is a two-seater, open cockpit model, but for sports flying it may be converted into a three-seater. Inasmuch as it is constructed to conform to rigid Navy standards it will stand up under a great deal of abuse. There is no set price for the Civilian Corsair, quotations varying with the equipment desired by the individual owner. The average price, however, is around $18,000.

Ireland builds several amphibions of the flying boat hull type. The Neptune accommodates four passengers and pilot, speeds up to 105 miles an hour and has an effective ceiling of 12,000 feet. This performance is attained with the new Wright J-6 300 horsepower engine. The plane is also designed for the Wasp engine. Ireland prices fluctuate around $27,000, depending on the motor and whether the model be open or enclosed.

From Detroit comes the Towle amphibion, a twin-motored plane carrying from six to eight passengers. It is designed for any of three makes of engines—Comet, Wright Whirlwind or Warner Scarab. Towle ships are quoted at from $24,000 to $27,000.

Loening also makes a very popular amphibion, a rather unusual single-engined biplane which, with the Wasp engine, has a high speed of 120 miles an hour. It has ample room for four passengers and a pilot. The price is $26,750.

The Douglas Company, of California, offers a twin-engined ship of unusual design and excellent performance. Douglas military planes are recognized as among the finest in the world, which should be ample assurance that any commercial ships coming from this factory will be of the very best design and construction. No price has yet been set on this new Douglas model.

Fokker is completing tests on a new amphibion. Acosta Aircraft Company is placing a small plane into quantity production. Many others will put in an appearance within the next few months, for sportsmen have expressed a distinct liking for planes that are equally at home in air and water and on the land and manufacturers are hastening to meet this new demand.

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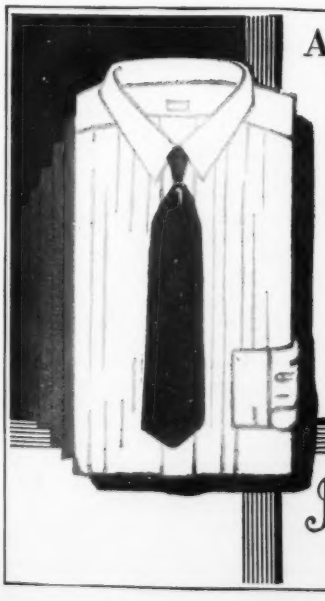

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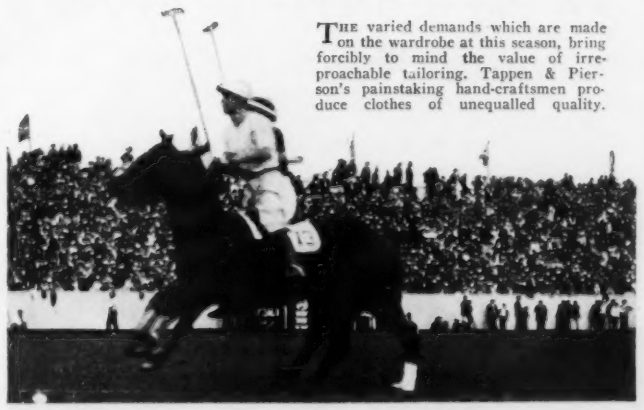

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"The Art of Life"

(Continued from page 79)

inches tall, a fencing master in a military academy. He was all bones, muscles, and skin, without the thinnest layer of fat—a lean man, but he weighed 220 pounds. He had large, wide-open eyes, full of merry courage, and original, waggish brains, and unrestrained temperament. Military life in times of peace offered him few opportunities to give free reign to his energy, so he created opportunities for himself. For instance, he kept wolves just as some people kept dogs. He had four wolves in the Budapest Zoo. After a night of merry-making, at five o'clock in the morning, he would invite his guests, ladies in evening gowns and gentlemen in swallow-tails, to the Zoo, to see his favourite wolves. He had a pair of gloves woven of fine steel wire. He would pull them on and then enter the cage with the four wolves. He would wrestle with them, and play ball with them, throwing them against the wall, hurling them in the air. From the wolves, he would take his guests to see his bear. The bear did not live in the Zoo; it had a cage in the barracks of the mounted police. He had given it to them when still a cub, and it had been raised by the policemen. Once more he would enter the cage and wrestle with the beast. (Once the bear, out of pure love, patted him on the head so enthusiastically that his scalp slipped to one side. Two doctors worked for a day before they succeeded in pulling the scalp back into its original place and sewing it on again.) He took an active part in every complicated affair of honour. He was the leading second in every important duel. He was a superb boxer and wrestler, a wild and daring horseman. In place of the regulation sword, he carried a broadsword so heavy that ordinary mortals could hardly lift it. He loved to stay up until the morning hours in the company of artists and writers, and he sat at their tables in the *cafés* modestly, silently, attentively, with a school-boy's naïve amazement in his eyes.

Once, in the *Váczi-utca*, at high noon, when hundreds of fashionable promenaders filled the narrow thoroughfare, the captain was sauntering in the sunshine. In front of him walked a young man escorting a lady and whirling his cane merrily in the air. As the captain passed the youth, the boy, carelessly and accidentally, knocked off the captain's shako with his stick. The captain stopped. The boy looked at him, recognized him, and instantly turned pale as a corpse. In half a minute, hundreds of people had gathered around. They were all certain that the pavement would be spattered with blood in a second. But the captain suddenly embraced the terrified and trembling youth and kissed him on both cheeks.

"*Servus*, dear boy," he cried good-humouredly—this was the first time he had ever seen him in his life—picked up his shako, took the boy by the arm, and, feigning merry conversation, began to walk up and down the promenade with him. The boy, half-dead, went along with him mechanically. When they had managed to push out of the crowd, the captain turned to him.

"We shall walk the length of the street at least ten times, laughing and talking, so that all those who witnessed the incident will believe that it was merely an accident, and be convinced that you are my best friend. This farce is absolutely necessary, for if rumour gets around that you knocked my shako off with your stick and I, an officer of the Hussars, have neither challenged you to a duel nor cut you to pieces on the spot, I am a lost man."

And he dragged the pale, trembling youngster up and down the street, laughing loudly and telling him old jokes. After the tenth turn, he let him go. The youngster remembered only then to introduce himself.

"Thank you," said the captain, "there is no necessity of my knowing your name. Don't overestimate my benevolence—I despise you. I have done all this because, to my mind, the essence of chivalry is still what it was in the Middle Ages: the protection of the weak. And this was the only way to rescue you from my sword."

He left the youth without even bidding him good-bye.

A Lady Horse-Thief

(Continued from page 73)

great-coat, and a fur cap, she concealed her sex and passed as a man. There is no suggestion that she so far forgot herself as to abandon her flowing skirts. She bilked tavern-keepers out of their just charges; she travelled about with a young planter, and although it does not appear that their relations for one moment over-stepped the limits of a frigid chastity, she incited him to fraud and deception. She roamed about the shores of the Ohio River, committing various illegal deeds, and at last expressed her abandonment by firing a pistol at a representative of the law's majesty, who came to apprehend her.

When she was brought to trial, she was charged with stealing $150.00 in bank notes; "making an unlawful and outrageous attempt with a deadly weapon upon the life of the officer"; and with various other thefts and high-handed felonies.

She had—she says so, herself—a "mere form of trial," and the aid of but "very imperfect" counsel. It makes our cheeks redden with shame to think that a woman could be so treated, for it must be apparent to anyone, with the slightest knowledge of modern criminology, that Josephine Amelia Perkins was *no criminal*. But she was sent to the Penitentiary, during the term of her natural life, and so far as any documentary evidence has come to my notice, there she stayed.

Thus did an innocent and amiable girl suffer for the grievous mistake, the wanton blunder, of her father in sending her to a riding-school, and implanting in her psyche, at a tender age, an overmastering predilection for horse-theft. Understanding, sympathy, an intelligent recognition of her fixation were all denied her, and the law was permitted to take its usual stupid course.

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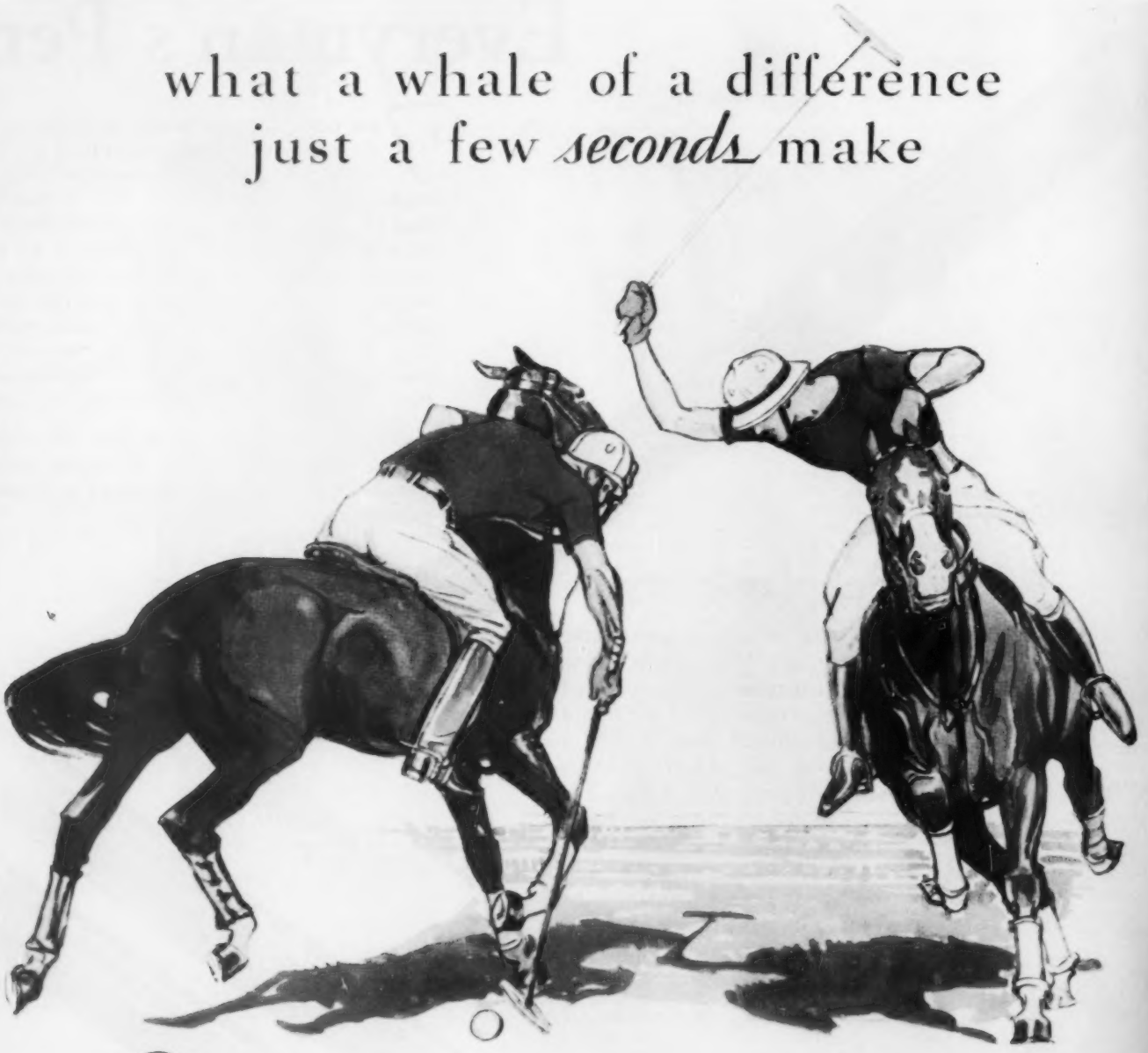

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Handy Hints for the Telephone-User

(Continued from page 69)

frame to a reputable oculist, who will fit it with glasses for a nominal fee; and as a result the pupil will not only be the proud possessor of a handsome Pair of Spectacles, which he fashioned himself during his spare moments at the telephone and through which he can see almost as well as with the naked eye, but he will also be out one perfectly good paper-clip.

The field of Blotter Art likewise offers unlimited possibilities to the Telephone Sitter; and in this brief space I can only hint at the fascinating variety of designs that awaits his exploring pencil. A white desk-blotter or memorandum pad offers the simplest facilities for the development of this art; but rare and elaborate designs have also been executed on engagement pads, telephone books, or (particularly in the case of a coin-box telephone) the adjacent wall.

Probably the most important thing in the development of this art is for the pupil to put himself in the proper frame of mind. The necessary state of careless detachment can be secured best if the pupil will rest his head gently upon the telephone receiver, with a glazed look in his eye, and let his pencil wander fancy-free over the white expanse of blotter before him, only rousing himself occasionally to murmur into the mouthpiece in a dead, discouraged voice, "You just cut me off again, Central" or "Are you sure you're ringing the right number?" or "But somebody *must* be home, operator, it's the Plaza Hotel."

It is in such peaceful moments that the untrammeled imagination is apt to result in an inspired and beautifully executed series of curlicues, achieved without any apparent effort. Perhaps it will evolve a perfect labyrinth, wheels, fans, a girl's head or even telephone number, concentric circles, or the addresses of several better bootleggers.

In addition to these orthodox patterns, however, there is a more complicated form of Blotter Art in which the design merely elaborates or enlarges upon some original basic idea, such as a blot, or one of the more open letters of the alphabet. The enlargement of a blot gives perhaps the greater leeway; and in *Figure 5*, Man With Two Black Eyes, and Gravy Spots on His Vest, Eating a Banana, we note how three or four apparently unrelated blemishes on a blotter have been coordinated and adapted by the artist to form a rational and pleasing whole. The novel conception of using two blots as gravy stains, moreover, adds a piquant touch that lifts the whole creation above the common level of houses with smoking chimneys, girls' heads, fruit pieces and the like.

The letters of the alphabet, such as are found on a printed memorandum, a newspaper, or desk calendar, offer the artist a distinct challenge, although his best effects are necessarily limited to the rounder letters, such as O, U, C, and Q. Q is particularly adapted to animal life, such as a cat on the back-fence, owing to its convenient tail. I is more or less a wash-out, no matter how you look at it. D, P, and R are better suited to profiles; and B will come in very handy as the basis for a full-length side view of Senator Borah. O, on the other hand, can be made easily into a voluptuous girl's head by the simple addition of curls, cupid's-bow lips, and a pair of dots for eyes, surrounded by a series of spokes radiating out from these dots to symbolize lashes. By adding another O beneath this one, the artist will be able to enlarge his conception into a fairly presentable bust. Three or four more O's, in fact, and he will have the whole girl.

So much for blotters; and now we arrive at the last division of office entertainment, and no doubt the most pleasing of all—the Catapult (*Figure 6.*) Although the precise purpose of this contraption is a little vague, the pupil will no doubt be well repaid for his effort in the simple joy of a good job well done. The following directions should be followed carefully:

Placing the telephone solidly in the center of the desk, the pupil will take a long elastic band, and stretch it from the mouth-piece of the phone (A) over to the brass cover of the ink-well, (B), twice around this cover, and thence to the thumb-screw on the engagement calendar, (C). Having secured this screw firmly with the elastic, the rubber should then be stretched across the length of the desk and looped over the knob of the desk drawer, (D). This forms a large quadrilateral, ABCD.

The pupil will next insert a pencil beneath the first taut side of this quadrilateral, AB, and by twisting the pencil around three or four times and resting it point downward upon the blotter, he will leave it in such a position that the slightest pressure will release it and send it spinning across the room and into the pot of office-paste. The second side, BC, may next be attached to the arm of the chair by a thumb-tack, which will be pushed into the wood just sufficiently for it to detach itself and fling upward whenever the chair is pushed back. The third side, CD, should be looped back and caught over the telephone receiver. (In order to accomplish this, it is best for the pupil to ask Central to call him back when his number answers, and then hang up the receiver on the hook.) In the fourth side, DA, a common ink-eraser should be solidly embedded, like a pebble in a slingshot, the whole length of elastic drawn back to the breaking point, and the eraser balanced on end at the further edge of the desk.

And at this precise moment, when the pupil cannot possibly remove the receiver from the hook without exploding the whole contraption in his face and maybe knocking out a couple of teeth, the telephone bell will ring.

And while the telephone bell continues to ring violently, and the pupil sits in front of it and stares helplessly at the diabolically clever Catapult which he has just completed, he may derive added pleasure from the thought that all this time the party at the other end of the line is no doubt busily designing a whole new series of fascinating Paper-Clip Figures and Blotter Art Creations while waiting for *him*.

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125-27 WEST 42D STREET
EXCHANGE PLACE AT NEW
62 BROADWAY, Below Wall
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JOHN DAVID

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE—COMPARE!

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Sole American Agents

BE PREPARED
-take along Absorbine, Jr.

OFF for an outing—miles from home—suddenly a fall bringing painful sprains and bruises—the day is spoiled! No, it need not be if you use Absorbine, Jr. Rub it on full strength at once. It will reduce swelling; draw out inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. When used full strength it eliminates the danger of infection in cuts, skin bruises, wounds and abrasions. For prompt relief use Absorbine, Jr. on wrenches, muscular aches, sunburn, insect bites and burns. Keep a bottle in the car. It is a reliable first aid—easy to use, and does not stain the skin.

At All Druggists, $1.25 *Send for Free Trial Bottle*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield,
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To Relieve Sunburn
Keep in the vogue—pleasantly. Splash on Absorbine, Jr. to soothe sunburn. It takes out the burn, leaving a rich sun tan.

To Heal Children's Hurts
Use Absorbine, Jr. full strength to relieve aching, play-worn muscles. Apply it as an antiseptic on scratches, cuts or open bruises.

Absorbine Jr.

Mother Volstead's Chickens

(Continued from page 92)

the world, they are, within vague limits, capable of pretty much anything. Some retain an acute sense of discretion and guile; some hand out in equal portions blarney and blows; others weep; others grow merely sullen and abusive; others lower their heads and fight everything that gets in the way; others become kleptomaniacs or nymphomaniacs or pyromaniacs.

But always, in the subject, there is the driving sense of power and the misty but compelling passion to prove something, to impose, somewhere and somehow, the force of his will.

The art of modern American drinking is in everything the reverse of genteel, urbane or even pleasurable. It is conceived in spiritual violence and calculated to evoke in its practitioners their baser and more violent parts. It is, in a sense, a necessity, not only from boredom or desperation, but as the natural expression of a generation. Habitual drinkers today do not return to the gin bottle because they cannot resist the taste of it. In that sense their drinking is ascetic and non-sensuous. It is to a degree almost a masochistic rite, a castigation of the flesh, a ceremony akin to that which once made a saint of a man. This is borne out by the phenomenon of the "hangover", when the subject is in a state of extreme physical debility and of the highest spiritual purity. He is exhausted of his mortal corruption; he has the gift of visions and second sight. Then he sees his fellow-men at once with greater charity and heightened discernment. His state is one of Buddhistic calm and the struggle for survival comes to him then as a distant and irrelevant clamor. Western Man has a perpetual bee in his bonnet and that unresting itch is responsible for his present redoubtable civilization; but the "hangover" discovers to him joys otherwise unimaginable. They are merely a by-product of American drinking, but they are far from negligible.

As the American world is now ordered we must for all practical purposes forget that men once drank to become witty and jovial and poetic, to reproduce in their own spirits the fraternal mellowness of ale or the keen and velvet vigor of Bourbon or the gracious gaiety of good wine. It is better to make a virtue of a necessity and to realize that the fine drinker in America, 1929, is that one who reproduces most accurately the spirit of grain alcohol. It is idle to say "a gentleman holds his liquor" or to dogmatize that Americans do not know how to drink. The point is and the fact is that Americans do most emphatically know how to drink grain alcohol. Indeed there is no race on the face of the earth that can compare with them at drinking it. In that specific art the Americans have no peers.

It is important then to know what the spirit of grain alcohol is, and so to train our coming generations of drinkers as to develop a race that will express that spirit with greater and greater virtuosity. Since grain alcohol induces a kind of insanity, a modified fury of desperation and angry sorrow, since it induces sullenness and a grim and berserk pride, the tradition of American drinking now taking form should model itself on those qualities. It is true that men are now accustomed to apologize the next day for their behavior of the night before; they are humble and ashamed for the completeness with which they mirrored the genius of the drink. There is unfortunately no approved tradition by which the American drinker may measure himself and his fellows, and he is an unconscious martyr in the name of what will be the drinking religion of the future.

For certainly we may look forward to the day when we shall know ourselves and our beverages, when we shall not be ashamed to react as we must. We shall have become adept in the absorbing of these poisons. The ancient concept of the quality of the drink will have been definitely discarded, and the premier drinkers will be noted for the quantity of grain alcohol they are able to contain and for the diabolic venom with which they run amok. Far from emigrating to France to drink, in an old tradition, the Americans of the future will have only contempt for those weakling races who drink for pleasure.

With Prohibition we have lost the old amenities, but man cannot live by bread alone, he must have some superior guide. And in grain alcohol the new amenities will be conceived. Chicago and the rum-running traffic, and the minions of the bootleggers and the opposing bloodthirstiness of prohibition officers have given us a foretaste of what those new amenities will be. It will be a hard school, but the great periods, the Elizabethans, the Florentines of the Renaissance, the old Egyptians, have invariably concealed beneath their divinity an equal brutality. In the great ages—or so we are told—there is always a dagger behind the arras. And perhaps we too, through the agency of Prohibition and grain alcohol, are on the verge of a great age, as baroque as any of the others, but differing from them all in its cold wantonness.

It is not beyond the realm of possibility.

One trusts that Canon Chase and Bishop Cannon and Mrs. Willebrandt may live to see beyond its dawn.

CHRISTMAS CARDS BY

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Distinguished by smartly individual designs and exquisite hand engraving. To avoid duplication only a limited number of each design are printed. Write for the name of our personal representative in your city. When in California visit Chryson's . . . unlike any other store in the world

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LONDON'S
FINEST HATS
for Fall 1929

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"FOR THE HOSTESS"

a handbook for entertaining

OVER 50,000 smart women have purchased this book, "For the Hostess", since its first appearance last October . . . the sort of book that you, too, have always wanted, the only sort the smart woman can be persuaded to buy . . . a summary of the whole art of entertaining. Training the servants . . . planning the menus . . . setting the table . . . everything is covered without a single wasted word. Things as practical as the budget and marketing. Things as unusual as the recipes of well-known hostesses, epicures and chefs . . . and what does it cost? This is the part you can't believe . . . *a quarter!*

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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EXCELLENT QUALITY AND FAST COLORS

Surpassing all others in beauty and service —at a lower price! $59.50

You need no longer be content with an ordinary Reducer—even though you pay less than the average price. You'll be proud to own the new Tower Exerciser and Reducer. Its charming Console design—its mechanical refinements—its easy operation—its dependability and quiet efficiency—will please you quite as much as its extremely low price. $59.50 complete. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it for you.

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Write for interesting booklet.

EXERCISER and REDUCER

Variable speed—Adjustable stroke

Mt. Rock Alpacian
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The season's lightweight champion is the Mt. Rock Alpacian Topcoat. Its softness is deceptive, for it can stand any amount of punishment. And you never tried on a smarter coat!

Sold in the best men's shops everywhere.

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Clothes

LEVY BROS. & ADLER - ROCHESTER, INC.
NEW YORK , CHICAGO , ROCHESTER , LOS ANGELES

Where Every Prospect Pleases

(Continued from page 63)

rado, which, as Mr. Nibble pointed out, was a great advantage, since the low rents in Kling enabled the Jerkwater Guild to maintain service stations throughout the country, each manned by a crew of fourteen experts. As for Pride of Ownership, the Jerkwater people had it to the highest degree. The Jerkwater pump itself was their one best bet, or, as Mr. Nibble phrased it, their Ambas-ador of Good Will.

I asked him how it worked, and he silently handed me a folder. It bore a coloured picture on the cover, showing a little golden-haired girl of five operating an artesian well pump while her father and mother, in the middle distance, played billiards. It began: "Can you realize what it means to your wife to have a steady, WORRY-FREE supply of clear, sparkling water instantly at her beck and call? No more back-breaking—"

I silently handed it back. "How much is it?"

He looked grave. "Mr. Taylor, as one who has your best interests at heart, I want you to promise me that, whatever pump you buy, you won't make the mistake of assuming that the most expensive is necessarily the best. I don't want you to spend a lifetime of regret just for the sake of saying that you have the most expensive pump on the market. By the way," he continued in a more conversational tone, "it just happens that we're having a sales drive this week, and your order is all I need to put me over the top. Besides, if you sign up today, I am in a position to guarantee you immediate delivery."

"I'll let you know tomorrow," I said.

The afternoon brought Mr. Gobble of the Little Giant Pump Co., Peru, Indiana. He was a shabby young man in a battered straw hat and was obviously badly frightened. "I heard you might want to buy a pump," he said.

"How about servicing," I demanded.

"I—I don't know."

"Have you any pride of ownership?" I pursued, relentlessly. He seemed staggered. "Well," I continued sternly, "how does it work?"

He timidly held out a folder full of graphs and diagrams. "To tell you the truth," he faltered, "this is my first week at selling pumps, and I don't know much about them. I've been in the piano business. You better let me bring over one of the engineers to explain it to you."

"How much is it?"

"Four hundred and twenty-two dollars and sixty-seven cents cash, plus six per cent on time."

"Are you in a position to guarantee me immediate delivery?"

"Sure. Business is terrible."

"I'll let you know tomorrow."

All evening I pondered, and finally dispatched three night letters. They ran as follows:

Hubbel Aquapumpo Inc
SORRY HAVE DECIDED TO PURCHASE CHEAP AND INFERIOR SUBSTITUTE REGARDS TO MAC
Taylor

Nibble Jerkwater Pump Guild
HAVE DECIDED TO THROW MY MONEY AWAY BESIDES DONT LIKE CHILDREN MONKEYING WITH MY PUMP REGARDS
Taylor

Gobble Little Giant Pump Co
WRAP IT UP
Taylor

It wasn't a pump, but otherwise this is a true story. I don't know the moral.

Psychology of Golf in Championships

(Continued from page 122)

extra putt two or three times, he begins to tighten his iron play trying to get close enough to make the putting easier—a good way to jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

Seldom in any form of golf competition is bad driving caused by nerves. Although the tee shot is important, it does not somehow induce the strain which attaches to the rest of the game. Possibly that is because no restraint is necessary. The winning margin of strokes is nearly always built up by superior play within two hundred yards of the hole.

And now a word about luck.

The first championship I won resulted from the fact that my ball took a bound toward this hole, instead of away from it, as it might well have done. In playing the sixteenth hole at Inwood, in the last round of the championship of 1923, I was in the lead but every stroke was quite precious. After a good drive, I decided to play a number three iron to the green which was protected by bunkers and mounds on either side, leaving a narrow opening in front. I must have felt the strain for I wheeled the shot off to the left of the green, (barely missing the bunker on that side) and watched my ball scamper into the roadway, out of bounds. That meant the loss of stroke and distance, so I was playing four from the fairway.

Severely shaken by the mishap I came very near to duplicating, on the next shot, the mistake which had cost me so dear on the last. I remember wondering, as I watched the ball in the air, what I should do if that one too should go out of bounds. The ball came down on the side of the mound at the front of the green and, bounding almost at right angles, came to rest ten feet from the hole. I made the putt and so escaped with a five on a hole that should have been at least a seven. When I took a six at the last hole I was even more grateful for that lucky bound at the sixteenth which had enabled me to tie Cruickshank and still remain, thanks to the bounce, with a chance for the championship.

So it may truly be said that, whatever may be a player's skill, he must still have luck to win a championship. At least he must have no *bad* luck.

"ARE WE AIR-MINDED? . . ."

You might never have heard of Medford, if the people of Medford had not seen a vision in the sky above the mountains of Oregon, west of Lake Klamath. . . . That was the day they realized a new map of the world is being drawn in invisible lines across the heavens! . . . That was the day they determined that Medford should be known in the skies as a harbor . . . open to the commerce of the world!

Medford established the first municipal airport in the State of Oregon in 1922. By 1926 it was a regular port of call for the Pacific Air Transport. In 1928 a fleet of twenty-six ships arrived, including three tri-motored Ford planes. Medford was cramped!

When a vote was taken on a bond issue of $120.000 for a Class A airport, it was the largest ever polled at a special election in Medford, *and the bond issue carried by a majority of* 2248 *to* 182!

This awareness of the small towns and cities of the west to the great significance of commercial aviation is worthy of serious consideration. For the town that ignores the possibilities of reaching the world through the sky is deaf to the call of real opportunity.

In the course of the next few months you will see new names come into prominence, names that are little known today. You will hear of Waynoka as an air-rail junction . . . of Clovis as a terminal of importance . . . of others north, east, south and west. . . .

From an economic viewpoint, this year will be one of the most important in the development of the new transportation. Great transportation lines will be inaugurated, tying city to city, ocean to ocean, continent to continent, by routes that will be measured not in miles, but in terms of time. *Already it is possible for an airplane to take off in St. Louis and reach any part of the United States within twenty-four hours. Already planes have kept aloft for more than a week of continuous flying.*

As the development of the automobile depended upon the extension of good roads, so the general usefulness of the airplane depends now upon the establishment of adequate landing fields, lighted routes, and town-markers visible from the sky.

It is noteworthy that over 5000 cities and towns with populations from 1000 to 50.000 have placed aerial guides upon their roofs, both to identify themselves and to assist in the navigation of the air. Some face the sky conspicuously. Some vaguely. *But the great majority of American towns and cities are virtually blank spaces from the sky!*

With cities like Oakland, Miami, Cleveland and a score of others actually operating and profiting by air-terminals, just as they do by railroad stations and shipping wharves, it seems extraordinary that there are still so many neglecting their opportunities.

Many great corporations like Ford and Standard Oil make it a practice to mark their properties, to be clearly identified from above. For the ships of the air are already vital factors of commerce, looking always for new harbors and new markets!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Up in the Nursery Playing with the Children

. . . and a telephone right at hand, so games need not be interrupted, or important calls delayed

PERHAPS only children know how important games really are, and what a shame it is when they have to be interrupted—by grown-ups being called from the nursery for this or for that. But mothers know that other disadvantage of being called away . . . the extraordinary mischief that even the nicest of youngsters can get into the minute one's back is turned.

And so the nursery telephone serves many purposes: it saves games from being broken up abruptly . . . it allows mothers to keep that needful eye on their children even while telephoning . . . it makes it easy to place and receive important calls, without delays or unnecessary steps.

Telephones bring added convenience to *every* room they are in: library, bed chambers, living-room, guestroom, sun porch. They mean a world of comfort at little cost. Let your local Bell Company show you how complete telephone arrangements in your own home will add tremendously to your living convenience and general satisfaction. Just call the Business Office today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS GREENWICH, CONN.

"THEY MUST BE THE FAIREST IN ALL ENGLAND"

"Many noblemen enter their thoroughbreds for the famous Ascot races, but somehow I forget them . . . the horses, I mean. What tall blond beauty the Royal Enclosure holds! What matchless complexions! They must be the fairest women in all England."— from the letters of an American abroad.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Give your skin the benefit of these famous English toiletries . . . so fragrant . . . refreshing . . . protecting

MAKE the charm of Yardley's English Lavender *your* charm. The "ensemble" by Yardley . . . the soap, the powder and the Lavender . . . will give you faultless grooming; yet casual, sure, becoming to a gentlewoman.

When you first use Yardley's English Lavender Soap you will experience the clear, cool freshness which is the singular charm of all Yardley's toiletries . . . and it will be a lasting freshness, caught in the soft texture of your skin.

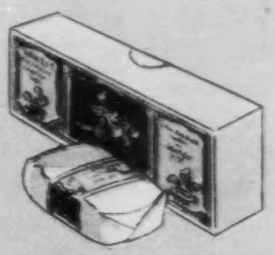
The gentle clinging smoothness of Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder will protect the new loveliness of your complexion as it protects the fair skins of English women whose clear beauty is world-famous.

You will find Yardley's English Lavender just the fresh fragrance that you have long wanted . . . an odor of distinction yet with quiet restraint. An odor that you will welcome in the other toiletries by Yardley . . . the compressed sachet Blossoms, that leave a lingering breath of lavender in the purse, or linen chest . . . the delightful Bath Salts and luxurious Bath Dusting Powder.

You will find the secret of the clear fair beauty of the English woman in these toiletries obtainable anywhere in America . . . at your chosen store. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in the fashionable "SUNTAN," the smart shade of the season. Also four other tints to suit all complexions. Price is $1.*

Yardley's English Lavender, the perfume of a gentlewoman. In lovely old-world bottles and decanters, and in wickered bottles, from $12 to $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap to bring new freshness to your skin. Box of 3 cakes $1, or 35c per cake. Guestroom size, 6 in box, 20c per cake. Bath size, 70c.

Yardley's English Lavender

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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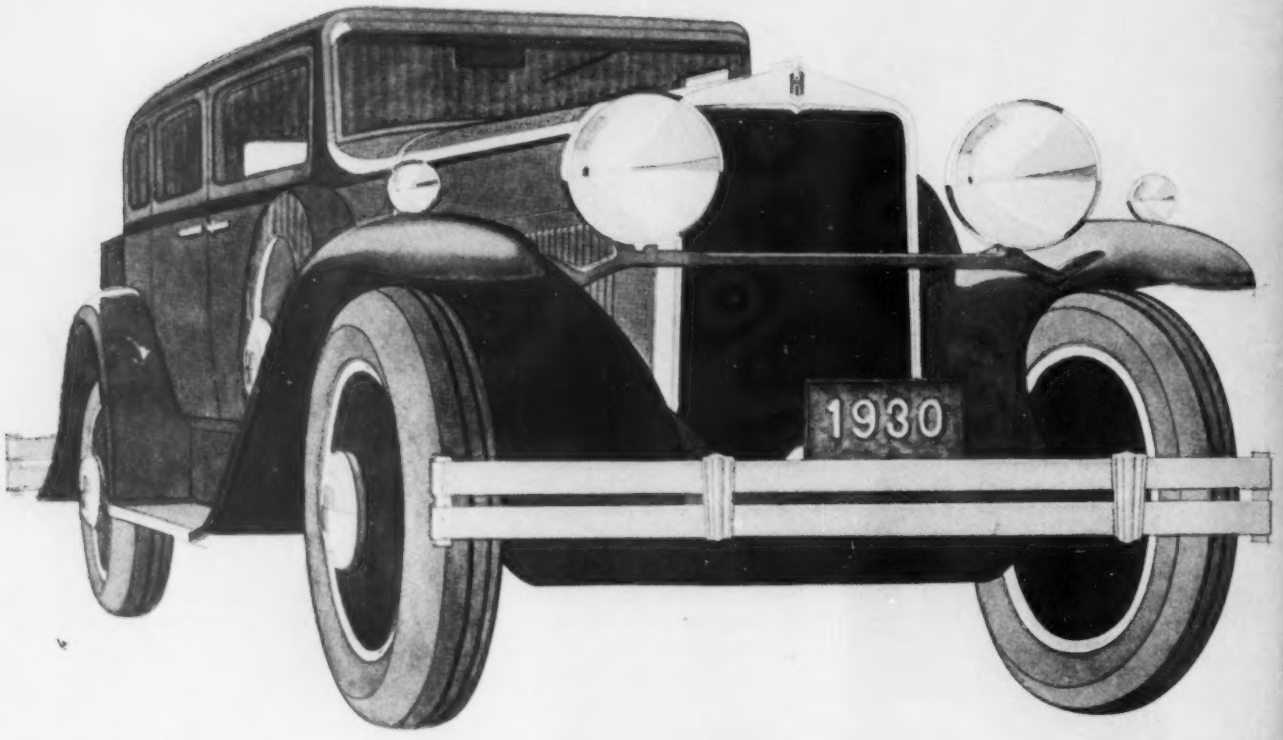
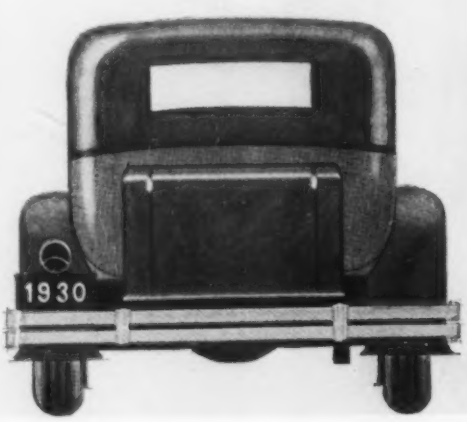


THE·1930·HUPMOBILE·SIX

PRICED WITHIN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR FIELD

It has long been the ambition of Hupp engineers to build a Hupmobile at a price within the thousand-dollar class. . . . But each year they have said: "Let's wait a while. Let's wait until we can build, not just another automobile, but a greater Hupmobile. A car that will heighten and increase Hupmobile's 21-year prestige." . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained — in the new 1930 Hupmobile Six. . . It is a car which Hupp is proud to call a Hupmobile, because it is a Hupmobile in every detail of its design and construction . . . It is powered by the selfsame Hupmobile motor which made the Hupmobile Century Six the most spectacular success in Hupmobile history . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile* — but a more powerful Hupmobile. With its time-tested Hupmobile engine made still smoother and sweeter running . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile* — but a handsomer Hupmobile. Made still smarter by further advances in Hupmobile's innovation of tailored sheet metal and by new, lower-swung and dashing lines . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile* — but a still sweeter riding and driving Hupmobile. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room and by many engineering refinements, adding to speed, safety, ease of control and restful traveling . . . Hupmobile's long renown as "The Car of the American Family" takes on a new significance today.



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft and rubber-cushioned engine mountings; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile steel-draulic brakes . . . Non-glare slanting windshield, full ventilating type . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . Further advancement of Hupmobile's introduction of tailored sheet metal concealing all chassis attachments . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment — 6 wire or disc wheels, two spare side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.